

ROADWAY REMEMBERS By Ed Sullivan

Silver Screen

January

0c



Carole Lombard

DEC 16 1936
PERIODICAL DIVISION

HARD KNOCKS MAKE GOOD ACTORS



An intimate gift to last all year—eight personal luxuries that breathe Gemey. \$10



To cheer her Christmas day—an intimate treasure—Toilet Water Gemey! \$1.50



Two gifts—Gemey Perfume, world-be-loved—Gemey Powder, filmy-fine. \$2.25



Tip to a Man-in-a-quandary—Gemey Perfume, Face Powder, Compact. \$3.50



AT GAY *Christmas Parties*

THE WORLD AROUND

THE FRAGRANCE *Gemey*

Paris or Penang, Capetown or Cairo... in 75 lands where women count the days to Christmas... they're jotting down on their wishing lists... "fragrance Gemey." For fragrance Gemey is so gay and young and joyous it has won its way wherever there is music and moonlight, wherever hearts and dreams are young. And what could be a lovelier gift than this exquisite essence, expressed in perfume and powders, in compacts and cologne, presented by Richard Hudnut at the perfume counter round your corner (priced from \$1 to \$15). You pay a lovely compliment to the name that tops your Christmas list when you ensemble her gift in this single thread of perfume... an international favorite, fragrance Gemey.

In crystal clear flacons... \$2.50, \$4.50 and \$15. Special stocking-gift size... \$1

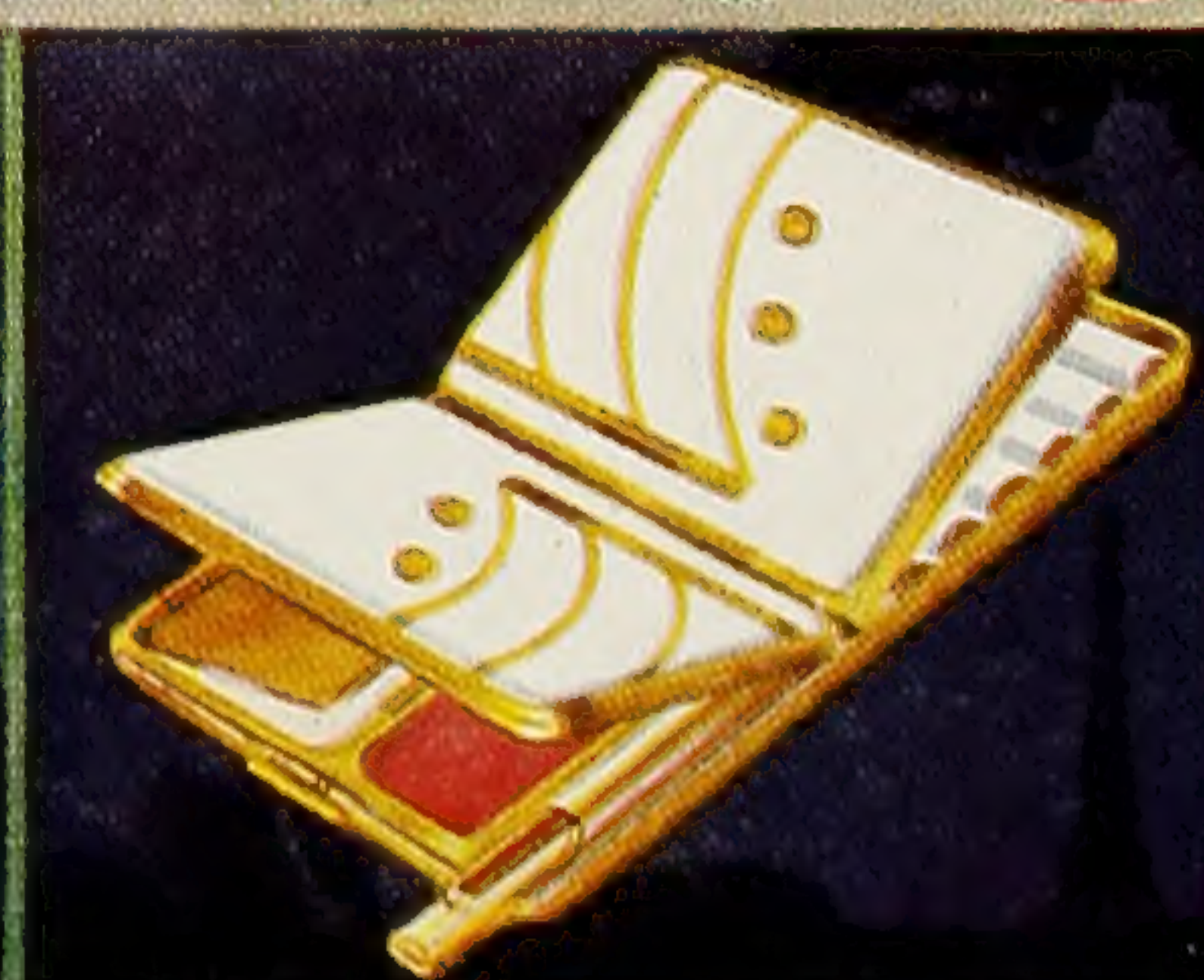


Paris . . . London . . . New York
Toronto . . . Buenos Aires . . . Mexico City
Berlin . . . Barcelona

Budapest . . . Capetown . . . Sydney
Shanghai . . . Rio de Janeiro . . . Havana
Bucharest . . . Vienna



Glamor for glamorous girls: Double Compact, \$2. Triple Vanity with lipstick, \$2.75



For girls who go places—Cigarette Vanity with face powder, rouge, lipstick. \$5.50



Prove your good taste with this Double Vanity and Lipstick in leather-topped box. \$5



A gala giftbox—five "can't-do-withouts," in the world-favored fragrance Gemey. \$5

Eye-taking Loveliness

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



IF ONLY this lovely girl could stand forever as you see her here—serene, beautiful, goddess-like! *But when she smiles—when lovely lips part and reveal dull teeth and dingy gums—how quickly and tragically the spell of beauty is broken.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It may not seem dangerous—that first warning "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. It may seem trivial, unimportant. But your dentist will tell you it can be and has been the prologue to many a dental tragedy. Remember—"pink tooth brush" is a distress signal, and only a distress signal. But when you see it, play

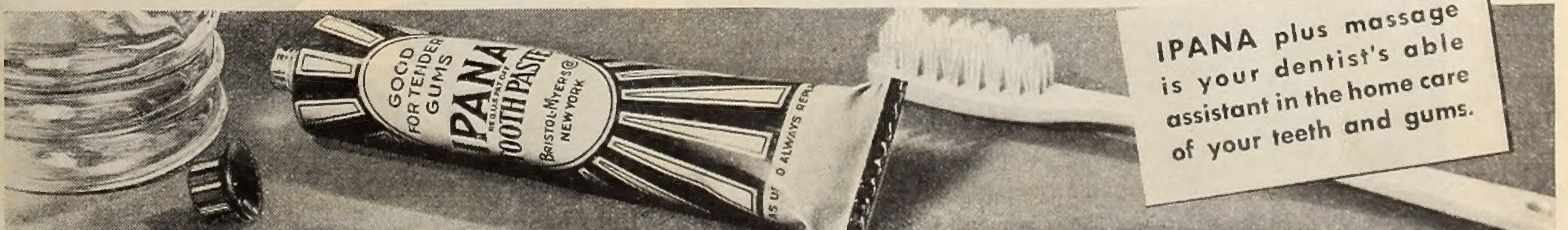
She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

safe—*see your dentist.* The chances are that it does not mean a serious gum disorder—but *your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food menus—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as so many dentists will often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation

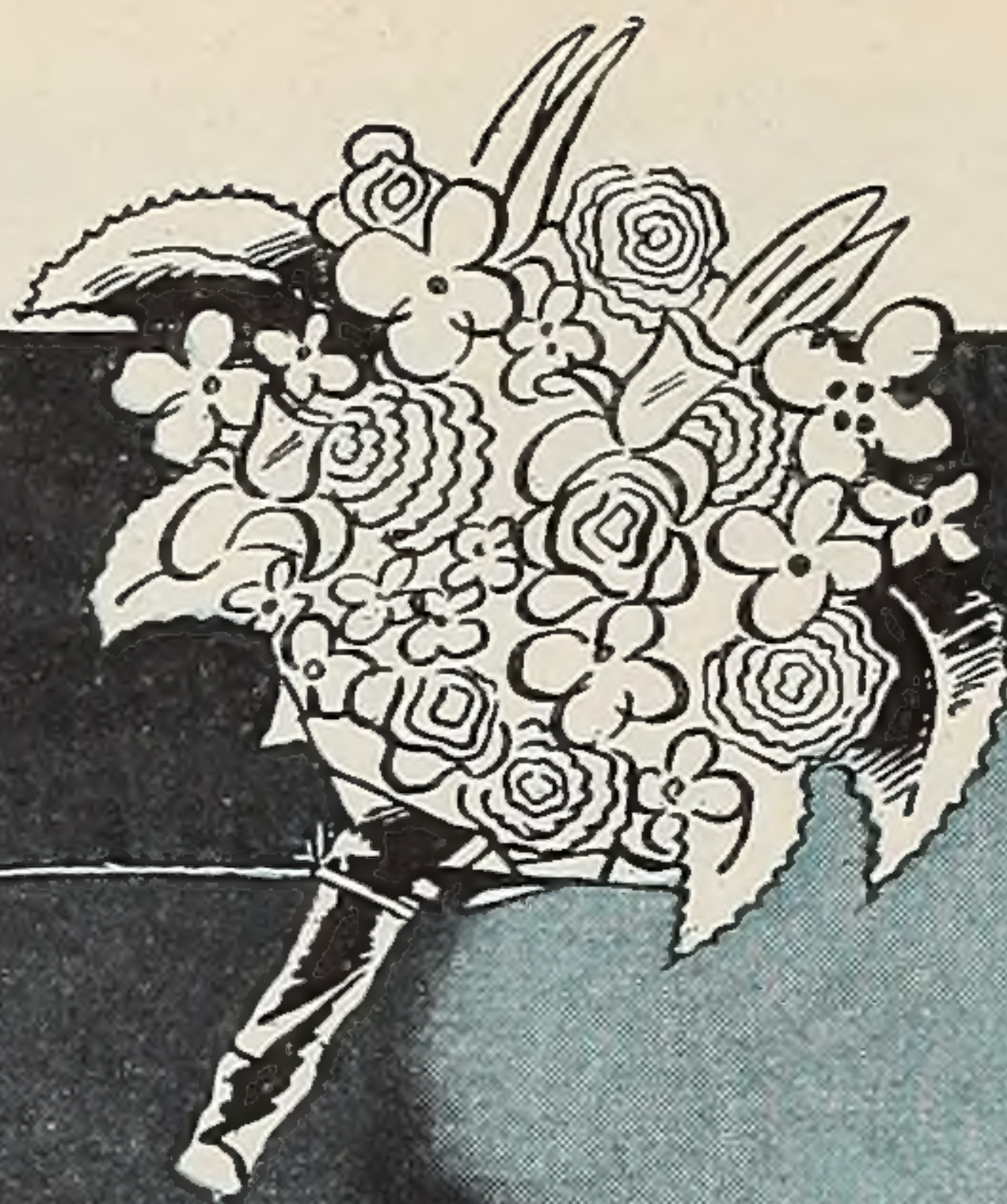
stimulates gum tissues. You'll soon sense a new, healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves.

Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is approved by many modern dentists, taught by many modern teachers in classrooms all over the country. Don't take chances. Even before you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, even before you have this first warning of danger—schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine with Ipana and massage. Don't risk being a "dental cripple." Change to Ipana and massage, and help keep your smile lovely, bright, sparkling—and safer.



**REUNION-IN LOVE -
BY REQUEST!**

You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run"—kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a trans-continental caravan of jollity!



Joan
CRAWFORD · GABLE
Clark
IN LOVE on the RUN

A W. S. VAN DYKE Production
with
FRANCHOT TONE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
Joseph
L. Mankiewicz

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
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CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

	PAGE
BROADWAY REMEMBERS.....ED SULLIVAN	16
<i>Stage Celebrities Leave Pleasant Memories</i>	
HARD KNOCKS MAKE GOOD ACTORS.....LEON SURMELIAN	18
<i>Backgrounds Of The Hollywood Stars</i>	
RADIO REHEARSAL "JITTERS".....PHYLLIS MARIE ARTHUR	20
<i>How Broadcasting Upsets The Actors</i>	
PROJECTIONS.....ELIZABETH WILSON	22
<i>Carole Lombard</i>	
"WHODUNIT".....JANET GRAVES	24
<i>Screening Mystery Stories</i>	
VENUS UNDER CONTRACT.....ANNABELLE GILLESPIE-HAYEK	25
<i>June Lang, the Streamlined Beauty</i>	
IN THE PINK OF CONDITION.....BEN MADDOX	26
<i>The Games They Play To Get Exercise</i>	
"THE WAIF FROM THE YANGTZE".....JACK BECHDOLT	28
<i>Fictionization of "Stowaway"</i>	
THE GIRL WHO HAS MANY FRIENDS.....WICK EVANS	31
<i>Madge Evans Tells How A Player Gets Along</i>	
THEY BROKE THE APRON STRINGS.....HELEN LOUISE WALKER	32
<i>Success Seekers Go Out Into The World</i>	
WANTED, AN IDEA! \$500 IN PRIZES.....51	
<i>A Contest For A Trade-Mark</i>	
AN IRRESISTIBLE ACTOR.....DENA REED	52
<i>Charles Boyer Creates The Spirit Of Romance</i>	
THE QUEST FOR A LOVER.....LIZA	56
<i>Actors Side-Step Romantic Roles</i>	
SAFE DEPOSIT SECRETS.....GORDON R. SILVER	59
<i>Hidden Treasures Of The Players</i>	

MONTHLY FEATURES

THE OPENING CHORUS.....	5
TIPS ON PICTURES.....	6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?".....	8
NATURE HELPS OUT!.....	10
<i>Beauty Secrets Of The New Year</i>	
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....	15
STUDIO NEWS.....S. R. MOOK	54
<i>The Stars At Their Best Are The Stars At Work</i>	
CULTIVATE A TASTE FOR FOREIGN DISHES.....RUTH CORBIN	58
<i>It Will Excite Your Appetite</i>	
REVIEWS OF THE NEW PICTURES.....	60
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....CHARLOTTE HERBERT	82
THE FINAL FLING.....ELIOT KEEN	82

ART SECTION

BING, "THE KING OF CROONERS".....35	
<i>Bing Crosby Rules On Air And Screen</i>	
THE DARLINGS OF THE SCREEN.....36-37	
<i>The Leaders Among The Girls In Pictures</i>	
WITH NATURE'S BACKGROUNDS.....38-39	
<i>Natural Surroundings Help The Actors</i>	
HOLLYWOOD CELEBRATES A MERRY CHRISTMAS!.....40-41	
<i>The Kids In Pictures Believe in Santa Claus</i>	
AFTER DARK!.....42-43	
<i>Follow The Stars When The Spotlight Falls Upon Them</i>	
IT MUST BE LOVE.....44-45	
<i>Hollywood's Pet Motif</i>	
IN THE NEW FILMS HISTORY GETS A BREAK!.....46-47	
<i>Scenes From The New Pictures</i>	
EVENINGS OF HAPPINESS.....48-49	
<i>Coming Pictures Promise Delightful Entertainment</i>	
DANCE MADNESS.....50	
<i>It's Fun To Go Crazy</i>	

COVER PORTRAIT OF CAROLE LOMBARD BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Opening Chorus



Miriam Hopkins

A Letter From Liza

DEAR BOSS:

Now that the frost is on the pumpkin in New England and the goose hangs high, I suppose we might just as well bring up the subject of Christmas, though out here among the palms it's still eighty-five and I must say I just can't get excited over Santa Claus and Shirley Temple hanging up her stockings in such an uncivilized climate. But, unfortunately, we share the same calendar, if not the same climate, with youse guys in the East, so I might just as well pull myself together, put on my snood (the Maid of Salem influence) and see what the little boys and girls of cinemaland want for Christmas—not that they'll get it, but that's not my worry.

The glamorous Marlene Dietrich, who looked too beautiful to be of this world in that blue cape in "Garden of Allah," confided in me that for Christmas she would like a Lubitsch-directed picture because Herr Ernst Lubitsch always has one of those super-colossal staircases in his pictures and Marlene thinks that she could be just awfully glamorous drifting down a super-colossal staircase.

Remember Maurice Chevalier dashing up and down the staircase in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and Jeanette MacDonald in "The Love Parade" and Kay Francis in "Trouble in Paradise"?—well, Marlene would like a crack at a staircase, too . . . Bette Davis would like another "Of Human Bondage" . . . Claudette Colbert would be awfully pleased to get a buyer for her new home . . . Toby Wing would like King Edward (who wouldn't) . . . Simone Simon (not always pronounced Sea-moan Sea-moan by the more catty of the movie gals) would like less Connie Bennett and a young lover for a change in her next picture . . . Louise Beavers would be much obliged if Santa Claus brought her another "Imitation of Life" . . . And Miriam Hopkins, Tallulah Bankhead, Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Margaret Sullavan, Irene Dunne, Katharine Hepburn, Constance Bennett and a whole slue of others would just love to find in their stockings a contract to play Scarlett O'Hara in the coming production of "Gone With the Wind." Me, now, I'd rather find Gable.

Liza

Tips On Pictures

See the Best Pictures.
Follow This Guide
to Screen Successes.



Grace Moore and Henry Stephenson in "Interlude," the next picture starring the popular diva.

AS YOU LIKE IT—Interesting. From England comes a screen version of that whimsical pastoral idyll by Shakespeare known as "As You Like It." Elizabeth Bergner is charming as Rosalind and Lawrence Olivier is excellent as Orlando. While the film is nowhere nearly as lavish as our own Shakespearian efforts, it is a faithful transcription of the written play.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN — Amusing. A spontaneous comedy that will have you bubbling with laughter. A small town is the locale and most of the action is centered around a home for veterans. Olsen & Johnson, the popular radio team, have some priceless dialogue and the romantic interest is in the hands of Lila Lee and Pierre Watkin. (Joyce Compton, Olin Howland, Wade Boteler).

DEVIL IS A SISSY, THE—Excellent. This film will please audiences of all ages. It will appeal to children because its principal characters—Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper, Mickey Rooney—are the most popular child players today. And it will appeal to adults because its theme—a sort of sideways of New York tragedy—will get right under their skin. All in all, you shouldn't miss it. (Ian Hunter, Peggy Conklin.)

EMPTY SADDLES—Fair. A Buck Jones western, concerning the oft-repeated wars between sheep and cattle men, with a Dude Ranch thrown in for added color. Naturally there's plenty of fast riding, good exciting deviltry, and a tender romance thrown in to keep the plot true-to-form. (Louise Brooks).

GENERAL SPANKY—Amusing. The Our Gang kids are featured in this full length comedy which uses the Civil War as a romantic background. The kids are really something to write home about and the adults in the cast are such familiar favorites as Ralph Morgan, Phillips Holmes, Irving Pichel and Rosina Lawrence.

HOPALONG CASSIDY RETURNS—Good. With Bill Boyd getting more and more popular in the title role of this series of westerns, this looks like a sure-winner—especially for children and those adults who adore rough and tumble melodramas of the wide open spaces. In the cast are Evelyn Brent, Gail Sheridan, George Hayes.

IN HIS STEPS—Good. All those who enjoy sentimental, heart-rending tales will enjoy this immensely. It tells the problem of two youngsters, Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker, whose respective families are dead against their marrying. This sounds like another Romeo and Juliet theme, but the way the principal characters work it out is something quite different. (Chas. Richman, Henry Kolker, Olive Tell, Robert Warwick.)

LADIES IN LOVE—Good. Now that all the tumult and the shouting have died down about these four temperamental stars playing together in one romantic film, we can view the result with unbiased judgment, and that is—the story is trite, episodic and disappointing. The gals—Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon—are lovely and will give you your money's worth of entertainment. But the men—Paul Lukas, Allan Mowbray, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, are still better. Laugh that off!

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE—Fair. Don't let the title mislead you. This is no laughing matter. Instead it's a grim murder mystery that starts with a trial and conviction of the man considered guilty. Jane Darwell (this is her first starring picture) plays the role of a newspaper editor who takes it upon herself to solve the crime. (Sara Haden, Margaret Hamilton, Allan Lane).

LEGION OF TERROR—Fair. The sordid Black Legion, which operated out Detroit-way a short while ago, is the subject for discussion and

action on the part of government inspectors in this melodramatic film. Naturally there's a romance interwoven with the political and ritualistic wrangling, with Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill as the girl and boy in love.

LIBELED LADY—Fine. This can't help but amuse you. Bill Powell, a newspaperman, in order to compel Myrna Loy to stop a huge libel suit against his paper, frames her—and then falls in love with her. Spencer Tracy, also a newspaperman, and Jean Harlow, his fiancée, help along the riotous comedy in their usual telling fashion. Also in the cast, as Myrna's father, is Walter Connolly, who goes over big.

LOVE LETTERS OF A STAR—Fair. If you enjoy a smoothly told murder mystery with a cast that makes the most of every tense situation, here is your evening's choice. There's a very promising new ingenue in this by the name of Polly Rowles, who will bear watching. Supporting her are Henry Hunter, Halliwell Hobbes, Ralph Forbes.

MAKE WAY FOR A LADY—Fine. A briskly paced comedy about a publisher (Herbert Marshall) whose motherless daughter (Ann Shirley) is making a deliberate play at getting him remarried. Her choice is a jittery lady novelist (Margot Grahame) but her father retaliates by falling in love with his secretary (Gertrude Michael).

MAN I MARRY, THE—Fair. Doris Nolan, late of the New York stage, is the heroine of this romantic comedy which is all about an heiress who tries to evade marriage with a stuffed society shirt only to find herself catapulted into the arms of another. However, this last suitor turns out to be none other than handsome Michael Whalen, who writes plays when he isn't performing as a playboy, and so all ends as it should end, with hero and heroine in each other's arms.

NORTH OF NOME—Good. Jack Holt in another one of those rugged adventure yarns—this time laid in Alaska—which he does such justice to. The seal industry provides the makings of still another "racket," managed by Holt in typical Holtian manner, which is saying a mouthful. Evelyn Venable is the romantic heroine and Dorothy Appleby occasions some hearty laughs. (Guinn Williams-John Miljan).

PIGSKIN PARADE—Fine. A football picture that is kidded hilariously and will not bore you even if you don't know a touchdown from a forward pass. It's all about a small jerk-water university which, thru some error, gets into one of the Big Games with Yale. There's a fine cast of comedians in this, headed by Jack Haley, Patsy Kelley, Stu Erwin and Arline Judge.

REBELLION—Interesting. The second in a series of pictures depicting colorful episodes in history. This one has to do with California (period 1850) when the Spanish settlers were being treated rather shabbily by uncouth American interlopers.

Tom Keene plays the lead and Rita Cansino the lovely Spanish senorita whose home and life are endangered by the situation.

ROSE BOWL—Good. Do we have to tell you that this is a football story? Yep! That's just what it is, replete with its small-town college team as opposed to the more important team it is to play in the big game. Tom Brown is effective as the hero of the small-town team and Larry Crabbe is properly unpleasant as his rival. (Nydia Westman-Eleanore Whitney).

SING ME A LOVE SONG—Amusing. A comedy with music featuring that well-known radio tenor, James Melton, in the role of a department store owner whose business suddenly goes kerplunk and who becomes a clerk in a music store in order to feed the inner man. Patricia Ellis is cast as the love interest, Ann Sheridan as the villainess, and such high-bracketed comedians as ZaSu Pitts, Hugh Herbert, Nat Pendleton and Allen Jenkins lend more than adequate support.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Most amusing. One of those extravagantly funny farces about a man (Frank McHugh) who writes gift card verses for a living but on the side indulges his remarkable psychic gift for picking winning horses. A group of gamblers take his "guesses" quite seriously and that's where the fun really begins. Cast includes Joan Blondell, Allen Jenkins, Guy Kibbee.

UNDER YOUR SPELL—Entertaining. The golden-voiced Lawrence Tibbett is cast in a light comedy about a much harassed singer who is "so tired of it all" that he escapes to a lonely ranch, only to be bedeviled there by Wendy Barrie, a society girl, who has made a bet that she can get him to sing at her party. Tibbett sings brilliantly an aria from Faust, as well as several minor airs of a popular nature.

WANTED! JANE TURNER—Exciting. One of those swift, absorbing melodramas centering around a racket that is put on the spot by Uncle Sam's persistent G-Men. This one happens to concern postal inspectors, and Lee Tracy and Gloria Stewart, his co-worker, round up the culprits in pretty grand style.

WILD BRIAN KENT—Fair. This is adapted from one of Harold Bell Wright's typical novels—with Ralph Bellamy cast as the good-for-nothing polo player who unexpectedly finds himself penniless in the midst of the tremendous wheat and cattle country of our great West. How his regeneration takes place forms the nucleus of this mildly entertaining film. (Mae Clark and Helen Lowell.)

WOMAN REBELS, A—Fine. Here we are treated to the enlightened picture of a 19th century modernist who defies the social conventions of her day and carves out an editorial career for herself with excellent results until the scandal of her youth catches up with her. The supporting cast boasts Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley and Elizabeth Allen.

Another **GARY COOPER**, **JEAN ARTHUR** Triumph
CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
"The PLAINSMAN"



Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .



"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."



Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Reduces Hips
Thighs and
Diaphragm

Takes away
Abdominal
Fat and Bulge
"Derriere"

Girdle or
Brassiere may
be worn separately

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

**IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!**

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm... the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

**PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!**

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely... and quickly!

You risk nothing... why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 731, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

"You're Telling Me?"

Write A Letter Giving Your Opinions And Suggestions For
The Movies And Stars And Win A Framed, Inscribed Photo.

WHY is it that Fred MacMurray was only placed in seventh position in your contest?" asks Anne Tarpey of Fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. "If I had anything to do about it he would have been placed first and Robert Taylor would have been put seventh or not in the race at all. Robert Taylor may be No. 1 man with many people, but he'll fade away and Fred MacMurray will live on with many admirers."

No, Robert is fast color—doesn't fade.

"IT IS always a treat to watch Dick Powell sing. I can't say that it makes me relax into a restful mood, because it does just the opposite. He has such a pleasant, friendly, carefree manner that you forget the time and day and that you are just sitting in a theater watching him on the screen. I hope that he gets more pictures like 'Happiness Ahead,' 'Shipmates Forever,' and 'Broadway Gondolier,'" writes Minnie Daniel of Georgia Street, San Diego, Calif. "He has only one thing I don't like very well and this is his mustache. Of course, it is his personal business and, if he likes it, that is the main point, but I think it makes him look older."

Maybe Joan decides those questions now.

"I HAVE never written for any photographs of any stars before, but from all the movies I have seen I think Ginger Rogers is the best actress. She is so graceful when she dances," writes Dolly Peterson of Brigantine Ave., Brigantine, N. J. "When she played in 'Swing Time' she was very beautiful. I would like to see her in more dancing pictures."

She has everything that it takes, Dolly.

"ALL THE girls can have their Gables, Taylors and Eddys, but you can give me Fred MacMurray twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week and fifty-two weeks of a year. He's got personality, ability to act, plus what it takes to make men and children, besides women, jam the theatres



These photographs
framed in wood,
under glass, have
been sent to the
winners.



where his pictures are playing. His portrayal of various types of character shows that he is a capable actor," writes Mildred King of Saratoga Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

O.K., Mildred. His photograph, graciously inscribed, is on its way to you.

"I HAVE been reading, month after month, your column in the SILVER SCREEN and now I want to have my say," writes Jeanne Derse of S. E. Alder St., Portland, Ore. "I have followed Randy Scott's career ever since he was in Westerns, and, if anyone deserves success, he does. He personifies everything a movie star should be. And I want to be one of those congratulating him on his marriage. May he have success in both career and marriage."

Read about him in the "Apron Strings" article in this issue.

"THIS LETTER is written about one of the best all around persons in that glamorous town they call

Hollywood, namely Barbara Stanwyck," writes Alice Manning.

"I have seen many of her pictures and every time I see her I like her better. She may not be the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, but she certainly is one of the most real persons that town can boast of."

We are glad she makes pictures, so we can all know her.

"IT WAS a lucky day for the movie public, especially the fairer sex, when that grand personality, Randolph Scott, was introduced to the screen," writes Catherine Traphagen of Locust Street, Buffalo, N. Y. "He's got what it takes, this tall, handsome gentleman from the South. I could write pages telling how much I sincerely admire his acting, but mere words would prove futile, so I'll just say, 'To the greatest of actors, Randolph Scott, the best of luck for many years.'"

He thanks you and will send a picture to you—the greatest of fans. We met him the other day. He is quiet and pleasant and success is written all over him.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Jan. 7, 1937

Editor,
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is.....

Address.....City.....State.....

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in November have been notified by mail.

THE PICTURE

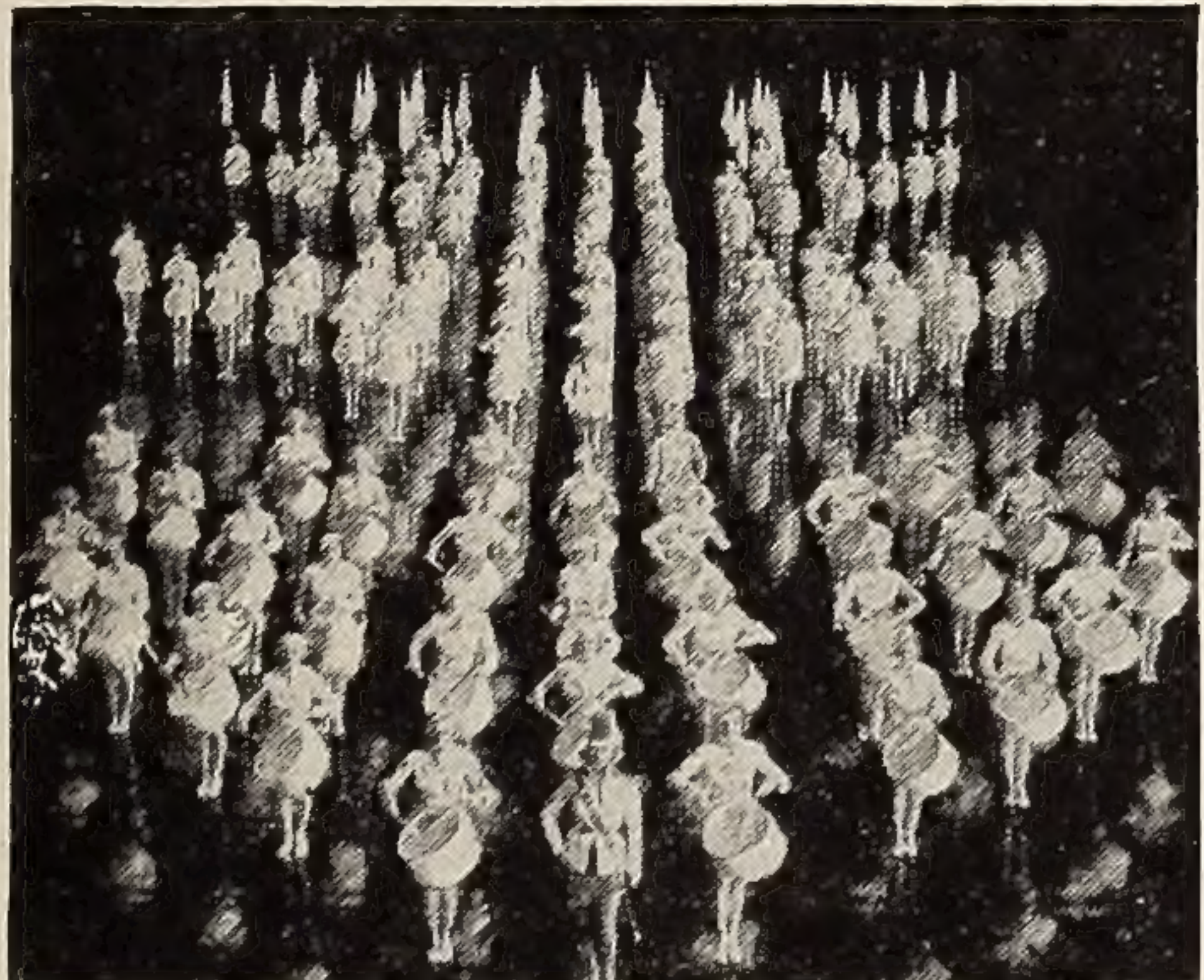
OF THE MONTH



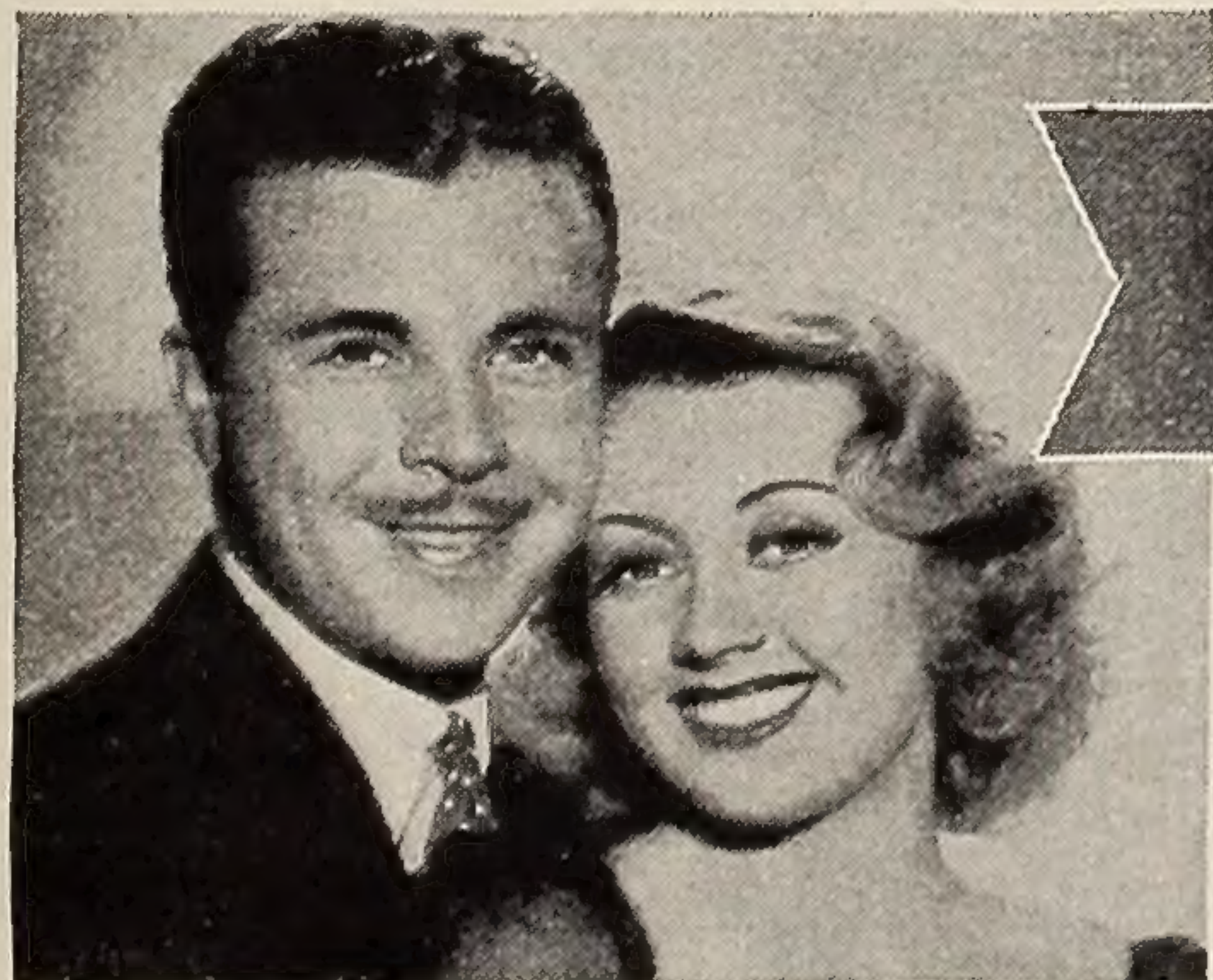
Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"—to those dashing heartbreakers and champion fun-makers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!



Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"



And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

**Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S
ON AGAIN!**



RING out the old...SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL

in

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburt

Warner Bros.

NATURE HELPS OUT! BEAUTY SECRETS OF THE *New Year*

Unusual Lo-
tions That Bring
Allure Up To
The 1937 Level



By
Mary Lee

Ann Sothorn de-
lights in play-
ing sophisticated
comedy, but
marriage has a
Pryor claim.

WHEN you're listing your New Year's resolutions for 1937, be sure to include one to make the most of your beauty! Not every girl can have as lovely a complexion naturally as Ann Sothorn who's playing in R-K-O's "Smartest Girl in Town." But there's much you can do to improve your own, and we're going to tell you some of the ways Mother Nature will help out.

For instance, sun-ripened fruits hold secrets of beauty that are just beginning to be realized. Lucky you, if you can spend the Winter basking in Hollywood's sun or hop on board the Florida Special for Miami. If you can't go South in person, let your imagination carry you to where oranges, lemons and limes are ripening in the sun. Then, when you're shivering under your fur coat and wondering if your nose looks as red as it feels, hold the cheering thought that down there Nature is working for your beauty!

Things that grow in the sunshine have been found to make a very definite contribution to complexion beauty. And this discovery was considered so important that a whole new beauty treatment has been built up from citrus fruits, the aristocratic avocado (alligator pear to you) and the southern grown papaya melon.

We won't attempt to initiate you into the mysteries of Vitamin F which is the chief beautifying element they're said to contain. But we can say, from our own personal experience, that these new products are delightful to use and the complexion improvement they induce in a short time is so great that we're all for Vitamin F, whatever it is!

Limes and lemons have remarkable powers of cleansing and clarifying the skin. So they have been used to furnish the main ingredients in a cleansing emollient that's worked into the skin with the fingers, then

washed off with clear, cold water.

The tropical papaya melon provides juices that stimulate, tone and refine the texture of the skin. So extract of papaya melon is contained in a skin tone that can be applied on even the most sensitive skin without drawing or burning. You see, it hasn't one bit of alcohol in it except what exists in the melon itself.

You know how firm and smooth an alligator pear feels when you dig your spoon into it. Well, the avocado has been found to contain a rich, penetrating oil that corresponds very closely to the natural secretions in the skin itself.

You have a real treat in store for you if you try the new Avocado Night Emollient that's made from alligator pears. It feels wonderfully cool and smooth as soon as you put it on. A little light massage or patting will send it right into your skin, so there's no residue of oil to soil your pillow or give you that "greased pig" feeling—and look. Personally, we like to apply it after a good soap and water cleansing and then wash our face with cold water half an hour later, instead of leaving the emollient on all night.

These tropical fruit beauty aids are made in sunny Miami and their name is "Sunclyme." They are all liquids and soluble in water. They smell luscious although they contain practically no perfume except what's in the fruits themselves.

So much for what Nature has provided in the way of sun-ripened tropical fruits for beauty! One of her greatest gifts to skin attractiveness is everyday milk. We don't need to tell you about the famous beauties who have bathed in milk. There are women in this day and age who do it! Drink plenty of milk. You'll find it's a wonderful aid to the skin of your entire body as well as your complexion.

Well, we've been waiting eagerly for a

beauty preparations you use. It's a treatment to thoroughly cleanse, soften, smooth out fine lines and whiten without bleaching. It'll bring up a healthy glow in your skin and make it look better right after the treatment. If your skin is very dry, smooth on some of your favorite cleansing or lubricating cream after the milk facial.

One of the biggest surprises in new beauty discoveries is that gold is beneficial to the skin! The alchemists of old weren't successful in making gold out of cheaper metals. But Daggett and Ramsdell have turned gold into an aid to beauty. Their Golden Cleansing Cream contains colloidal gold which is said to have remarkable powers for ridding the pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty.

You can't see or feel colloidal gold because it isn't a solid metal any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. But it's gold all the same, even if it doesn't glitter. The theory is that gold has a negative reaction to the positive quality of skin impurities, so it draws them out the same way a magnet attracts steel.

We don't know for an actual fact how much the gold has to do with the effectiveness of this cream, but we can say it's exceedingly pleasant to use. And we were so pleased with its action on our own skin that we started in on a second jar as soon as we had used up the first.

There's nothing new or startling in the reputation cucumbers enjoy for softening and whitening the skin. If you want to get what cucumbers can give you for beauty, you'll like Gemey Cucumber Lotion. It's a fragrant, easily used liquid that's excellent for a quick cleansing job before you renew your make-up or to follow a soap and water lathering. We especially like the way it seems to take the dull tones out of one's

[Continued on page 12]

**DORIS
NOLAN**
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF *the* TOWN

THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!

LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN

The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY

Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT

GREGORY RATOFF

HENRY ARMETTA

Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN

Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN

Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS

They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN

Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH

Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART

Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER

Remember the gorilla man of "My Man Godfrey"?

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL
BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"

"There Are No Two Ways About It"

"Blame It On The Rhumba"

"Fireman Save My Child"

"I've Got To be Kissed"

"Top Of The Town"

"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS

By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY

By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR

Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS

By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and wardrobe creator!

DANCES

By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New York Music Hall Rockettes!

LOU BROCK, Associate Producer

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

What Do People Say About Your Eyes?



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.



DREADFUL—Crude, stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.



DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.



The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard “made-up” look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids

intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!



Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

complexion.

Of course you know about milk of magnesia as an anti-acid. Well, now it's contained in two brand new creams for complexion beauty! Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream does a special cleansing job because, besides loosening and absorbing surface dirt and make-up, it neutralizes acid deposits that collect daily on everybody's skin. Texture Cream, its sister, preserves fine texture and smoothness. It's a dandy make-up base. And that reminds us, once our dentist told us that if we rinsed our mouth with milk of magnesia every night, letting the coating stay on our teeth, we'd never need to come to him for fillings!

Even if you don't like oatmeal for breakfast, you'll enjoy using it to beautify your skin. Powdered oatmeal, pleasantly and only slightly perfumed, makes up the Lavena Two-Minute Oatmeal Facial. You simply make a paste of a little Lavena and water, smooth it over your face and let it dry, which it does almost instantly. Then wash it off with clear, cold water. This is especially good for skin that is oily and inclined to break out, but it may be used on any type of skin. If your skin is very dry, follow the oatmeal facial with your regular cleansing or lubricating cream.

You won't have to go far to find what we consider the best beauty aid Nature has to offer. And that's plain cold water. Use plenty of it. It's stimulating, which means it brings up healthy circulation. It's astringent, so it refines and improves skin texture. And it's so instantly refreshing, it's a joy to use! Whether you wash your face with soap and warm water, cleanse it with a cream or do both, always finish off with a good dousing in cold water. If you end your bath or shower with cold water, you'll find it helps keep the skin on your body smooth and clear, too.

Ice intensifies the same benefits cold water confers on complexions. However, it's too much of a shock to sensitive skin if you apply it in the raw. The safe way to use ice is to wrap it in a towel or soft cloth and keep on rubbing it over your face and neck until they tingle, not leaving it in any one spot too long.

Now we'll finish by telling you one place *not* to use cold water. That's on your hair. Rinsing your hair in cold water after a shampoo tends to take away from its life and lustre. For the very same reason, you should dip your comb in warm water when you want to use it dampened to repair waves or set your hair.

Title Changes—The Names For COMING PICTURES

“Glory” (Jane Darwell) has been changed to “Laughing at Trouble”

“General Delivery” (Lee Tracy) has been changed to “Wanted: Jane Turner”

“Love Under Fire” (Merle Oberon) has been changed to “Beloved Enemy”

“One Man's Bonus” (Edward Everett Horton) has been changed to “Let's Make a Million”

“Safari in Paradise” (Jean Arthur) has been changed to “Help Wanted: Female”

“All Scarlet” (Ann Dvorak) has been changed to “Racing Lady”

DEC -4 1936
Now It Is Your Turn!

Dear Reader of SILVER SCREEN:—

It is a source of inspiration to know intimately about the good people who buy this magazine and I always enjoy reading the letters that come to me. You have read of the house of Warner Baxter, the car of Gary Cooper and the social life of Robert Taylor, now, what about you?

If you will fill out the questionnaire below, I will be happy to send you a present to repay you for your trouble. I KNOW you'll like it! A handsome calendar which bears a full-color, lifelike portrait of a famous screen star! These are gorgeous reproductions and fine for framing. You'll be crazy about yours and will find it a handsome addition to any room in the house.

As the supply is limited, I can only send 5000 calendars to the answers received. So, will you please fill out the questionnaire below and mail it to me at once? Your calendar will reach you promptly and I know we'll both be happy!

Sincerely,

Eliot Keen

THIS OFFER ENDS JANUARY 3RD, 1937. Only 5,000 calendars are available and these will be sent to those submitting complete answers as long as the supply lasts. Address: ELIOT KEEN, Editor, SILVER SCREEN, Dept. "A," 45 West 45th Street, New York City

IT'S EASY! JUST CHECK THE ANSWERS

1. How old are you?..... Do you live alone or with your family? With Family ☐ Alone ☐ 2. Check which you live in. City ☐ Suburb ☐
Village ☐ Farm ☐ 1-Family House ☐ 2-Family House ☐ Apartment ☐ 3. Where did you buy this magazine? Drug Store ☐ Stationery Store ☐ Hotel ☐ Newsstand ☐ Subscription ☐ Other.....
4. Are you single or married? Single ☐ Married ☐ 5. If single, are you expecting to be married? Yes ☐ No ☐ When.....

6. In the first two columns at the right, please list the age and relationship of all persons living with you in your home, including children. LIST YOURSELF FIRST. PLACE A CHECK MARK (✓) OPPOSITE THE ONE WHO PURCHASED THIS MAGAZINE. In the third column check the names of those who read this magazine regularly. Do not check occasional readers. In the fourth column list the occupations of the members of your family (such as clerk, stenographer, student, keeps house, etc.) In the fifth column check those now working. In the last column give the annual income of each, that is, weekly wages multiplied by 52, plus whatever income there may be from other sources.

Relation	Age	Reg: Reader	Occupation	Employed	Annual Income
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

7. If you rent your home or apartment, what monthly rental do you pay? Or if you own it, what is its value? \$..... 8. Check which of the following you have in your home. Electricity ☐ Gas for Cooking ☐ Both ☐ Neither ☐ 9. Do you have a pet in your home? Yes ☐ No ☐ What is it?.....
10. Check which of the following your family now has. Car ☐ Telephone ☐ Radio ☐ Mechanical Refrigerator ☐ Washing Machine ☐ Vacuum Cleaner ☐ 11. What is the make and year of your car? Make.....Year.....
Did you buy it new or used? New ☐ Used ☐ 12. Do you personally drive a car? Yes ☐ No ☐ 13. Is your family planning to purchase any of the following in the near future? New Car ☐ Mechanical Refrigerator ☐ Vacuum Cleaner ☐ Radio ☐ Washing Machine ☐ New Rugs ☐ New Furniture ☐ Other Household Equipment.....
14. Do you have a Camera? Yes ☐ No ☐ How many rolls (or packs) of film have you used during the past year?.....
15. Do you personally shop for the food served in your home? Most of it ☐ Part of it ☐ None of it ☐ 16. If not, do you have a voice in its selection? Yes ☐ No ☐ 17. If you had to choose between the two, which would you eat? The foods you like best ☐ The foods which are best for you ☐ 18. Is your bodily weight a factor in your selection of foods? Yes ☐ No ☐ 19. Does the kind of food you eat seem to have any effect on your skin or complexion? Yes ☐ No ☐
20. Check where you buy your cosmetics. Drug Store ☐ Department Store ☐ Chain Store ☐ 21. Please put down what you pay, per package, for the following items. Powder.....Lipstick.....Cream.....Nail Polish.....
No ☐ 22. Do you make any of your own clothes? Yes ☐ 23. Please put down what you pay, on an average, for each of the following items of apparel. Dresses.....Shoes.....Stockings.....Hats.....Brassieres.....Slips.....Girdles.....Gloves.....
24. Do you watch what screen stars wear to determine what to buy for yourself? Yes ☐ No ☐ 25. What type of hair do you have? Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐ 26. Do you shampoo it yourself or have it done in a beauty shop? Myself ☐ Beauty Shop ☐ 27. Check which of the following you have on hand in the family medicine chest. Headache Remedy ☐ Digestive Remedy ☐ Laxative ☐ Cold Remedy ☐ Burn Remedy ☐ Antiseptic ☐ 28. How long have you been a reader of this magazine? Less than 1 year ☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ 4 years ☐ 5 years ☐ More than 5 years ☐

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY..... STATE.....

CHECK WHICH STAR'S PORTRAIT YOU WANT ON YOUR CALENDAR. Robert Taylor ☐ Ginger Rogers ☐ Kay Francis ☐

**"Out till 3:00
P. X... but the
boss never
tumbled . . ."**

IT'S simply wonderful how promptly Listerine, the quick deodorant, masks a tell-tale breath the morning after. This little secret is treasured by millions of men and women who every day must hit the business deck alert, wide awake, and fastidious.

* * *

Freshens and Sweetens

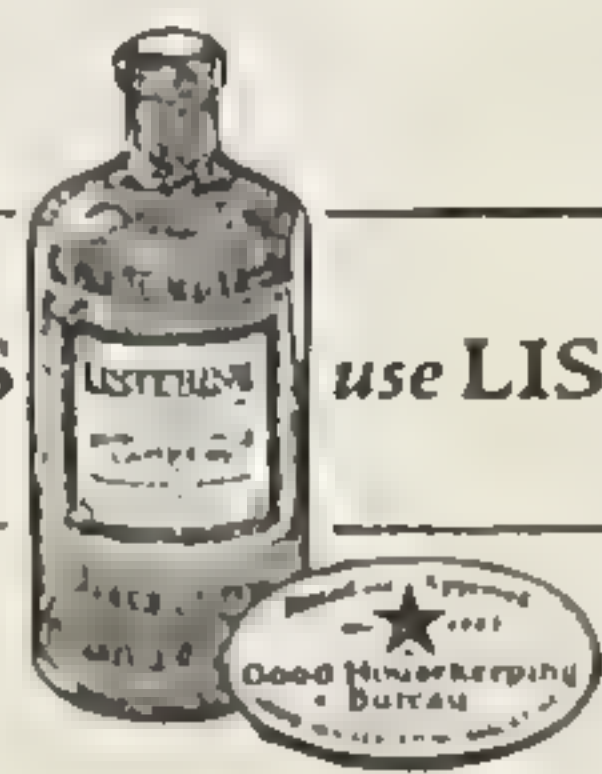
Listerine helps to remove odor-producing debris from the mouth, teeth, and gums. It instantly halts the decay of tiny food particles—the major cause of halitosis (bad breath). At the same time it cleanses, invigorates, freshens and sweetens the entire mouth. Immediately, the breath becomes more agreeable, purer.

Start using Listerine, and Listerine *only*, every night and every morning. Nothing is more refreshing or invigorating in the mouth. And if you wish to be doubly sure that your breath does not offend, rinse the mouth before social or business engagements.

Unlike many of its imitations, Listerine is safe instead of dangerous; adequately powerful instead of excessively strong; pleasant to taste instead of bitter; refreshing rather than *revolting*.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE



**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
more than ¼ POUND in the
big double-size tube—40¢**



SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS



Little Miss Quigley is all ready to change the plates on her baby buggy.

IS IT true what they say about Harlow? Evidently it is. According to one of Hollywood's brighter columnists Metro sends a film to the training quarters of the University of Southern California's football team every Friday night. The team is permitted to see any picture but one with Jean Harlow in it.

IT WAS just one of those moments in the William Powell drawing room the other night. Bill, who had been bragging about his prowess as a cook to Myrna Loy on the "After the Thin Man" set, invited Myrna and her husband, Arthur Hornblow Jr., over to his house for crepes suzettes which he himself was to make. While Myrna and Arthur looked on, admiringly he hoped, Bill assembled everything, that is, everything but the chafing dish for which he looked high and low. "I have a chafing dish," he said, "I know I have a chafing dish. Now where could it be?" After he looked from cellar to roof he suddenly remembered. "I did have a chafing dish," he said with a smile, "but when Carole and I separated she took it. Wouldn't you just as soon have griddle cakes?"

THE first time Henry Fonda's bride, the former Frances Seymour Brokaw, New York socialite, ever saw her handsome husband in action in front of the cameras he was showering kisses on Sylvia Sidney in a scene from "You Only Live Once." "No wonder I had to forego a honeymoon trip," said Mrs. Fonda to Sylvia with a wink.

WHEN Director George Cukor wishes to tell Garbo something on the "Camille" set, he calls her Miss Garbo. Robert Taylor calls her Miss Garbo, too. Such respect. Miss Garbo, however, calls Taylor "Bob," which helps matters a little.

SYLVIA SIDNEY and Barbara Stanwyck are two actresses who can weep at will by concentrating for a few minutes before the start of a scene, but stopping the flow of tears is not so easy. It often takes them fifteen minutes or more to get control of themselves after the director yells "Cut."

WELL, you got the shock of your lives when the lovely and dignified Irene Dunne blacked her face and went into a cakewalk in "Show Boat"—but wait until you see Grace Moore do "Minnie the Moocher" in swing time with "bumps," in her new picture "Interlude." Even prima donnas will do anything for a laugh.

VIRGINIA BRUCE has the greatest variety of eligible escorts of any girl in Hollywood. When asked why she didn't

concentrate on one she replied. "No one man combines all the qualities I like." The perfect escort according to Virginia, who really ought to know, should be a composite of the following:

Robert Taylor to make all the other girls jealous.

Jack Dempsey for protection.

Clark Gable for his manly characteristics.

Noel Coward for his wit

Fred Astaire as a dancing partner.

George Bernard Shaw for his intelligent conversation.

William Powell for his spontaneous good humor.

James Stewart for his lack of affectation.

Cesar Romero for his polished manners.

Francis Lederer for his charm.

WHENEVER Director Clarence Brown wants Joan Crawford to leave her dressing room and come on the set he squeaks a French auto horn. And, bye the bye, our Joan has taken to singing in night clubs again. The other night, persuaded by her friend Phil Ohman, orchestra leader there, Joan sat at her table and sang "Melancholy Baby." So pleased was she with the applause that she took courage and sang it again several nights later at the Cocoanut Grove.

IT'S going to be just too sad for Francis Lederer when Margo leaves Hollywood to do a play in New York—which she expects to do soon after the preview of "Winterset." This has become one of Hollywood's best romances.

AND, by the way, if you're lucky enough to get yourself shown through a studio when you're visiting Hollywood be sure and insist upon seeing the set of a Merle Oberon or Claudette Colbert picture. Those two girls are the most cordial of the movie stars to visitors, and no matter how difficult the scene is that they are trying to do they are always friendly to the visiting tourist.

THEY'RE rumoring that Kay Francis' trip to Europe may be a honeymoon with Delmar Daves. Kay says it isn't, but then you can't always believe what a movie star says, or are we being cynical?

THINGS We Never Expected to See: Katharine Hepburn entertaining the fifteen children who play with her in "Quality Street" by telling them fairy tales on the set.

WHEN a movie star gives presents to the crew of her picture at the end of the production it is not news, it's sort of a pleasant custom, but when the crew gives a present to the movie star that's always news. It's no great secret in Hollywood that the working crew of a picture usually doesn't care to give the star anything but a bird. But when Merle Oberon finished "Beloved Enemy" the crew on the picture gave her a tiny gold figure of herself for her token bracelet, and an elaborate scroll with the following quotation from the picture on it: "To Merle Oberon, Our Beloved Enemy: 'We'll be counting every minute of every hour on every clock in the world until you return to us' (Signed) The Crew." Ah, what sentimentalists.

MIRIAM HOPKINS is now romancing with Anton Litvak, famous foreign director, whom she met on the boat coming over from England. Miriam arrived in Hollywood by plane, after almost a year abroad. "Hollywood," said Miriam, "is just as I left it." At least the Hollywood romance situation is—glancing around the room one could spot Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland, Kay Francis and Delmar Daves, Merle Oberon and David Niven, Gloria Swanson and Bart Marshall.

JANET GAYNOR and Fredric March are the next two Hollywood stars to take to color. "A Star Is Born," in which the two are co-starring, is being made in Technicolor. Here's hoping that they'll be as easy on the eyes as Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer in "The Garden of Allah."

WHEN she turns 26 Olivia de Havilland will win \$1,000 from her mother if she hasn't yet smoked—except when picture rôles demand it.

Memories Of The Broadway Days Of The Picture Players.

THE editor of this magazine sez: "Sully, do you remember when most of the screen stars were on the Broadway stage?" . . . And I sez, "Yes," and that's how this article came to be written.

Sez he: "Do you remember Humphrey Bogart as a stager?" Now that is an easy one. The first time I met Humphrey was at the Mayfair Saturday night dance at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The Mayfair dances, to Broadway, were the same as a strawberry festival to a small town, or the weekly dance and bridge of the Ladies' Aid Society in my home town, Port Chester, N. Y. Not that they played bridge at the Mayfair, you understand. You danced and ate, and, in between, the Broadway girls showed off their latest models from Hattie Carnegie and Milgrim and Wilma's. It was during a break in the music that Humphrey Bogart and myself met for the first time.

"Say, I'm glad to meet you, Ed," he said. "A lot of people say that the two of us look alike." Alice Brady overheard the remark: "You both have grounds for libel," she said. I never have been able to figure out that remark but if she means what I think she meant, Bogart and myself were insulted, good.

Like a lot of actors, Bogart, up to the time he clicked in the stage version of "Petrified Forest," was wasted because he was miscast. I remember one play in which he emoted. They made him a bit of a gigolo and his discomfort in the rôle was obvious. It wasn't until they let him grow a stubble of beard, and become the killer in "Petrified Forest" that the fellow's talent expressed itself.

"That is the type of stuff I mean," sez the editor. "Now can you think up an actual story about Frank Morgan when he was on the stage?" And I scratched my head and thought back to the days when Frank Morgan was occupying the dressing room one floor above Fred Astaire at the New Amsterdam Theatre. The musical show was "Band Wagon," and, so far as I can recall, this was the last show in which Astaire hoofed with sister Adele. Morgan was the comedian of the show, and his bewildered laugh had not yet been attached to the sound tracts of Hollywood. There was a gorgeous red-headed show girl who dressed on Morgan's floor, so night after night, I used to go up to his floor, figuring that perhaps this beautiful creature would cross my path. But I had no luck; in fact, I can safely state that I have never had any luck with red-heads. The only one I ever met on the third floor of the New Amsterdam was Frank Morgan.

We were having a drink one night when he started laughing fit to bust. At first I thought that the strain of the show had gotten him down, and that he was going nuts. But it seemed that he was thinking of a night in a town called Waycross, Georgia. The troupe was playing Hamlet, and, because of a short bankroll, the company had left the preceding town rather hastily, without paying the hotel bills or the stabling charges for the horses which trucked the scenery. Right in the midst of the gravediggers' scene, the sheriff stomped on stage, arrested Morgan and the other grave-digger and hauled them off to jail. That was the recollection that had sent Morgan off into a fit of giggles, and it seemed he had thought of it because in the second row, that night, he had spotted a geezer who was the spitting image of this Georgia sheriff. Perhaps this story sounded humorous to me that night, because Morgan and myself had a few drinks. If it does not sound funny to you, take two Scotch and sodas and I guarantee that you will laugh heartily for several hours. If you do not, then you must be using a very inferior grade of Scotch.

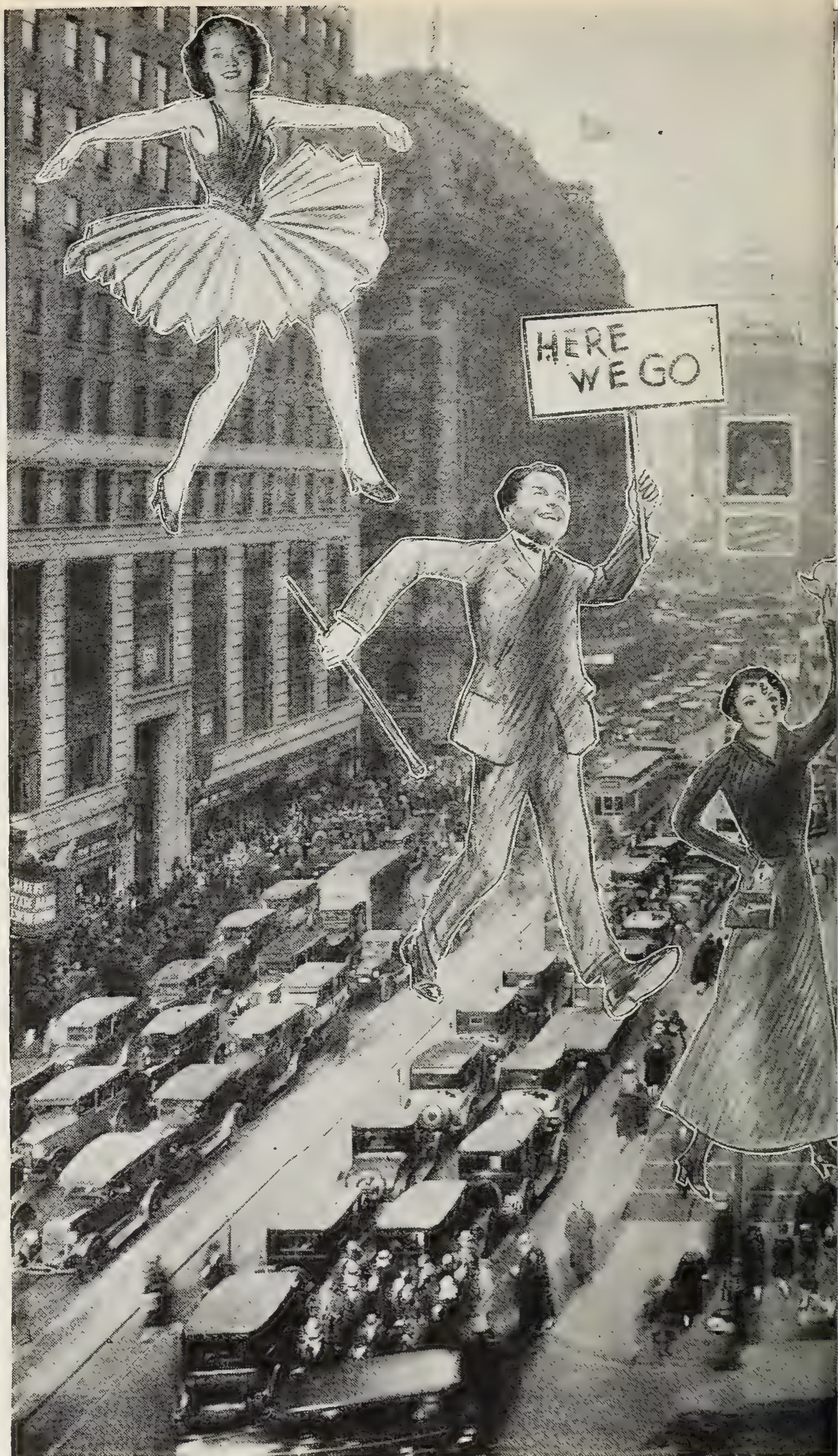
The editor sez: "This is a family magazine and it ill behooves us to give the readers the idea that everybody who writes for this paper is a toper. Haven't you got a story where the actors don't drink?"

So I will tell you about Fred Astaire, if you will descend one flight in the New Amsterdam, with me. And perhaps as we go downstairs, we will get a look at that beautiful red-head who had the dressing room next to Frank Morgan. Astaire was a milk-

drinker. I never saw a fellow who could drink so much milk and apparently enjoy it. The minute he'd come off stage, his colored man had a bottle of cold milk and Astaire would gulp this down. Bob Benchley, who was a frequent visitor to Fred's dressing room, would grimace violently whenever Fred swallowed the milk, because Benchley is a pretty good two-fisted drinker himself, and it pained him to see a great dancer go to the cows this way. "You will come to no good end, Fred," Benchley would tell him. "Milk should be put in cans and bottles but it should not be put in the human stomach. When you dance up and down violently, the milk will curdle and become cheese and you will be in a helluva fix because you will not have a cracker."

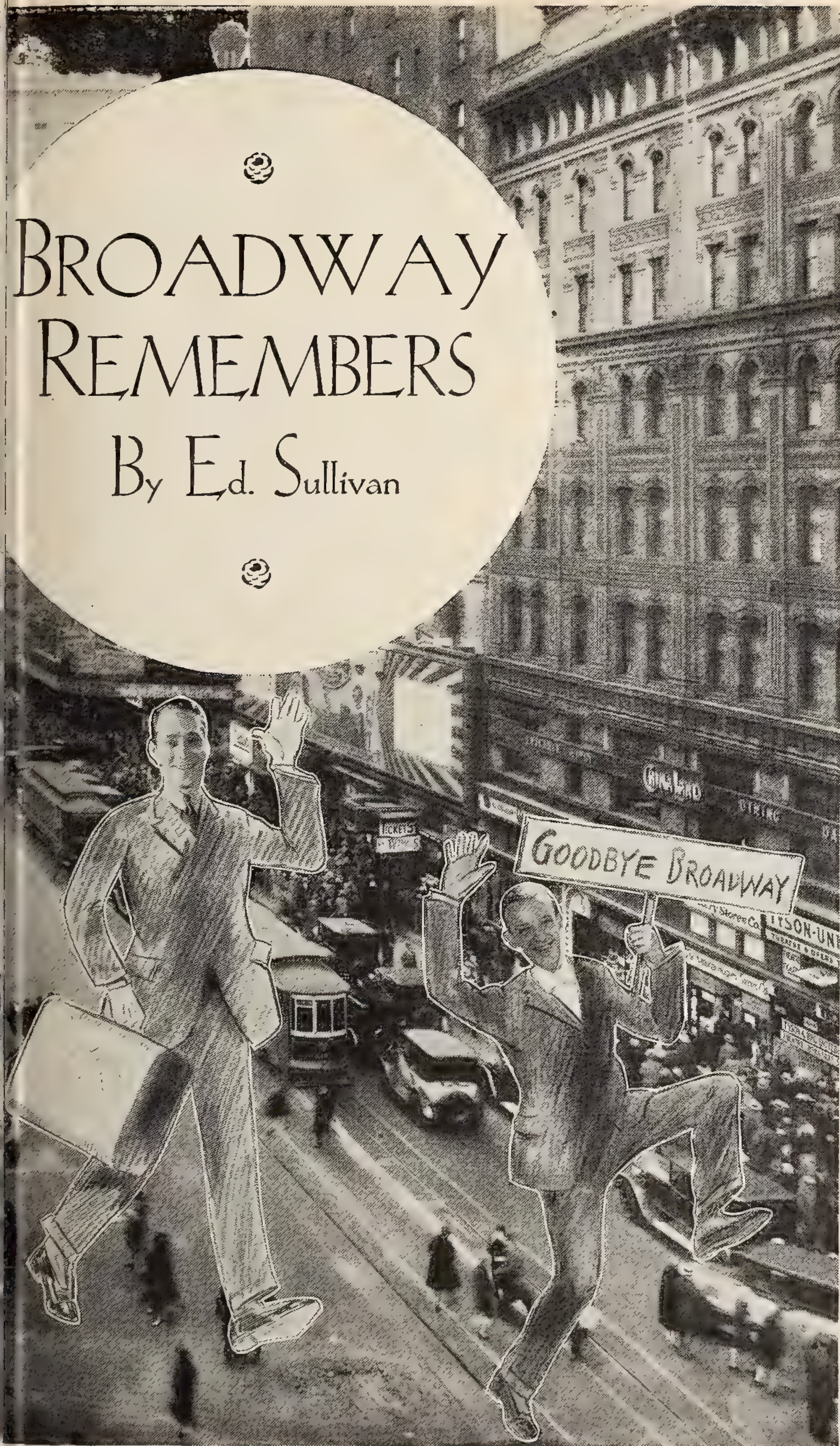
Astaire, however, like Gene Tunney, continued to drink milk. Tunney used to scandalize the trainers at his Speculator, N. Y., camp by drinking cold milk after a workout. The trainers said that this was all wrong, and that the stomach couldn't hold chilled liquid after exercise. But I guess Tunney knew more than they did, because I never heard of one of his trainers beating Jack Dempsey. The same with Astaire. He drank milk and is the cream of the dancers.

However, there is more than one way of skinning a cat, as the expression goes. Astaire got into the movies on milk, but Benchley



BROADWAY REMEMBERS

By Ed. Sullivan



got in on Scotch. However, Astaire got Ginger Rogers too, which is an extra vote for a milk diet. Ginger always reminded me a little of that beautiful red-head who dressed next to Frank Morgan on the third floor, but I won't go into that again as the editor sez this is a family magazine. That is a silly objection. Red-heads have families, too.

"What," sez the editor, "what about Alice Brady on the stage?" I remember, sez I, the night she and Conrad Nagel were opening in "Forever After." It was a big opening, and the theatre had just installed the new fire sprinklers. Nagel had just laid out all of his costumes on the couch in his room, when some dope in the engineering department decided to test out the sprinkler system. Nagel made his first entrance that night, dripping wet.

Or, maybe you'd like to hear about Alice Brady in "Mourning Becomes Electra," the Eugene O'Neill heavy drama, and possibly one of the finest tragedies the modern stage ever has presented.

There is a never-ending parade of stage celebrities swinging down the Rialto, bound for Hollywood's greater fame and fortune, and high in spirits because of confidence in their ability. Alice Faye, Francis Lederer, Alice Brady, Franchot Tone and Fred Astaire joined the parade and conquered cinemaland.

As you know, the Brady voice was one of the most facile instruments of the theatre. She had vibrant low tones that thrilled an audience as much as her facial expressions and physical gestures. The show had played about a month when one of the regulars became ill, and the understudy was rushed in. Then ensued the most amazing silent duel ever witnessed. The understudy tried to copy Brady's throat tones. Miss Brady accordingly dropped her voice a pitch lower. The understudy went down a pitch too. Everyone in the company was engrossed in this unusual battle, but Alice Brady finally dropped her voice so low that the understudy cracked up. I have heard of a lot of peculiar rows and grudges on Broadway, but this is the only time I ever heard of a larynx feud.

Franchot Tone first came to my notice in "House of Connolly," a Group Theatre production. Now to understand this fully, you must realize first that the Group Theatre was a group of youngsters and oldsters so on fire with their enthusiasm for the stage—the legitimate stage—that they'd go through hell and high water for it. Pay days didn't matter to them. They were a group of youthful and enthusiastic martyrs, willing and eager to accept any martyrdom so long as they could act. The critics all rapped "House of Connolly," a somewhat gloomy and foreboding study of a southern family that goes to rot morally just as the mansion goes to rot physically. Impressed by the youngsters' spirit, influenced by their gameness, I gave the play a fine write up.

Picture the backstage scene. The youngsters get progressively bluer as the reviews come in. Then suddenly silver breaks through the clouds, a friendly and encouraging notice from the Sullivan pen. I never knew this until Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone arrived in New York to get married. Tone was turning away all interviewers but, to my astonishment, he asked me to come right up: "I'll never forget what you did for all of us in the Group Theatre, Ed," he said. "You can ask any question you want. I owe it to you for your review on 'House of Connolly.'" And that's when I heard the story. He told it to me. "House of Connolly" won me the SILVER SCREEN interview on "House of Crawford."

My only recollection of Edward G. Robinson on the stage is that he was forever playing old man rôles. New York audiences never got a good look at Robinson until he arrived in the movies, because on Broadway stages, he was ambushed in whiskers.

I remember Cary Grant as Archie Leach in "Nikki." He played the part of Cary Lockwood, an aviator, in that show, so I imagine he took his screen name from his stage character. In the same show was a pretty good young actor by the name of Douglass Montgomery, and the star of the piece was Fay Wray. It lasted only forty performances at the Longacre, but it was sufficient to put Cary Grant and Douglass Montgomery into the flickers.

I remember Alice Faye as a chorus girl in George White's "Scandals" when the show opened in Atlantic City, and Grace Bradley as a chorus girl at the Paradise Restaurant in New York. Brian Donlevy played in a lot of bad plays around Broadway before he finally got his moving picture chance. I used to sit with him at the New York A. C., and he'd tell me of the hopes he had when he played in "What Price Glory." Donlevy believed that the parade had passed him by before he got the Hollywood offer that gave him a new lease on life.

My clearest recollection of Francis Lederer was that dreadful opening night of "Autumn Crocus." The Shuberts had heralded his arrival in America by hailing him as a "great lover." As a result, the Opening Night audience, the men I mean, sat back in their chairs and coldly observed the great lover's technique. There was no doubt about it, he had charm. However, late in the second act, there was a mountain scene. The stage carpenter, to get the proper effect, had made a small hill in the foreground of the stage, of TIN. The first time Lederer vaulted up the hill to make love to his lady fair, his

shoes slipped and he came sprawling down to the footlights. Courageously he tried it again, and again he came clattering down, his hob-nailed boots making a most infernal scraping racket. He tried again, and this time he had better luck but for sheer embarrassing moments on the stage, this one will never fade from mind.

Not so embarrassing as the opening night of Vincent Youman's "Rainbow." Charlie Ruggles was the comedy star of the play. At least he thought so, until a donkey in one of the scenes committed the unpardonable sin. The audience [Continued on page 63]

HARD KNOCKS MAKE GOOD ACTORS

By
Leon Surmelian



GABLE . . . McLaglen
. . . Holt . . .
Fonda . . . These
men have dealt with the
raw realities of life and
knocked about over large
portions of the globe, their art gaining immeasurably
thereby.

It's more than five years now since Clark Gable has been the great lover of the fillums. His booming voice and vibrant, at times fierce, masculinity have worked havoc with femmes everywhere. Everything he does or says is news, and more people are familiar with his dimples than with Hitler's or Mussolini's or Kemal Pasha's mug. Here, in our own country, Clark would steal the show from the President of the United States if both made a public appearance together. Such is the power of the visual and audible art of the screen! The social philosopher and reformist might well put this fact in his pipe and smoke it.

But it takes more than looks and sex appeal—and unlike many other stars, Clark is an even more attractive and compelling personality off the screen than on—to be the romantic rage of fickle millions month after month, year after year. The tremendous popularity of this male idol rests on the enduring foundation of his capable acting. This veteran romantic hussar would have toppled from his white horse long ago if he had failed to turn in convincing performances, no matter what the particular rôle assigned to him. Clark Gable is a good actor not because he is under the aegis of M-G-M, surrounded with all the aura and technical perfections of the world's largest and richest studio, and playing opposite the most glamorous stars of the screen under famous directors, but because he has grappled with the raw realities of life with those big, powerful hands of his, and to this day has not lost the common touch.

"In this business of acting it's only after a guy attains a certain perspective that he realizes what the struggles and associations of his past mean to him," Clark said to me with a reminiscent look in his blue eyes, while waiting for the retake of an intimate love scene with Joan Crawford, a gal who has lived Life, too. We were on the glittering set of "Love on the Run." In his superbly tailored tweeds he looked like a character from the pages of a society novel. "Believe me, I wouldn't trade my experiences in a rubber factory at Akron, in the oil fields of Oklahoma and the lumber camps of Oregon for anything in the world. Besides giving me muscles, they taught me things about life I couldn't have learned otherwise.

"I was 17, just out of high school, when I went to Akron, and landed a job as time-keeper in a rubber factory. I was rather big for my age, and told them I was 20. It was in that factory that

Back in the days when Jack Holt drove a dog team across the frozen tundra of Alaska, he learned the makings of a man. (Below) Henry Fonda has known days when his belt was pretty tight and hunger was his close companion, but he learned about Life.



I understood what the term, 'melting pot,' as applied to America, means. The workers in that plant represented every nationality in the world. Meanwhile I enrolled in the night school of the University of Akron, taking a premedical course. I wanted to be a doctor.

One day, back on the farm where I grew up, I was run over by a wagon, and was treated by a gruff country doctor who inspired in me great respect for the medical profession. However, a chance acquaintance with two actors opened up a new world to me, the thrilling, crazy, Bohemian world of the theatre. I gave up my premedical studies and became a call boy in a local theatre, serving without salary. During the day, I associated with the motley crew of the rubber factory, and, at nights, moved in an altogether different environment, intoxicated by the smell of grease paint. From call boy I graduated to lineless parts, and on a memorable night spoke my first line from the stage. I played a butler, and said, 'Good evening, madam.'

"After my stepmother died, my father sold his farm and went into the oil business in Oklahoma. I went with him, although I hated to leave Akron. The rubber factory crowd was a tame and civilized group compared to the workers in the Oklahoma oil





Many A Screen Part Proves To Be A Great Role Because Once Upon A Time The Actor Had Lived Through Days That Were Hopeless And Unhappy.



It took the rough side of many countries to teach Victor McLaglen the secret of living—of work, of despair and of the glory of hope. These secrets he gives to the screen.

cents in my pocket. No prospect of a job anywhere. I wrote nine telegrams to my father asking for some money, and tore up everyone of them. I'll never forget my journey from Butte to Portland, Oregon, in a box car. It was on a terribly cold night in March, and I nearly froze to death.

"In Portland, after another crack at stock, things got so bad that I turned to a general employment agency, and got a job with a party of engineers surveying some lumber tracts in southern Oregon. For two months I carried their instruments as we plodded through the heavy brush of the timber country. We kept our heads bandaged all the time, as a protection against insects and a peculiar thorny bush that grows in that region. It rained every day and every night, and my clothes were never completely dry.

"Then I drifted into a lumber camp at Silverton, Oregon, where I worked until I saved enough money to get back to Portland. But still there was nothing doing in the show business. I worked in the ad department of the *Portland Oregonian*, which enabled me

to read the 'help wanted' ads before they appeared in the paper, and eventually landed a job with the telephone company, as an office clerk. Gradually, I worked my way down to Los Angeles, and broke into pictures as an extra. But no studio would have me until I gained some reputation on Broadway.

"It's funny how I caught on in Hollywood. I started as a heavy. Well, I guess I looked a pretty tough hombre, all right." He chuckled to himself, lighted a cigarette. Clark is at his most attractive, and in his truest form, when he laughs. Then, the eternal boy in him comes out. "I was in the gunman class when my part as the killer in *Secret Six* was changed to that of a romantic hero, because of the public reaction against gangster pictures. That was a big break for me. If they had left me in the part as originally planned, in all probability it would have been the end of me on the screen.

"All these experiences, of course, [Continued on page 71]

Clark Gable has not always sailed on placid seas, and when today he plays a screen character he lives over again other days that he can never forget.

worked as an actor for nothing. After a year, I gave it up, and went to Kansas City, where I joined a traveling theatrical company. We barnstormed through the West, playing in tents, schools, churches, and now and then in a real theatre. We were broke most of the time, but happy.

"Two years of this life knocked out of my head a lot of silly ideas I had about the glamour of the theatrical profession, and made me a seasoned, even though a little cynical, trooper. Then, one day, I found myself stranded in Butte, Montana, with 26

fields—Chinese coolies, Mexicans, Negroes, two-fisted desperadoes of every sort, including a few young men belonging to wealthy families desirous of making their own way through the world. I made \$12 a day, but I'd have rather

RADIO REHEARSAL

// JITTERS //

By

Phyllis Marie Arthur

I CAME down with fan-itis, but definitely, the day I won my first movie letter contest in SILVER SCREEN. That was the year I had a "When Did You Leave Heaven" complex about the movie great, having never seen any of them in the all-too-human flesh.

Then I grew up and came to Hollywood to see the stars. And what did I do? I saw the stars. I saw Miss Lombard, Mr. Gable, Mr. Taylor and Miss Stanwyck and found out that they are all that they're cracked up to be. In fact, I saw darn near every shining light in town, and I had no more so-called drag than a celluloid anchor.

And all because I had discovered that if, mouselike, I inhabited a seat in the semi-darkened Figueroa Playhouse or Hollywood Music Box Theatre, where the Hollywood Hotel, Lux and Camel Caravan shows rehearse their all for the ether, I would see almost every player in Hollywood. (There aren't any closed sets in radio, so I barged into different rehearsals.)

Now a radio fan sees the stars without the cluttery paraphernalia of the movie studios, minus the horrendous grease paint and without benefit of Adrian. She sees them at work and at horseplay, and not as others see them. Half the time the stars are unaware that the master fan-mind is quietly ticking away in the third row from the rear. But all is fair in love and Hollywood so here goes for some mike-impres-

sions of the filmites.

Robert Taylor kids Barbara Stanwyck that she eats too much, and when she took off her shoe at "His Brother's Wife" rehearsals, old tease Taylor stooped to tickle her foot. Some call it love.

Dick Powell reacts in an equally little-boy manner. The day before he married Joan Blondell he could hardly keep his feet on the Hollywood Hotel floor or his face in front of the mike.

These foolish things remind us that stars are really people. You know, whenever I think of Kay Francis, I think of the ivory cigarette holder she keeps in one hand when she rehearses and when she broadcasts. The first time I saw it was at "The White Angel" show. And I guess I noticed it particularly because I was so amused at the thought of Florence Nightingale butting her cigarette on the sole of her shoe. (A little habit of Kay's.) Then, in "Give Me Your Heart" (page Mr. Brent) Kay clung to that holder as though it had a magic charm. And I'm wondering, has it? I doubt if she'd take off

those horn-rimmed glasses she wears for the coronation of King Edward. I was up in the control room the night of the perfectly riotous rehearsal of "Sing Baby Sing," having had to bring "Hamlet" over from the village library to check on a line of soliloquy. Gregory Ratoff's voice sounded as if the war games had started. And Patsy Kelly, with her black hair out of line, mumbled to herself into the stage mike, which, of course, was perfectly audible in the control room. (I am no technician, so I can only explain this control room business by my experience with it. You sit in this glassed-in cage that overlooks the stage where the broadcast is going on and hear every word that is spoken into the mikes on the stage. The program leaves the control room to reach the air.) Alice Faye was Sing Baby Singing to Michael Whalen. And the sartorially-super Adolphe Menjou appeared in, of all things, a slicker after sneaking down the alley to avoid autograph fiends.



Nobody will ever be able to tell me that Gladys Swarthout worships clothes. Because I saw her throw her very stylish tweed jacket on the stage floor and kick it out of the way while she was skimming the cream of "Carmen" for the Caravan. Robert Taylor, guest co-star, nudged Hymie Fink (ace candid cameraman) in the ribs when Gladys went temperamental.

Norma Shearer had memorized her portion scene for "Romeo and Juliet." And she didn't want a human being in her line of vision when she gave it. Edna Mae Oliver likes the spotlight. It took more than a suggestive poke for Ralph Forbes to get her off the stage after her part in the show.

Another rehearsal that was particularly mad was "Valiant Is The Word For Carrie," with Arline Judge, Gladys George, Isabel Jewell and John Howard, not to forget Wesley Ruggles directing from the control room. Arline is inclined to take direction literally. When it was suggested that she put a little more life into the line "Surprise, surprise" she backed away from the mike and came hippety-skippety yelling "Surprise." At which John Howard burst out laughing as did everyone else except Mr. Ruggles. Even though he and Miss Judge have come to the end of their wedded bliss he was most consoling, cooing down from the control room: "That's all right, dear. Never mind." The line did not make the air, however.

Gladys George had had rehearsals called at six o'clock (they are usually held around nine) because she had a dinner engagement. But Valiant is the word, and so forth, went on and on, until Gladys called to her husband, who shared the control room with Mr. Ruggles: "You'll have to phone those people we can't come." He warbled right back: "I did, dear. They understand." Imagine a husband actually seeing to all that without being reminded! Oh well, he and Gladys have only been married a year. He'll get back to normal forgetfulness after a while.

There is plenty of talk about "This won't last" and "That isn't to be," but I'll stake my white fur bunny slippers on the Joel McCrea-Frances Dee marriage. 'Cause when a wife spends her entire evening at a radio rehearsal just to be with her husband, that's marriage with the Hollywood taken out of it.

How would you like to walk into a theatre and find Lionel Barrymore rehearsing? I was properly enchanted with "The Devil Doll" but after half an hour in which THE Barrymore said nothing but "Call off the dogs" some seventeen times, I settled down. He smoked so many cigarettes the stage soon looked like a Fog over Frisco set. Then he drank coffee and with his mouth full of sandwich said into the mike "This is the same thing as murder." Maureen O'Sullivan looked about two years old in a grey sailor hat with streamers. (I tore right home and put streamers on my hat, but alas, I only succeeded in looking two years older.) Maureen of the Irish-lake-blue eyes has the distressing habit of eating her corsages. Honestly, I watched her nibbling her gardenias all through the show.

There's nothing remotely Cisco-kiddish about Warner Baxter. When he was rehearsing "To Mary, With Love," he said to Myrna Loy, "If I don't get that last 'darling' in, you go right on anyway." Romantic, huh? Myrna was late, so one of the extra girls had to read her Mary-lines with Baxter. She didn't see Miss Loy come in. Myrna made no attempt to interrupt. Finally the girl caught on, but Myrna saved her from embarrassment by murmuring "That's quite all right." Nice gal, Mrs. Hornblow. Thoughtful.

I've seen so many air shows that I'm always forgetting who is guest star on which show, and I get all disappointed because Eric Linden isn't with Jack Oakie only to

discover Eric a week later on some other program. One afternoon I wandered into the Camel Caravan rehearsals without the faintest idea who the guest stars were to be. On the stage a tired looking little man in an old blue sweater was leaning against a harp. He smiled at me so sadly that I came right back with what I fondly imagined was a hopeful grin. Nearby, another sad young man sat on a piano bench with his trouser leg pulled up, nursing a bared knee. A third gentleman was lying on his stomach on the stage floor scribbling notes on the margin of his script. Finally a flash of Neon streamed through the place where I park my brain, if any. Could the sad harp-leaner be Harpo Marx? The knee-nurser, Chico? (I discovered later he'd been playing leap-frog in the theatre and fallen afoul of one of the seats.) The floor-flopper was Groucho.

And in further ramblings through radio channels, I gleaned that: Grace Moore hauled out a gold vanity and powdered her nose between scenes of her "Trilby" broadcast. Incidentally, it was only by the grace of God and an extra girl that she got her script sorted out a scant second before her first speech on the air. . . . Peter Lorre, he of the superb Svengali, combs his black hair so flat it looks painted on. . . . Ruth Chatterton was in tears at the Lux "Quality Street" show because that was the day Irving Thalberg died. (She and Brian Aherne have one of those telling-volumes-with-a-look sort of friendships.) . . . About the best acting I've seen at the mike was when Elissa Landi (the Countess Zanardi's Elissa), she of the red-gold hair and the green-gold eyes, together with Otto Kruger, gave "By Candlelight" on the Caravan. . . . Frank Morgan, he of the humorous hesitations, was priceless in "Laburnum Grove."

You know, it's funny to what lengths the stars will go to bolster up their sense of importance so they can put on a good show. June Lang needed an orchid corsage and George Raft had to have Virginia Pine in the second row. . . .

Irvin Cobb solemnly thumbed his nose at his fellow actors on a Caravan show. . . . Loretta Young cried her skyblue eyes out for "Ramona."

Yes, when the star spot goes into rehearsal or on the air out in Hollywood, there is plenty going on to interest the fans.

The Stars Fill The Air With Their
Charming Personalities But First
Come Those Terrifying Rehearsals.

PROJECT

CAROLE

RETURNING from the Martin Beck Theatre in New York one bleak January afternoon of that depressed year 1935, Carole Lombard had impressed upon her mind, and she has a mind, two of the important facts of life, viz., that you can never count on your friends in an emergency, and that no matter how innocent you may be you can always count on people thinking the worst of you.

Carole and three friends had just been to a matinee of "Romeo and Juliet," starring Katharine Cornell, and Carole was in a "mood," a romantic mood (plays always put her in a mood), and with her thoughts on balconies, frustrated love and Mr. Basil Rathbone she didn't want to be bothered by reporters just then, and there, coming out of the Waldorf-Astoria, just as her taxi drew up, was a whole batch of them. With a tally ho, and her friends in merry chase, Carole sprang from the cab, dashed through the revolving doors, up the steps and into the spacious and muchly populated lobby of the Waldorf—up the steps, yes, but in her haste she missed the top step and fell flat on her face.

The Glamour Girls of Hollywood have been given to sprawling here and there from time to time, so I have heard, but Carole holds the record for being the only one who has sprawled in the grand and majestic lobby of the Waldorf, while all those present gasped. It was most embarrassing. No movie star is at her best when flat on her face. It sort of de-glamorizes her. Now you would think, wouldn't you, that her three friends would have hastily picked her up, shown a little solicitude, and assured her that no one saw her, but no, just when she needed friends most the three of them speedily beat it for the nearest elevator pretending (the snakes) that they didn't know Miss Lombard from a cloud of dust (no reflection on the Waldorf rugs). And you would have thought, wouldn't you, out of all those people who clutter up a hotel, that one of them would have helped restore a poor girl's dignity—but no, all Carole heard as she picked herself up and gingerly felt for a crack in her head was a dear old lady's remark to another dear old lady, "Drunk as a hoot owl. Hollywood movie star. Wouldn't you just know."

Now I don't wish to give the impression that Miss Lombard is a clumsy girl, heavens no, you can see for yourself that she has one of the most beautiful figures on the screen, and is as graceful as a young Pavlova any day, but there was one other time that I saw Carole take a spill, and it's

well worth passing on. It was during the Santa Anita racing season last February and Hollywood was up to its eyeballs in horses, Old Families, and Eastern millionaires.

Movie stars had entered into the gala spirit of the thing and forgetful of their ten o'clock bedtime were throwing parties with utter abandon. Carole is a great favorite with the New York Social Register, so when she gave a party they ganged up on her and



came along in droves.

Miss Lombard, looking too divinely beautiful for this world in a Travis Banton creation that shrieked of *chic*, had been a charming hostess for hours and was in need of a bit of relaxation—so she joined the girls and boys in the back room who weren't bluebloods, and who were playing bridge, and who included in their midst the three friends who could not be counted upon in an emergency, which all goes to show that Carole has a forgiving nature.

She had just slipped out of her slippers, and was telling Walter Lang how to play his hand (Carole adores bridge next to hamburgers) when someone stuck his head in the door and whispered, "Psst, Carole, more tiaras are arriving." "All right, all right," sighed Carole. "See, Walter, if you had led hearts like I told you to, you could have made a little slam." "Oh, go be a hostess," snapped Walter. Back into her slippers and her hostess

Carole Lombard has that certain something that packs the theatres, and thrills the hearts of men.

ONS

By Elizabeth Wilson



LOMBARD



Carole (center) is one of the best tennis players in the Hollywood crowd, and no wonder, for she practices with Eleanor Tennant (left), former champion, and her friend, Alice Marble, National Champion.

manner once more, Carole stopped to pose for a moment in the frame of the door, a la movie star, and murmur theatrically, "Oh, must I always be a hostess?"

But hardly was the last word out of her mouth when she slipped on the wet floor (someone had spilled a cocktail) and slid on her patootie, as we morons of the Left Bank say, right into two Whitneys, a Vanderbilt, and a son of an earl. From her informal position Carole extended her hand and greeted them effusively with queenly dignity. It's little wonder that the Social Register, who must run into a lot of frumps and stuffed shirts in their ramblings around the world, simply go crazy over Carole.

Carole Lombard, as you surely know by now, was born Jane Peters, October 6, 1909, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, the only girl in a family that included two boys, Frederic and Stuart. Born under the sign of Libra (you know the lady without her clothes who balances a pair of scales) and ruled by Venus it was quite natural that the child should grow up to be a well balanced adult with a yen for love and romance. When she was six her mother decided that a temporary separation from her husband was necessary (the Peters of Fort Wayne did not believe in divorce) so, with her little girl and her two boys, Mrs. Peters went on a visit to Los Angeles. The kids were crazy about California, with little

Jane the best tomboy of them all, and so the days slipped into years, and Mrs. Peters and her brood never returned to Fort Wayne.

Like all children, Carole loved nothing better than to dress up in her mother's clothes and go parading around the neighborhood. Rita Kaufman, famous designer, caught her neighborhood "act" one day and when Mrs. Peters wasn't looking sneaked Carole over to the California Studios and got her a small part in "The Perfect Crime." Carole played Monte Blue's daughter. She was very bad. But she received fifty dollars for five days work and success went straight to her head.

Her brothers found her unbearable; there was just no living with her. She decided then and there that the glamorous life of the screen star was definitely for the likes of her, and no matter how hard "Bessie" (that's what Carole calls her mother) lectured and stormed and raged about arithmetic and spelling Carole would not falter from her one great purpose in life—to be a movie star. But to her surprise, when "The Perfect Crime" was released, no one even noticed Monte Blue's daughter, and so Carole, very disconsolate, went back to school.

Two summers later she bumped into Charlie Chaplin at Catalina and talked him into testing her for the leading lady in the "Gold Rush" and Chaplin, impressed by her beauty and poise gave her two studio tests—but she didn't get the part. The "break" finally came very unexpectedly one day when Al Kemper, a Fox executive, noticed her resemblance to Constance Bennett and signed her on a contract for seventy-five dollars a week.

She was sixteen the day the contract was signed. On the Fox contract list there was already a Janice Peters so Miss Jane Peters was asked to change her name at once. She chose Carol because she had always liked that name. She [Continued on page 74]



Clark Gable and Carole are often seen together and quite happy about it—until the autograph hunters begin their attack.

The Detective Stories And Mystery Tales Keep Many An Actor On Easy Street

NOW that William Powell and Myrna Loy, guarded once more by the faithful Asta, are romping through the hazards that beset them in "After the Thin Man," and Universal is searching frantically for some grimace-and-groan expert to play "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," it will be announced that another cycle of mystery thrillers is upon us.

But the thriller is more than a cycle. It's an institution, as permanent a fixture in the Hollywood set-up as love-story, adventure yarn, or musical comedy.

Our ancestors loved to sit around a dying fire and scare themselves blue with whispered tales of blood and mystery, grotesque monsters and gibbering phantoms.

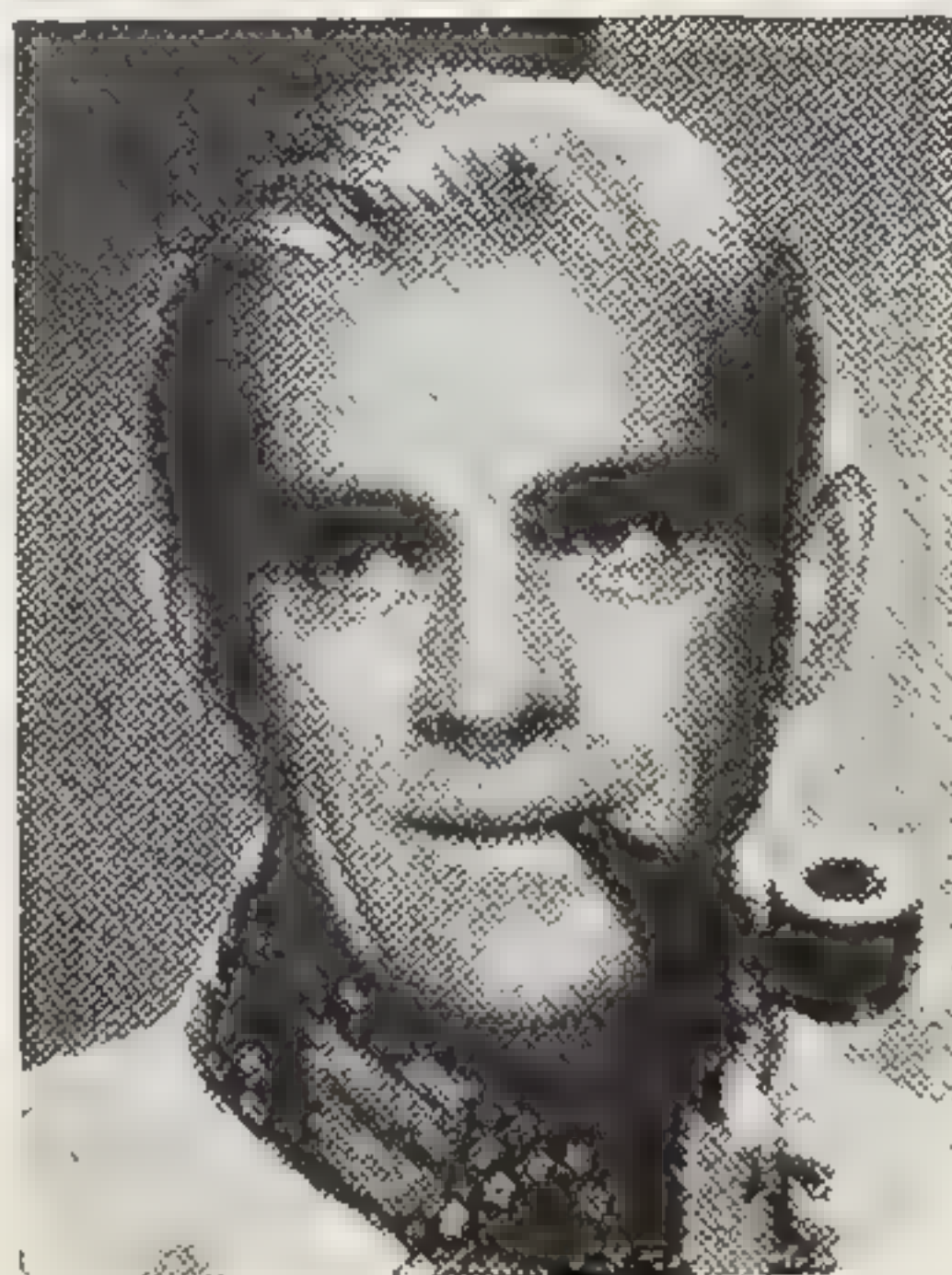
So we sit in the darkened theater and shiver as Fay Wray looks in the mirror and discovers the grisly countenance of Boris Karloff peering through the window, or William Powell and Myrna Loy exchange flippancies while murder lurks in the shadows around them.

The biggest Names have been sleuth or suspect. In "Star of Midnight," Ginger

Rogers managed to stop dancing long enough to get into a series of scrapes that sorely



The famous fiction detective, Nero Wolfe, was played by Edward Arnold. (Right) Boris Karloff now adds to the problems of "Charlie Chan at the Opera."



tried the detective's wits. Robert Taylor served his apprenticeship in the whodunits as juvenile of "Murder in the Fleet" before receiving the just reward for his ability—the role of leading man to Garbo, and Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray got themselves thoroughly tangled in the plot of "The Princess Comes Across."

When the movies' newly found power of speech first gave them the ability to handle the complicated clues and explanations of the whodunit proper, Powell was right there, with his urbane voice, to play the supercilious *Philo Vance*.

And when the whodunit suddenly refused to go on considering murder as a serious matter, Powell became the more humorous, but no less dangerous *Nick Charles*. He is identified with "The Thin Man," the comedy-mystery that still monopolizes the nation's screens. He coped with a masked killer in "Star of Midnight" and war-time spies in "Rendezvous" and now he appears in the sequel to the grandpappy of all the comic whodunits.

Warner Oland, too, would laugh at the idea that the detective story is a fad, an



Charlie Chan—Warner Oland—always in character.

(Left) "The Thin Man" added to the popularity of Myrna Loy, William Powell and the dog, so now they've done it again.

"WHODUNIT"

By Janet Graves

occasionally recurring cycle, since he has for some years been deriving a good, steady income from his portrayals of the cheerful and philosophical *Charlie Chan*.

These two are undoubtedly Hollywood's foremost sleuths. But a score of minor clue-hunters have helped to prove that crime pays pleasant dividends. We may be sure that we have not seen the last of Edward Arnold as the lazy, beer-imbibing *Nero Wolfe*. Curiously enough, Franchot Tone, who spends most of his time stifling yawns in drawing-room and penthouse, gave an exuberant and vastly amusing performance in an obscure little film called "One New York Night," as a thoroughly scared young amateur detective.

In such satirical melodramas as Ronald Colman's *Bulldog Drummond* films and Robert Donat's "The Thirty-nine Steps," mystery blurs into hilarious confusion, and our hero, appropriately even more lunatic,

blithely surmounts gigantic odds with the ease of a Fairbanks.

The hard-boiled variety of detective story, so popular in books, has so far seen very little service on the screen. Dashiell Hammett, author of "The Thin Man," is master in this field. His "The Glass Key" gave George Raft one of his strongest rôles. The incomparable "Maltese Falcon," recently filmed in disguised and mangled form with Warren William and Bette Davis, received a more faithful interpretation several years ago, when Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels played the leads.

The great detective, suave or swaggering, would not seem half so clever if he had no stooge to make him shine by contrast, no *Dr. Watson* to whom he must explain all the quirks of the plot. This stooge may be a loyal, though slow-brained henchman, or a bungling officer of the law. Eugene Pal-

[Continued on page 67]



The Famous Inches Of June Lang—She Has Just Enough And Not One Too Many!

By

Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

VENUS

UNDER CONTRACT

HOLLYWOOD, that gigantic quick-change artist, whose portals are filled with the most beautiful women in the world, has accepted a new reigning Queen of Beauty. This time it is a diminutive blonde, a nineteen-year-old ingenue who recently played her first dramatic rôle in "Road to Glory."

This "Modern Venus," otherwise known as June Lang, came to the attention of the artistic world after the noted New York sculptor, Albert Stewart, had proclaimed her a "perfect yardstick for feminine beauty."

Though the young actress is smaller than the famous Ziegfeld standard of perfection, she embodies a rare combination of the perfect physical qualities of a number of Hollywood luminaries. She carries herself as a Crawford, she has the slenderness of a Parker, the hips of a Sullavan, the legs of a Dietrich and the ankles of a Blondell. Her feet are as perfect as those of Gloria Swanson, although not so small. Here are her measurements:

Height, 5 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 104 pounds; waist, 25 inches; bust, $31\frac{1}{2}$ inches; hips, $36\frac{1}{2}$ inches; neck, $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches; chest, 31 inches; wrist, 6 inches; sleeve length, $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and ankle, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. She wears number $5\frac{1}{2}$ A shoes and number 6 gloves.

All of June's features are in correct proportion to the rest of her body and for that reason artists have praised her. She is the essence of health; everything about her speaks that—her fresh young beauty, her vibrant personality, the clearness of her complexion, the silken texture of her hair and the sparkle of her big brown eyes. She has a beauty that is fresh, dewey, enchanting and different.

Achieving and holding that perfection has not been easy for June. Like any other girl she has had to work for it. "Never do

I let a day pass," she says, "without taking exercises. I climb a lot. I climb over these Hollywood hills and I find that much sunshine, deep breathing, and correct eating are essential for keeping up the general tone of my body. When I walk or climb I wear low heeled shoes. I swing my arms around and around and I breathe deeply. When I stand I am careful not to stand on one hip, nor do I spread my legs, for both these bad habits distort the figure."

June's waistline rivals that of Jean Parker, who is said to have the most beautiful in Hollywood. Both incline on the long side with length between the bust and waist, and both are flat in the back. Both are nicely covered with firm flesh, but without any jelly roll above the normal waist line. And, like Margaret Sullavan, June is a perfect hip model, with both hips even—not one higher than the other. She has no sharp bones and no extra bulges.

She is like Joan Crawford inasmuch as her abdominal sculpture is flat in front, and like Joan her muscles are strong and firm. Joan learned to hold in her "tummy" by practicing with a ruler down the front but June does it by daily exercise. Here is the

exercise she takes:

Stand straight, with hands on hips, toes parted a little, and with the heels in. Swing the torso far around to the left and then to the right. Be careful not to swing the hips. Do this vigorously at least twenty times. If this is done faithfully June guarantees that no inflated tire will have a chance to hang itself around the waist.

June does not believe in dieting, she just eats simply. Seldom does she dine at the Trocadero, or other fashionable places, and when she does she merely plays at eating.

She always has a simple meal of the things that are good for her, and that she likes, before she leaves home. She eats very little sweets and almost no meat; however, she likes steaks and chicken. Green vegetables, especially green salads, are favorite foods as are also the fresh fruits. She has trained herself to like the right things and she can't understand why other girls don't do the same. But that's where June differs from many. She has a generous portion of brains and she realizes her millions of fans expect her to stay letter perfect. There's no doubt but that she will too!

"It's swell to have a nice figure," says June, "but it takes work to keep it that way. And having a reputation for a nice physique makes it all the harder. When people see me they expect something perfect and *I just can't disappoint them.*"

She's crazy about ice cream and if she allowed herself what she really wanted she'd have it at every meal, and sometimes in between. "But there's a limit to all things," she says, and with that forgets about the ice cream. She drinks three glasses of milk daily, a glass of orange juice, a glass of tomato juice, but very little coffee or tea. Intoxicating liquors are banned, although on very rare occasions she takes a small quantity of champagne. She loathes smoking, and never smokes a cigarette except when the script calls for it.

Whenever June spends a long day on the set her mother always prepares her favorite dinner. It consists of clear soup, medium rare steak, stewed tomatoes with bits of bread, spinach, green vegetable salad, rolls, milk to drink, and of course ice cream.

June appears to have an inexhaustible source of energy. "But that's because I know how to conserve my strength when not needed," she says. "When I am tired I relax. When I do not need my energy, I relax. That is the secret. When one relaxes new energy just comes. If I am very exhausted I lie down on a bare floor and let go every muscle in my body. In half an hour I am completely rested."

Every night finds June sleeping without a pillow. She believes pillows make round shoulders and for that reason avoids them like so much poison. She would rather die than cultivate the round shoulders that some girls have. "If only they would keep their shoulders up," she says. "Every day I see lovely, young school girls allowing their

[Continued on page 70]



Bowling keeps Alice Faye in good health. What is better than that?

Olivia de Havilland fencing with Errol Flynn. It is one of the best exercises, and safe, too, for they really wear masks, except for the photographer.

Bicycles are quite the fad and Rochelle Hudson rides at least three miles a day.



A NEW battle rages in Hollywood! The amazing fight the stars are waging now for their health.

Suddenly the film world is health conscious to an extreme degree. No one wants to do anything unless it's obviously beneficial. Ordinary appointments are postponed until the daily sport is attended to. It's become the major social sin to be languid. Eyes must be clearer, skins positively flawless. You have to be a vision of vigor, and how you get that way is all important.

It may be the dead of winter, but then that's Hollywood for you. Instead of stalling until spring and waiting for those ads that query how do you look in a bathing suit, the actors and actresses have jumped the gun. The demand of the local sirens is every man a Weissmuller, and they, in turn, are taking great pains to express the Velez in themselves. Camille may be breaking your heart as she coughs herself to death, but she'd be the forgotten date if she actually materialized in the movie colony. A lady now has to be hardy, has to hold her own. And I'll bet you'll be surprised at what!

At competitive sports, no less. Do you bowl, fence, and ping-pong? Have you, too, a badminton net in your back yard? Of course, this trend is a genuine shock to those of us who've been around Hollywood any length of time. Because instinctively stars are rabid individualists and generally they've not mixed well in competitive sports. They've been satisfied with horseback riding and swimming, with a private trainer to put them through paces. But no more. Since super-health has become the reigning hobby, they're choosing partners for their exercise and blithely evolving into determined challengers.

You probably don't realize how difficult it is for a star to hang onto the tip-top condition his job necessitates. "It's a wonder to me there hasn't been a lot of tuberculosis in Hollywood," George Brent said to me a few days ago when I was visiting

him on the stuffy stage. "We have to be cooped up like this for weeks on end, shut away from sunshine and fresh air." The work is nerve-wracking because of the constant emotionalism. The glaring lights drain one's vitality. The life a successful star leads is hard on all the things he must have to click. Daubing grease paint on, bandolining the hair, dieting to retain a slim figure—this has to be counteracted somehow. Often the grind is so steady that a star loses all resistance without even guessing what's happening.

Loretta Young and Dick Powell gave the current craze the initial impetus. They became so run down with all work and no health-building sports that they had to drop everything for months to recuperate. The other stars were alarmed at these experiences and checked up on themselves. They saw that fat contracts and thrilling love affairs and widespread applause meant nothing without a splendid vitality to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

Studio contracts forbid actors from engaging in rough sports that might hurt them or mar their valuable faces. So they had to snoop around and discover competitive sports with no drawbacks. The foremost people had only to start the ball

IN THE PINK CONDITION

rolling. Overnight the town's gone mad over health as the A-1 hobby and everyone's conceding that the exercise that should be taken is easier and far more fun when disguised as a merry sport. Garbo's taken up horseshoe pitching—which shows you how the wind's blowing!

Those personal programs followed solo style are passé since the spread of the let's-get-together spirit. Robert Taylor, for instance, had bought weights and was faithfully going through a lifting routine three evenings a week. He converted the extra bedroom in his home into a modern gymnasium. The results were good enough—he added inches to his chest and pounds of muscle. But good grief, he exclaims, when he remembers. All that precious spare time could have been spent with Barbara Stanwyck if he'd known about badminton! When I was at his house the other day I noted the weights stacked for-

The Players Go In For Games But They Are Really Think- ing Of The Body Beautiful.

and after you serve it you have to keep popping to keep it in the air.

The elegant Mayfair is but a memory to Hollywood's Inner Circle. In history, they'll have to write in *bowling alleys* as the successor! Now if you fancy that going down to the neighborhood bowling alley would be a trifle declass  , stop being so wrong.

Not only is bowling the most

**Luise Rainer is an expert
at archery and often
practices on the beach.**

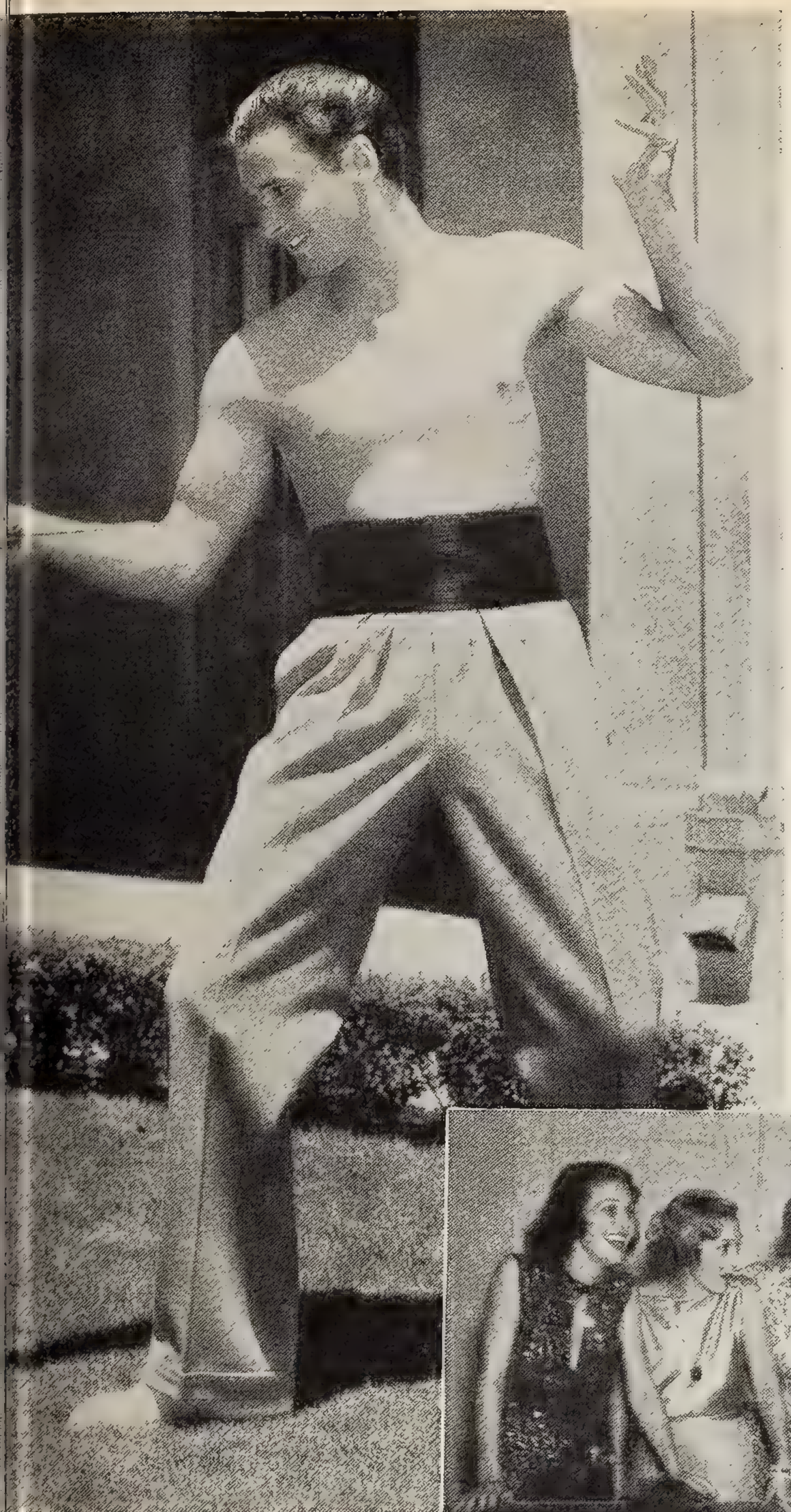
bowlers. They all started with the regulation size ball, incidentally, and they've mastered the art of giving a hook that knocks down all the pins perched at the end of the alley. The girls don't make strikes like this regularly, but they're improving all the time.

Judith Barrett is the sponsor of a team of five men who use her name in tournaments. She's furnished their sweaters and is

present whenever they play. Carole Lombard, according to rumor, is going to

have her team, too. James Dunn, Fredric March, John Howard, and Cesar Romero are topping the men's ladder.

[Cont. on page 63]



Loretta Young, Mary Pickford, Grace Moore, Myrna Loy and Tai Lachman — table tennis champions.

OF

By Ben

Maddox

lornly in a corner. And a badminton net is in full glory on his lawn.

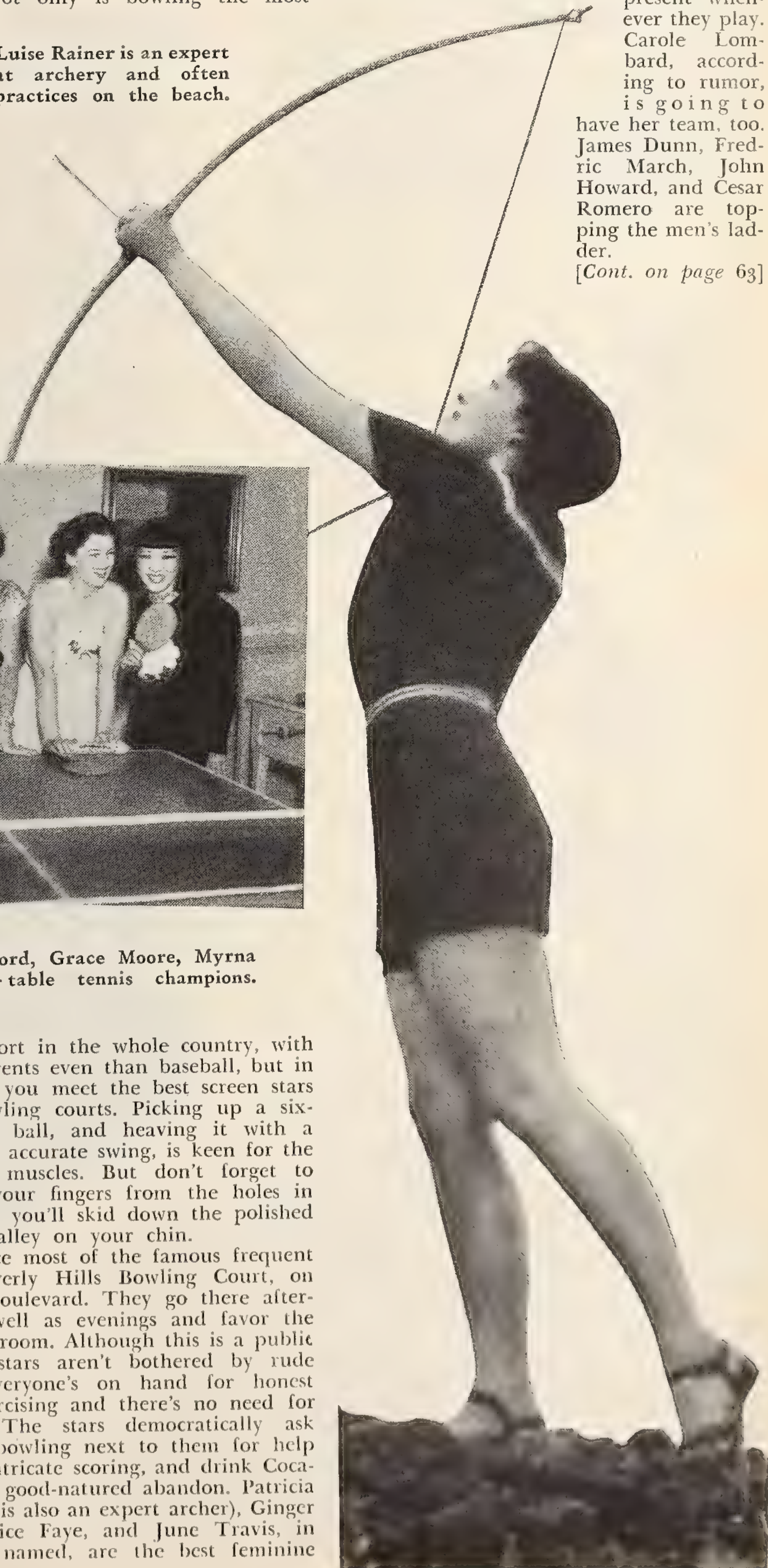
Barbara herself had been religiously walking for miles every day. As she swung briskly through Beverly streets she kept muttering that this was a heck of a system for remaining svelte. If Bob had been trotting along at her side her feet wouldn't have touched the pavement. But he wasn't. He had his darned old weights.

Came the dawn to our ace lovers. They climbed on the bandwagon. And although both are working most of the time, they're getting in their badminton every single day. They have to shuffle their free time around to do it, but they won't omit it.

Badminton, as you know, is similar to tennis. Only you use a high net instead of a low one, and you can play on any sort of level space. The big difference is that you can't let the ball bounce at all. The shuttlecock, as it's called, is feather-weight

popular sport in the whole country, with more adherents even than baseball, but in Hollywood you meet the best screen stars at the bowling courts. Picking up a sixteen-pound ball, and heaving it with a mighty but accurate swing, is keen for the abdominal muscles. But don't forget to withdraw your fingers from the holes in the ball or you'll skid down the polished hardwood alley on your chin.

The place most of the famous frequent is the Beverly Hills Bowling Court, on Wilshire Boulevard. They go there afternoons as well as evenings and favor the downstairs room. Although this is a public alley the stars aren't bothered by rude staring. Everyone's on hand for honest health exercising and there's no need for parading. The stars democratically ask whoever's bowling next to them for help with the intricate scoring, and drink Coca-Colas with good-natured abandon. Patricia Ellis (who is also an expert archer), Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye, and June Travis, in the order named, are the best feminine



THE WAIF FROM THE YANGTZE

By
Jack Bechdolt

The Cast

Johnny	Shirley Temple
Tommy Randall	Robert Young
Suzanne Parker	Alice Faye
The Colonel	Eugene Pallette
Mrs. Hope	Helen Westley
Richard Hope	Allan Lane
Kay Swift	Astrid Allwyn
Judge Booth	J. Edward Bromberg
Atkins	Arthur Treacher

Friendship is a tree of shelter from the rains of trouble . . . Ancient Proverb.

ALONGSIDE the muddy bank of the Yangtze river, a junk lay moored in the shadows. The night was thick with a drizzle of rain. Dead silence hung over the little village of mud huts that clustered beside the current—the silence of houses hastily emptied, of frightened people hastily departed. The solitary Chinese coolie who was making the boat ready for departure moved furtively. The elderly, dignified Chinese magistrate and the little American girl clinging to his hand spoke in cautious undertones.

Terror was abroad along the Yangtze. Hi Chung, the bandit general, and his murdering crew were pillaging the countryside.

Sun Lo, the magistrate, clasped his hands and bowed ceremoniously to the little girl who peered trustingly up at him.

"You will remain in Shanghai, Johnny. Chang will take good care of you." Furtively he handed her a purse. "Take this money. Give it to my brother for your expenses."

She nodded understandingly, smiling anxiously into the grave face above her. She was a sturdy, curly haired little half pint, the daughter of American missionaries now dead. In all this vast land of frightened silence and in all the great world beyond she had but two trusted friends, Sun Lo, the magistrate, and Mr. Wu, the mongrel pup she clasped in her arms.

"Goodbye, my little friend. I shall see you very soon and until then the memory of you will bloom like a flower in the garden of my heart."

"Goodbye, Honorable Sun Lo," Johnny answered gravely. "The thanks of an honest person is—is . . ." Her brow wrinkled distressedly.

"Is as precious as the jewels of the rich," Sun Lo completed for her.

She beamed up at him, her dimples showing. "Yes. I couldn't remember."

Chang, the magistrate's servant, cast loose the junk. It slid without a sound into the broad, greasy bosom of the ancient river.

The junk slipped down the Yangtze, sailing when the gods sent a favorable wind, drifting with the currents when there was none. Eventually it tied to a dock in Shanghai.

That night Chang, the miserable servant of an honorable master, heard the clamor of gamblers on an adjoining junk. Chang had no money but he had seen the little hoard Sun Lo gave Johnny. When another morning dawned Johnny and Mr. Wu were alone and without a penny. And Mr. Wu was hungry.

Without the price of a wretched soup bone, a little girl and her dog roamed the streets of the city, feasting their eyes on strange sights while their stomachs went empty.

Beside a shop a gleaming Rolls-Royce parked. Johnny saw a





The little girl and her new friend, Tommy Randall (Robert Young), find themselves locked up in a jail as tight as a mouse trap.



Alone, Johnny (Shirley Temple) wandered about the strange Chinese city, asking help from every man she met.

handsome young man in expensive American clothes accost the shop keeper.

"I want," he said very slowly and clearly, "to buy a dragon's

head."

"Hsien seng yao mai shih ma tung hsi?"

"A dragon's head," the young man repeated. The merchant looked on him blandly and shook his head. "Dragon," said the young man, louder than before. "Dragon. See?"

He thrust his own head forward, placed a hand at either ear, wiggled all his fingers, ran his tongue in and out of his mouth and rolled his eyes horribly.

"Dragon! Dragon's head!"

Johnny and Mr. Wu watched in open mouthed delight.

"Dragon!" the young man shouted.

"So pao chien te hen, wo pu tung ni ti hua," said the merchant blandly.

The young American tore his hair. "Isn't there anybody here that can talk English?" he demanded.

"I can," said Johnny.

She turned to the shopkeeper and loosed a flood of liquid vowels. He bowed and produced a highly decorated paper dragon mask such as delight little Chinese boys.

"The tongue of the angels," cried the young man. "Now that I think of it, you look something like an angel too!"

His name was Tommy Randall and a great many people said he was no good. Some, more charitable, admitted that he was no particular harm, either. He was just Tommy Randall, heir to all the Randall fortune, idling his way around the

world because he couldn't think of anything better to do.

Tommy's gratitude led him to invite the strange little waif to lunch. After Mr. Wu had disposed of two soup bones and Johnny had done justice to an equally extravagant meal the three were pretty well acquainted. Tommy Randall seldom did any very serious thinking, but he became a bit thoughtful when he learned Johnny's story. A little girl and a little dog, both orphans and friendless, couldn't exactly be left to wander through Shanghai. He loaded Johnny and the dog into his car with a vague notion of turning them over to whomever it was that took care of cases like this.

On their way to seek professional advice Tommy stopped at the Foreign Club. He had promised to pick up three American friends, three pleasant wasters like himself. He bade Johnny and the dog wait in the car.

"Patience," says the ancient proverb, "is like wealth. Many talk about it, but few possess it." Johnny, who had been reared in China and steeped in the ancient wisdom as interpreted by Honorable Sun Lo had more than most. As the hours passed and Tommy Randall still lingered with his friends in the Foreign Club she and Mr. Wu made themselves at home in the rumble

seat of the Rolls. With the lid closed overhead they curled up together and slept. When Tommy and three friends emerged at last, mellowed by many drinks, the stowaways had been forgotten. There was just time to get the Rolls to the dock where it was to go aboard ship. Steel tackles were slipped under the car, a steam winch rattled and the Rolls with its sleeping passengers in the locker descended slowly and gently, deep down into the vitals of an ocean liner.

Tommy Randall awoke in his stateroom on the afternoon of the next day and then only because Atkins, the perfect valet, nudged him respectfully but with determination.

"Go away," said Tommy. "Far away."

"I'm sorry sir, but there's a young lady to see you—"

"Huh!" said Tommy, sitting up with a guilty start.

"A young lady, sir. I think it's rather urgent."

Tommy, remembering other times, looked worried.

"That's bad—"

"She's very beautiful, sir."

"Oh well, that's not so bad."

"She has a child with her—"

"Oh! That is bad."

"The Captain is with her. He insists on seeing you."

"That's *very* bad," said Tommy. He rose with a groan, belted his bathrobe and accepted the checkbook which the helpful Atkins handed him. He remembered other awakenings like this when the checkbook invariably had come in handy. He came into the adjoining room briskly, determined not to be imposed upon.

"I don't know what your game is, young lady," Tommy began sternly. "But it won't work. I never saw you before in my life. And I have witnesses to account for my whereabouts for the past twenty-seven years—"

He stopped. His jaw dropped open. That was often the effect Susan Parker had upon young gentlemen. Susan was more than beautiful. She carried around with her a charm which money cannot buy nor brains duplicate. She was a lovely girl.

Tommy Randall gaped into her indignant face and felt in his manly bosom something akin to a swooning. He was too overcome for several moments to discover what Susan held by the hand. Then, with a cry of "Johnny!" he threw his arms about the little waif who had been his guest the day before. "Johnny, what are you doing on this boat?"

"I'm a stowaway," Johnny said gravely. "But I didn't mean to be. I just waited in your automobile—like you said."

It was one of the first truly serious moments in Tommy Randall's life. He saw in a swift vision how frightful the consequences of his carelessness might have been. Bad as it was, his idiocy might easily have turned out worse, but for Miss Susan Parker who had sheltered the child when ship's officers were pursuing her.

The Captain decided that Susan was a perfectly competent guardian for the little girl while she remained on board ship. Tommy Randall, who exhibited such concern for the orphan, was allowed to play the rôle of an unofficial but very indulgent

uncle. Because of this arrangement Tommy was brought into contact with Susan a great deal. Only one person had any fault to find with the arrangement. She was a Mrs. Hope, with whom Susan Parker was going out to Bangkok. She didn't like orphans and she considered Tommy Randall about as useless as the cellophane off yesterday's pack of cigarettes.

The air was like a tepid bath and scented with all the perfumes of the romantic East. The moon that swam in the sky had that certain golden something that it takes to make a perfect evening on the China Sea. The ship's orchestra was playing dreamy waltzes. That was the kind of night it was when Susan Parker stood by the rail and sent the little dream ships of her maiden meditation sailing over the golden moon-path.

Tommy Randall's finding her there was so little of a coincidence that Susan felt, like an honorable girl, she ought to tell

Richard:

FOR VERY IMPORTANT REASONS
I SUGGEST YOU MEET BOAT AT
HONGKONG INSTEAD OF BANG-
KOK.
MOTHER.

Mrs. Hope was no fool. She had seen the gone look in Tommy's eyes. She had seen, too, that Susan was not entirely averse to him. And she knew that these two were drawn closer every day by their mutual love for that absurd little orphan, Johnny.

Mrs. Hope didn't want to go ashore at Hongkong. She was waiting Richard's arrival. And she definitely discouraged Susan's eagerness to see the city. Like a dutiful girl, Susan had no intention of deceiving her mother-in-law-to-be. She was quite resigned to staying on the ship until she chanced to hear from Atkins that Tommy had taken the orphan ashore. Atkins added truthfully that Hongkong had always been very unfortunate for Mr. Randall, but probably no harm would come to them this time, if only Tommy didn't order champagne.

That was why Susan went ashore at Hongkong. Somebody who was trustworthy had to look after Johnny. Susan headed straight for Sloppy Slim's cafe and there found Tommy, cold sober, righteous as a deacon and bent only on giving the little girl a wonderful day among the bazaars. Nobody could blame Susan for going along with them.

When Richard Hope joined his mother aboard the ship he was just a little puzzled and not entirely approving of her. Richard had arranged to meet his fiancée at Bangkok and once a thing was arranged, Richard's tidy mind resented any rearrangement. Mrs. Hope hinted dark fears of Tommy Randall's influence on Susan, but Richard was not impressed. The sort of girl Richard Hope chose to marry was not the sort of

girl who would get into spectacular difficulties with Tommy Randall. No!

After this show of perfect form and breeding it was somewhat of a jar to Richard to learn that Susan was ashore with Tommy. It was more of a jar when Richard and his mother discovered them.

There was a mud puddle in the street and Tommy, the gallant, was carrying Susan across it. Naturally he had to hold Susan in his arms to carry her. But it looked peculiar and Johnny's hilarious presence only emphasized the unusualness of it.

For Susan that was the end of a happy afternoon. She went back aboard ship with Richard and Mrs. Hope and tried her best to be a dutiful fiancée. She couldn't help worrying a little about Johnny. Tommy Randall had promised to take the best of care of the child, but was Tommy to be trusted?

While Susan worried, Tommy, Johnny and Mr. Wu were locked up in a Hongkong jail. It wasn't Tommy's fault or Johnny's. And Mr. Wu had nothing to do with it.

Pushing their way through a street crowd Tommy lost hold of the little girl's hand. The hand he caught, in his groping, be-

[Continued on page 64]



Suzanne Parker (Alice Faye) and Kay Swift (Astrid Allwyn) look on as Tommy Randall (Robert Young) surprises Johnny (Shirley Temple) with her new wardrobe.

him she was engaged to another man. The other man was Richard Hope, who was waiting for his bride at Bangkok, and the Mrs. Hope Susan traveled with was to become her mother-in-law. Susan and Richard had been engaged four years.

"Four years!" cried Tommy, digesting the news. "You mean you've been engaged four years and you haven't seen him all that time? Ah, you Latins! A hot blooded race, aren't you!"

Richard wasn't exactly hot blooded and Susan knew it. She felt she had to defend herself—and Richard—and she rather tartly reminded Tommy that at least Richard was a fine, steady young man and not a millionaire playboy whose name was often in the tabloids in connection with exploits that were as obsolete as the speakeasy.

Having reduced Tommy to humiliated fragments she promptly took pity on his dejection. The orchestra was playing a lovely waltz at the moment and she slipped into his arms. They swayed across the deck, forgetful of everything but music and moonlight. That was how the horrified Mrs. Hope discovered them.

Like everybody who read the newspapers, Mrs. Hope knew all about the dangerous Tommy Randall. Her first act after separating Susan from him was to radio

THE GIRL WHO HAS

MANY FRIENDS

Madge Evans Reveals The
Inside Information Of How
A Player Gets Along.

By
Wick Evans

Riding keeps Madge
in good health and
she has no fear of
the cameraman.



"JUST as one Evans to another, I can write the 'lead' of your opus for you," Madge told me as we sat in her blue-and-silver dressing-room at Metro and I waited until she finished dabbing lotions and things on her face preparatory to having a sitting of "stills" made that afternoon.

"Swell," I said—and meant it—"What's it going to be about?"

"Promise not to write anything about my being the child on the Fairy Soap ad; or about my once being a 'baby star' and everything will be elegant."

"Done!" I repeated. "But you've got to promise to tell all! To give!"

The snoot that she made then was meant for me, but she didn't say anything until the waiter from the commissary had finished serving our salads and had departed—with Madge's cheerful reply that she "didn't want any ice today."

"It's a bargain," she repeated, then. "Here goes. Did you hear that waiter ask me if I wanted any ice? Well, he's one of the innumerable people who have helped me—and his question had nothing to do with highballs. By people who have aided me, I don't mean, necessarily, just those who are 'biggies' in the industry. Ordinary folks who, through friendship, kindness, or a genuine desire to be of assistance, have given me a boost.

"That waiter's name, for instance, is Charlie Hutchins. He is the one who always serves me here in my dressing-room—I have lunch here instead of in the commissary so that I can change my clothes and relax a few moments between scenes. Begging my pardon for 'butting in' as he called it, he told me that he had discovered something from another he had waited on, that would help my makeup to stay on longer, and would make it possible for me to go longer without powdering. He said that he had learned that if I would first apply my greasepaint, and then, before powdering, rub a cube of ice gently over my face and neck that my powder, when applied, would stay on indefinitely. I tried it. It worked, splendidly. I can now go

almost an entire afternoon without running to the makeup box for more powder. That is a big help, believe me. Whenever Charlie brings my tray these days, he always brings me a bowl of ice. He never forgets. How is that?" she concluded. "Is that 'Giving?'"

"Leave us," as we say on the wrong side of the tracks, "continue," I begged.

"Well, I promise that all the people I mention won't be named Charlie, or all the incidents won't have to do with ice, but there is another Charlie who did me a big favor and in so doing helped me in my work. His name is Charlie Ryan, property man here at M-G-M. Once when I was working at night, and, incidentally, making a love-scene, I had a lot of trouble with my breath vaporizing in the cold night air. You know, like it does back East in the wintertime. The scene was laid in a garden, flowers were blooming, and there was a full moon. Of course the camera would pick up this breathy vapor and make it look as if I were smoking.

"I was at a loss. I didn't want to hold up production, and I didn't want to bother the director or cameraman. Then Charlie Ryan noticed it and told me what to do. He said that if I would take a sip of ice-cold water just before the scene, hold it in my mouth until the cameras started turning over and then swallow it, that I would have no more trouble. I tried it, and, of course, it worked perfectly. There have been times when it nearly froze me to death, since then, though. It gets cold on night location sometimes, and when one has on a very décolleté evening dress, pints of cold water don't exactly make one too warm."

She was silent for a moment, thinking, and then, in a burst of sudden recollection: "Here's an incident that has nothing to do with ice or men named Charlie. Quite awhile ago I made a picture with Bob Montgomery called 'Lovers Courageous.' Robert Z. Leonard directed it. I had a lot

of fun on that picture. Partly because I liked both Roberts—Leonard and Montgomery; and partly because the atmosphere on the set was so gay and light-hearted! I like to work hard, but I like to have a good time while I'm doing it, so I enjoyed that one very much. It turned out nicely, I think, and after it was finished, I gradually forgot about it. I made several pictures after that one, and then went on loan to England to make "Transatlantic Tunnel." When I returned I did a couple more and then, much to my dismay, I found myself getting stale—sort of fed up with everything. Perhaps I don't give that impression, but I'm a very moody individual and sometimes I get so depressed that it's awful.

"To make a long story short, just when I began to think that I was headed for the jitters, I received an assignment to work in another picture with both Bob Montgomery and Mr. Leonard. It was called "Piccadilly Jim," and it turned out to be just the tonic I needed. I had more fun making it than the other and I don't believe that there could have been anything, at the time, that would have been better medicine."

"I told you that," she explained, "to show that all sorts of things are likely to be a big help in the picture business. Often one receives advice, or a tip, from an unsought-for source, that is marvelous. This will surprise you, probably, but among those people who have helped me most are two girls I have never seen. Look right behind you on the wall, there. See that framed letter? That's my first fan letter. From a girl who has been writing me ever since.

"I read all my fan mail, if I can possibly
[Continued on page 68]

THEY BROKE THE APRON STRINGS

By
Helen Louise
Walker

WHERE do motion picture stars come from? How did they get here? How did they obtain the opportunities which allowed them to open the doors which led to fame and fortune? I've been doing a bit of delving into these questions of late and . . . goodness! . . . I have been appalled at the courage, the initiative, as well as the sheer geography which is involved.

The stories of the present crop of younger stars sound like sagas of youthful and modern Marco Polos. Almost none of them came from theatrical families. Almost none seem to have sprung from circles in which dramatic careers might have been deliberately fostered. Most of them seem to have set forth on adventurous and perilous careers upon their own initiatives and under alarm-

ing circumstances. Nearly everyone seems to have been pursuing some pot of gold which was entirely different from the one he found at the Hollywood end of the rainbow.

What made them take these respective bits in

Randolph Scott left home in search of adventure and found it in Hollywood.

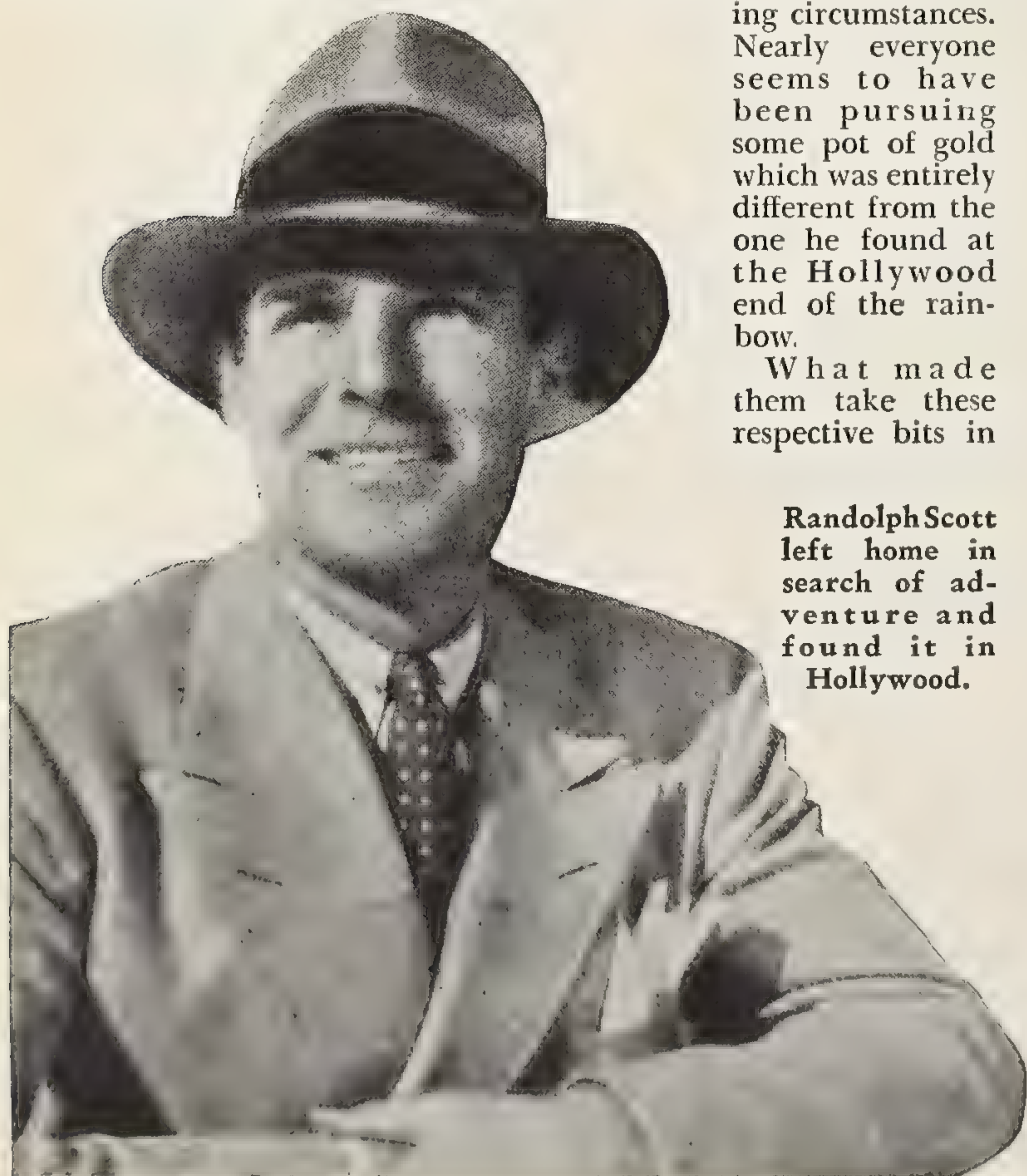


their teeth and set forth in pursuit of some chimerical career? And what strange Fate brought them at last to Hollywood and to light-and-sound-and-shadow importance?

Let's start with Luise Rainer. Luise was born in the quiet town of Dumont, in Austria, not far from Vienna. Her father was a comfortably prosperous merchant there. Luise was carefully reared and educated and it was taken for granted that she would marry, at the proper time, the logical, industrious young man. Her good father and mother were mildly worried when their pretty young daughter, while still very young, murmured about becoming a writer. (She wrote notes for future masterpieces on small pieces of paper which she secreted about her bedroom.) Later they found her modeling figures in clay and talking about becoming a sculptress. But they didn't worry seriously because they imagined that these were passing, youthful phases.

But . . . when Luise was fifteen she went to visit her grandmother in Berlin . . . and Grannie took her to a real theater! Gorgeous people declaimed and postured and Luise realized, then and there, what her life work was to be. She would act. What was more, there was to be an audition for aspirants to dramatic fame, the very next day.

Luise slipped away from Grandmamma and rushed to the



Success Seekers Go Out Into The World, Break Home Ties And Fight Their Own Battles.

theatre. (Grandmamma was merely pretending that she wasn't looking.) But Luise was so appalled at the numbers of smart people who were waiting to register for the audition that she fled in dismay.

"There must," she told herself, "be a smaller theater somewhere where they let young people like me show what they can do!"

There was—and Grannie helped her find it. It was in Vienna and the kind people looked at Luise, spoke to her politely and took her name and address. "Nothing

their most important leading woman. And what a thrill that was!

Now, this is what is important about this story. Luise loved her parents, of course. She loved her home and her small brothers and sisters. Her family disapproved, bitterly, of the course she was taking. That disapproval, the unbelief in her, hurt her cruelly. But *she stayed in Vienna*. She rented a tiny room at the top of a tall building and she painted the walls white and planted flowers in pots. She will tell you now, "I was not quite so homesick, so miserably lonely, when I looked at the lovely view from my windows. I was not quite such an outcast when the flowers finally bloomed."

It wasn't, of course, merely the flowers which began to grow. It was Luise's self-confidence, her self-belief. She had broken those home ties and it had hurt. The success which came afterward, first in the theater and then in pictures, were the results of that painful and almost heroic transplanting. But she (and I suspect, Grannie,) were right.

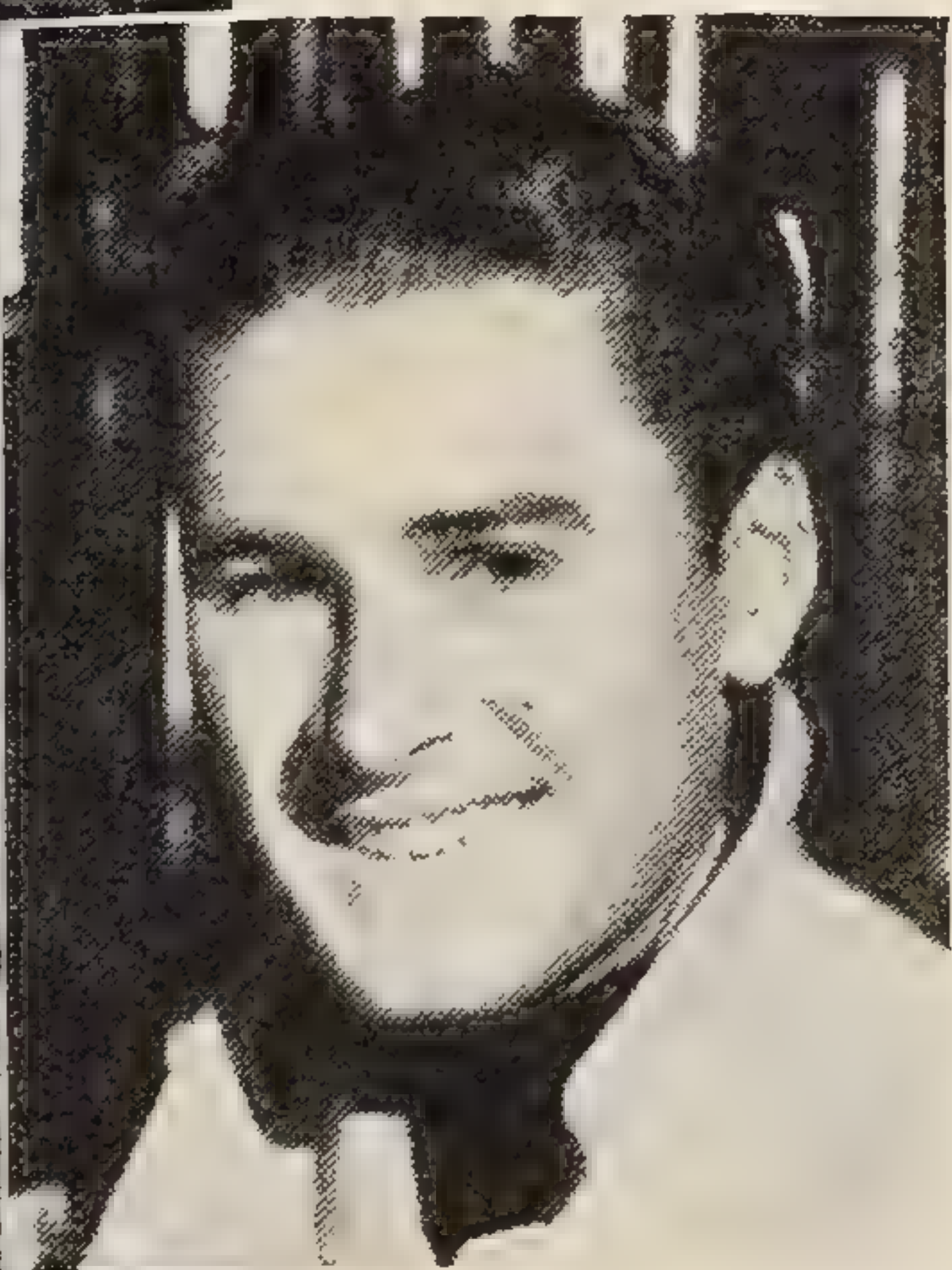
It is difficult to break away from home and family ties. But . . .

Consider Frances Farmer. Frances was born in Seattle, Washington, and she went clear around the world before she arrived in Hollywood. (I told you that the geography concerned in these careers was pretty terrifying.) Frances worked her way through high school by serving as a part-time usher in a motion picture theater. She worked her way through the University of Washington by waiting on table.

Just as she was preparing to graduate from college, the Seattle Times conducted a contest for amateurs . . . to write essays on a political subject. Miss Farmer haunted the public libraries for weeks and then produced an essay which won the first prize in the contest. The prize was a round trip ticket to Moscow!

Now, Frances had, until then, scarcely been farther away from her native city than you could throw a pebble. Her parents were pretty upset. But Frances was twenty-one . . . and she accepted the ticket, hopped aboard the ship and there she was, in Moscow. The

wanderlust had caught up with her. Far from being homesick, this young woman cabled her family for additional funds, arranged to write some pieces for papers to help pay expenses . . . and continued on her way around the world, to the dismay, one imagines, of the Seattle Times which must have been wistfully awaiting her youthful revelations [Continued on page 62]



(Left) The lovely Frances Farmer is heralded as the next great star. Errol Flynn wandered the earth seeking success.



Luise Rainer left her home determined to be an actress. Simone Simon was discovered by a director as she sat in a Parisian sidewalk cafe.

will come of it," said Grandmamma.

"You never can tell," said Luise. And when she returned to her home, she kept her small overnight bag packed, saw to it that it was always supplied with clean towels, soap, handkerchiefs, nighties . . . just in case.

After six weeks she received a message to report to the Theater Group in Vienna. And just here I'm afraid that she deceived those trusting parents. She told them that she was going, again, to visit Grandmamma.

Arrived, she was asked to show what she could do . . . and she did what any fifteen-year-old aspirant would do. You've already guessed it. "Out, damned spot . . ." and so on, from Macbeth. They smiled. But they signed her at a small salary. They trained and coached and groomed her. And when their brief season opened in Vienna, she was



THE HITS TO WATCH FOR FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS *in* **REUNION**

with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog.

BARBARA STANWYCK and **JOEL McCREA** *in* **BANJO ON MY KNEE**

with Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

WARNER BAXTER and **JUNE LANG** *in* **WHITE HUNTER**

with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CRACK UP

with PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE

with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer

SHIRLEY TEMPLE *in* **STOWAWAY**

with **ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE**
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher,
J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

ONE IN A MILLION

with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU,
JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON
AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge,
Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie
Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Back In Tacoma, Washington,
There Are Some Who Remem=
ber May 2, 1904, For That's
Where And When Bing Crosby
Was Born—The Boy Who Was
Destined For Fame And The Big
Money!

"BING"

The KING

OF THE

CROONERS

His name was Harry
Lillis Crosby, but
now he is "Pop" to
three sons — Gary,
Philip and Denis.



Madge Evans and Bing in a scene from "Pennies From Heaven." A boyish quality is one of Bing's blessings. He takes his successes on the radio, on records, on stage and on screen as sheer luck, but, actually, there is no one better than Bing when it comes to crooning.



So he bought him-
self some horses and
a new muffler, and
still he can't spend
as fast as he earns.
(Left) In "Rhythm
on the Range."



165 pounds,
light blue
eyes, and a
voice — that's
Bing.

(Left) The lovely Ginger Rogers leans gracefully upon her established reputation as a dancer. (Right) Irene Dunne has a miraculous way of imbuing life into characters in the shadow of tragedy. Neither "Back Street" nor "Magnificent Obsession" will ever be forgotten, because of her.



THE DARLINGS OF THE SCREEN

ONE of the important elections of 1936 was the landslide for the Gold Medal Winner—Robert Taylor. However, some of the runner-uppers were very beautiful and richly talented, and here are photographs of the ten girls who stood highest in the voting. There was no one type that was selected by the movie fans to receive the high honors, nor was one particular age given the palm. Many of these actresses have been before the public in a number of different rôles, some in comedies and some in dramatic plays. But it was the star with a special talent—the singer, Jeanette MacDonald, who led every lady in ballots.



Merle Oberon came from the other side of the world but found here a sincere welcome.

The famous baby, Shirley Temple, has already won SILVER SCREEN'S Gold Medal for Popularity.



The World That Goes To The Movies Has Selected Its Favorites. The Lucky Girls Have Luxury For Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner—With Plenty Of Fame On The Side.



(Right) The star who stands highest among the popular girls is Jeanette MacDonald. Her singing has given her a very special appeal, and "Maytime," her next picture, is eagerly awaited. (Left) Joan Crawford, another Gold Medalist, and a girl with many successes to her credit. (Upper left) Claudette Colbert was born in France, but her professional career began in America. She is soon to be the "Maid of Salem."



(Left) Greta Garbo is looked up to by all as the great screen actress, and Sweden can take a bow. Her picture, "Camille," will soon be released. (Right) Jean Harlow is the front page girl of the picture colony.



Myrna Loy plays one of the leads in "After the Thin Man." She was the first to score nation-wide success in the rôle of a wife, so she tried the real thing and now is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow.



J. Farrell McDonald and Roy Emerton in Canada to make "The Great Barrier" for Gaumont-British. (Right) Richard Arlen went to England and then to Canada to play in this picture.



A scene from "King Solomon's Mines," with Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Lee and Arthur Sinclair. The company traveled to the African veldt for this picture. (Right) In "The Garden of Allah," Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich invoke the spirit of romance with a real desert for atmosphere.



NATURE'S BACKGROUNDS MAKE BETTER ACTORS

Good Acting Creates A Feeling Of Reality. Natural Surroundings Help The Actors To Bring Drama To The Screen.


AT THE left is a scene taken in the Canadian Rockies. The company was sent all the way from England to make the outdoor shots, as it seemed easier than bringing the mountains back to Dick Arlen in London.

We have seen players, from Sarah Bernhardt to Mae West, and there have been times when the great talents of these actresses have made painted canvas seem positively real. But when a mime looks across miles of actual valley and moves like "one of the helpless pieces of the game he plays upon the checker-board of nights and days," then the stark and merciless battle for existence, that perhaps we have all known, clutches our imagination.

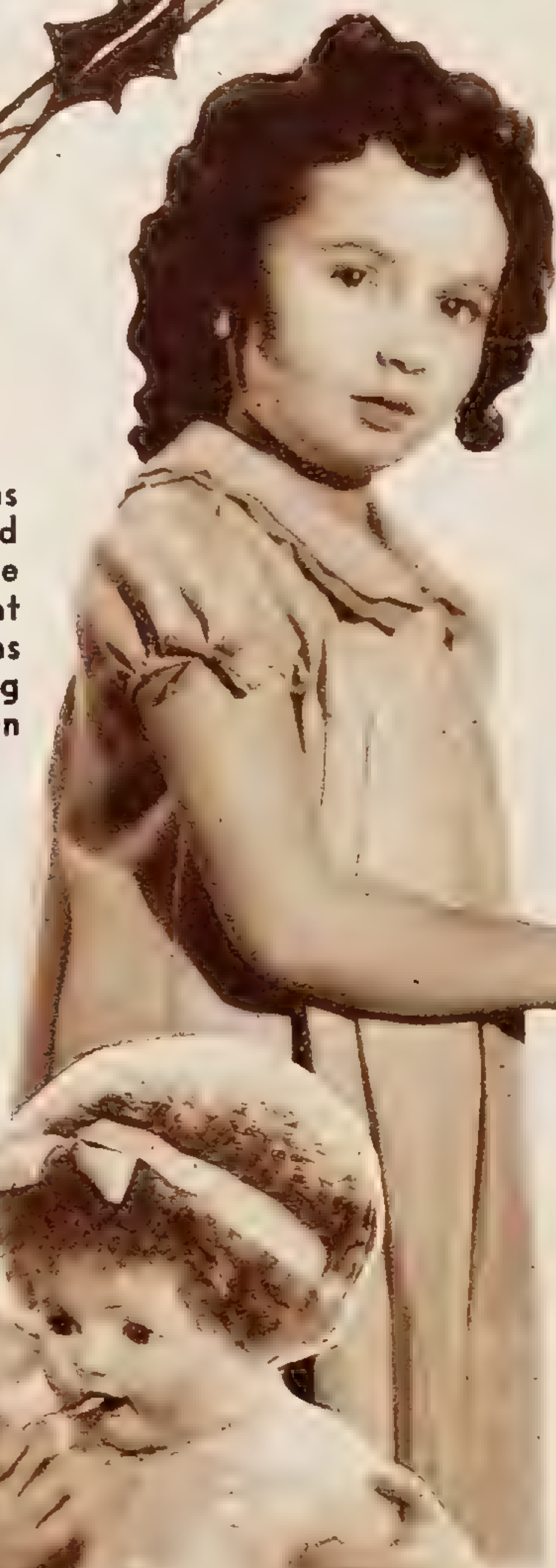
The companies "on location" make pictures that are invariably welcome.

(Right) One of the recent pictures made in Nature's own studio is "God's Country and the Woman." Beverly Roberts rests against the rugged strength of a giant pine tree. (Below) A wonderful scene from "Conflict," with Harry Wood leading his lumberjacks.





Cora Sue Collins looking very poised and proper. She never did forget that time when she was Garbo as a young queen, in "Queen Christina."



Very soon you will see Shirley Temple in "Stowaway," and in the meantime she is yelling to Santa Claus to hurry up.



THEY pretend that they are somebody else's little boy or girl—pretending is such a nice way to play. The State of California is protecting their money for them and, some day, if they do their parts well, they will have a lot of money and all the lollypops and ice cream that they want. But nowadays it is very kind and thoughtful of Santa Claus to give them presents, and so here's wishing them a very merry Christmas.

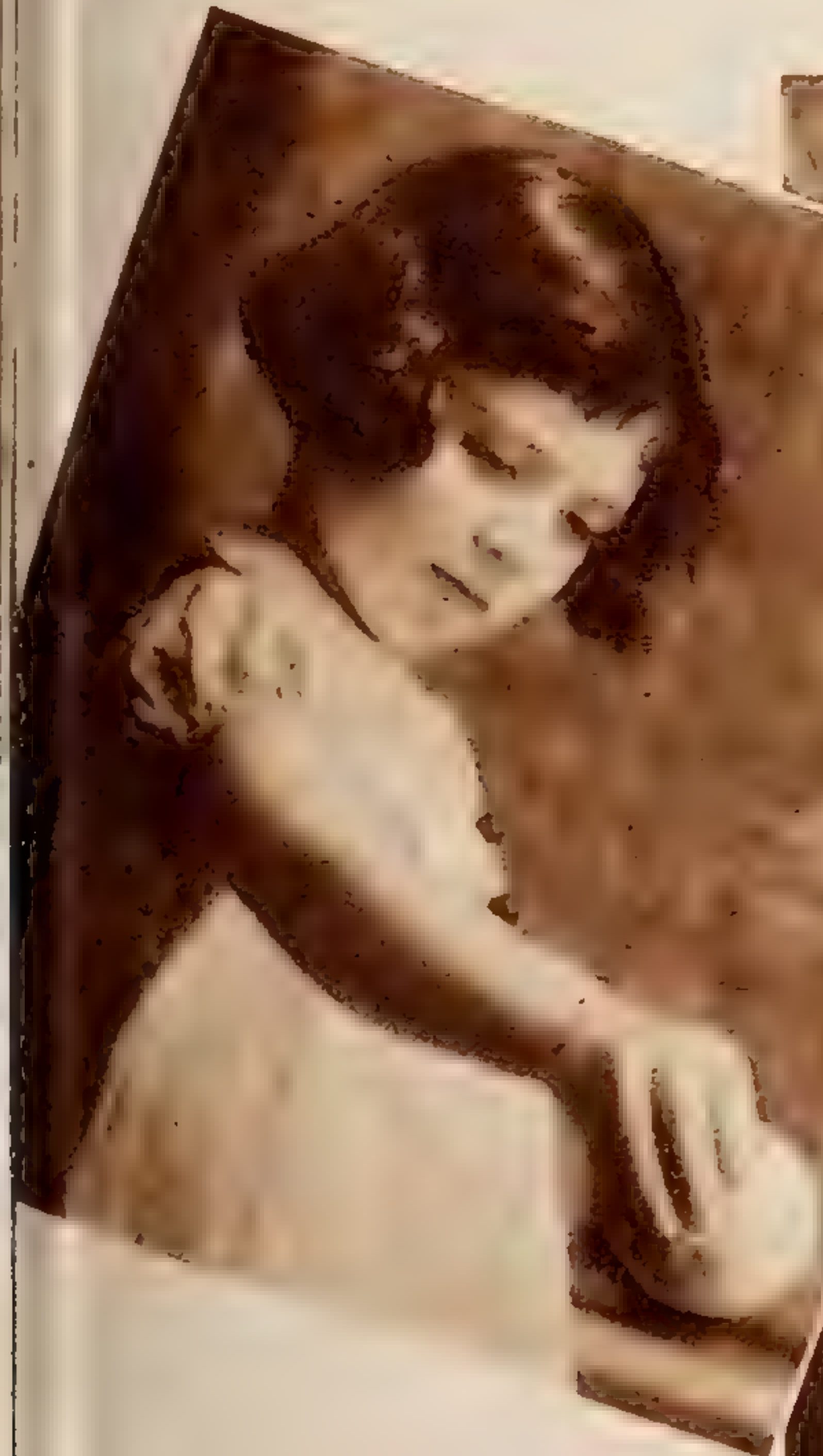
(Above) Jane Withers is one of the most spirited of the young players, and now she is a star. (Right) Freddie Bartholomew, a remarkable player. He is making "Lloyds of London."



Hollywood Celebrates A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The Kids In Pictures Should
Believe In Santa Claus—
And They Do.

Jane Quigley just can't wait for her Christmas present. We wish many happy holidays as a reward for Jane's delightful pictures.



Sybil Jason has been in America long enough to make many friends and Santa Claus knows where she is, you may be very sure. (Below) Spanky McFarland's great day has arrived. He has played in Our Gang Comedies for a long time, but now he is starred in "General Spanky."



Little Dickie Moore always looks so pensive, but perhaps Santa Claus will give him a gift that will make him happier.



Virginia Weidler and our old friend, the Raggedy Ann doll—so she has gone into the movies, too! Goodness Gracious!

AFTER DARK!

Follow The Stars During Those Witching Hours Of The Night When The Spotlight Falls Upon Them.

NOW that the holidays have rolled around again, gay parties are in the offing. And what fun it is to shed our staid daytime clothes in favor of something soft and shimmering and flattering for the glorious evening ahead. This year it is even more fun than usual since the styles are so varied. One can be sleek and dignified if one chooses—or one can indulge a passion for the baroque. If we choose the latter, watch out for a deluge of feminine fripperies in lovely pastel shades. And how divinely lovely they make a woman look!



For formal occasions Madge Evans wears silver and white and steps into your vision like a princess straight from the pages of a fairy story. The fitted basque, with its voluminous puffed sleeves and quaint peplum, is of silver lamé with a flower design, and the full white chiffon skirt has a wide border of this luscious material to give it added form and grace.



(At left) When a chic coiffure is desired—and some sophisticated gowns make this imperative—Joan Bennett shows you what miracles can be worked with a long bob. And Olivia de Havilland shows you an interesting study in arrangement by pinning the corsage of roses and lilies of the valley which the best boy friend sent her, right on top of her tiny pleated pink taffeta muff. Her wrap is of grey kidskin—unpretentious but very attractive.

(At left) Marcel Rochas, the distinguished French couturier, designed this *jeune fille* evening gown for Simone Simon, who is frankly not quite twenty yet! Fashioned of pale blue peau d'ange, the uniquely pleated sleeves form a cape at back, while wine colored asters are used adroitly on the square-cut bodice and low back.



A moss green velvet wrap, with an exciting Medieval sleeve arrangement, is worn with the gown at right.



Some girls refuse to change their hairdress no matter how gala the evening. But they will compromise by adding a flirtatious doo-dad to their conventional coiffure and—presto! the effect is not only novel but lovely, and so-o simple to achieve. (Above—left) Paulette Goddard is partial to a floral decoration that reverts to the Eurasian influence. But Merle Oberon just fastens a ruby and rhinestone clip carelessly to one side and looks discreetly glittering. Whereas Gladys Swarthout sheaths her dark hair with a modest cluster of daisies and proceeds to enjoy herself immensely—for daisies never tell.

Margo goes dramatic on us in a big way! But without this deep cream and gold lace dinner gown she wouldn't meet with half so much applause. In front the dress is slit to the waist and held together with three little gold kid bows, and the belt is banded in gold kid.





Warren Hull and Jean Muir
in a moment from "Fugitive
in the Sky."

IT MUST BE LOVE

Many A Picture Grows
Hectic, Brave Men Grow
Braver And The Girls
Grow Fairer And Warmer
When Love Comes Along.

FEW indeed are the screen stories where lovers lead lives placid and peaceful. According to our most dramatic pictures, loves lights the fires of ecstasy and misery alike. Men are roused to primitive ruthlessness or to commendable nobility, and then for the purposes of the drama the callous hand of Fate tears them asunder! B-r-r-r!

Before two people can really feel the surge of the emotions that bind them one to the other they must be together, and never can a more cruel test be made of love than when lovers are separated—each a prey to loneliness. No wonder the screen teaches us to make the most of moments when one's happiness is held within the circle of one's arms.



Herbert Mar-
shall and Ger-
trude Michael.
It's love again!
A scene from
"Make Way
For a Lady."



"Come Closer Folks" gives
James Dunn and Marian
Marsh a little light-hearted
romance. (Left) When love
is at the wheel—George
Houston and Marion Nixon
in "Captain Calamity."
(Right) William Hall and
Judith Barrett in "Flying
Hostess."



(Above, left) Bruce Cabot and pretty Barbara Pepper in "The Big Game," a football classic. (Above, right) Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy in "Wanted: Jane Turner," the love story of a postal inspector.

(Right) It's "Ready, Willing and Able," showing Lee Dixon and Carol Hughes depicting bliss. (Left) Hugh Sinclair and Constance Cummings in "Strangers on a Honeymoon." Intriguing—eh, what?



Warner Baxter and June Lang showing how complicated life is in "The White Hunter."



IN THE NEW FILMS

HISTORY GETS A BREAK!

The Famous Men And
Women Of Other Days
Are Once More In The
Limelight.

"Maid of Salem," starring Claudette Colbert, is the story of the dark days in the Massachusetts colony when witchcraft was believed in and witches punished.



ON THE wide prairies of the west, the stalwart men who dedicated their lives to extending the boundaries of civilization, and to making the ranches of the pioneers secure from savages, lived many dramatic stories. "The Plainsman" is a page of the development of our country. Another company is making a picture of the New England Colonists' struggle toward liberty and freedom. In England two pictures are being made to tell again the stories of the great figures of olden times. Story tellers have immortalized these figures, but now the screen makes them live again.



John Miljan as the famous General George Custer. (Right) Flora Robson plays Queen Elizabeth in "Fire Over England." Leslie Banks in center.





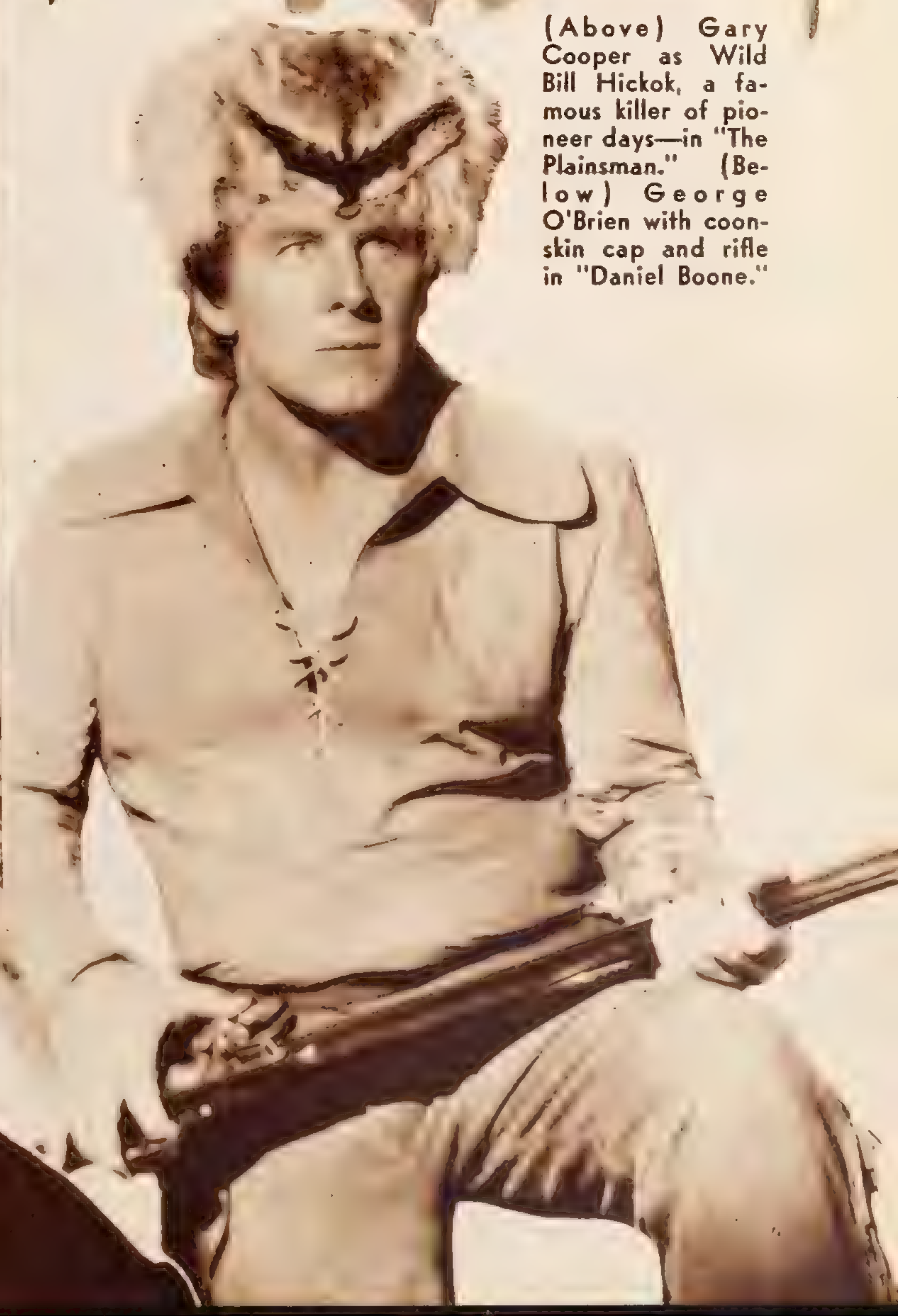
An unforgettable characterization was Lionel Barrymore's Andrew Jackson.



(Above) Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickok, a famous killer of pioneer days—in "The Plainsman." (Below) George O'Brien with coon-skin cap and rifle in "Daniel Boone."



Charles Laughton has given the motion picture audiences a number of great characters. He lends his talents now to the role of Rembrandt. Above is a scene outside the Town Hall in 17th Century Amsterdam, near the house where Rembrandt lived.



EVENINGS OF HAPPINESS

Pictures Brimming With Beauty, Music,
Humor And Drama Await You.

NOW that the season for all varieties of screen plays is here the finest dancers and singers are ready to perform. Actresses old and young, buxom and svelte, are on the screen once more and everybody should go to the movies. The new songs are catchy, and, now and then, a new star makes her bid for fame. The critics may rave or condemn, but the millions of moviegoers will decide which pictures furnish the best entertainment.



Ruby Keeler and Ross Alexander in a Warner Brothers picture, "Ready, Willing and Able." (Below) Kenneth Howell and Jeanne Dante, in "Four Days Wonder," making a motorcycle getaway.



(Above) Jane Withers in the musical piece, "Can This Be Dixie?" sings "Does Yo' Wanna Go To Heaven?" (Right) Jack LaRue and Mae West put over "Go West Young Man."



"Banjo On My Knee" presents Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.



"Turn to Dance," Eleanor Powell singing and dancing bringing the Jinx away." (Right) Douglas Scott and Eddie Bartholomew "Lloyds of London."



Barton MacLane and Sylvia Sidney in "You Only Live Once."



Eleanore Whitney in the arms of Johnny Downs in "College Holiday."

Harry Carey and Ann Dvorak, with thoroughbred support in "All Scarlet."



Jane Darwell, a star at last, and Margaret Hamilton in "Laughing at Trouble."





(Left) Eleanore Whitney dances in "The Big Broadcast." She weighs 91 pounds—every ounce is good.



(Above) The Theodores. See them in "Three Smart Girls." (Right) Georges and Jalna, dance team, are living out the title of her picture, "Born to Dance."



DANCE MADNESS

The Screen Encourages Talent—Now The Dancers Are Stepping Out.



Marjorie Raymond in "Hats Off." (Right) Florence Chumbecos, the rumba dancer in "Everybody Dance."



WANTED, AN IDEA!

\$500.00 IN PRIZES

Joe E. Brown was born with a big mouth and a swell sense of humor.



Have You Original Ideas? Joe E. Brown Will Make A Series of Comedies Under the Management of David Loew, Producer. A Trade-Mark is Wanted to Identify These Comedies and Twenty-Four Prizes Will Be Awarded for the Best Ideas Submitted.

THE readers of SILVER SCREEN are invited to enter this interesting contest. Use your brain and collect one of the 24 prizes offered.

It is not necessary to be able to draw in order to win a prize. Simply describe your idea and the best ideas will be selected. Suppose, for example, this was a contest for an RKO-RADIO Trade-Mark. The idea for a design could be submitted as follows:—

On the screen would appear the antenna of a broadcasting station and from the wires the picture would show wireless waves shooting out. Then the sound of wireless would be heard throughout the audience and thus the name Radio would be impressed upon them.

This describes the familiar RKO-Radio trade-mark and no design would be needed, in addition to this brief description, in order to present the idea to the mind of the searcher for a trade-mark.

It is well to embody in your idea the characteristics of the pictures, the star and other fundamental qualities. Read the description of one of the pictures that is printed on this page; it gives you points that should help to guide your thoughts.

Dr. David Loew will produce a series of Joe E. Brown comedies and for these a trade-mark is needed. These pictures will be distributed by RKO-Radio Pictures and the winning design will become famous.

Wouldn't you like to see a trade-mark that you had suggested thrown on the screen when you were in the theatre audience? No one would know that the prize winner was seated amongst them, and how they would envy you if they did!

The title of the first Joe E. Brown comedy is:—

“Easy Going”

The story tells the hectic adventures of an astrologer and his beautiful assistant. Telling fortunes turns out to be no easy task at Coney Island, but finally he gets in the money when he forecasts that a 100 to 1 pug will win. In the face of prosperity a romance develops and the first thing you

know the assistant, clever girl, marries him.

A trade-mark is often made up of symbols. For example, one producer uses a lion on his trade-mark. Why? Because the lion, the king of beasts, suggests that the product having such a trade-mark must also be of the highest, finest, most kingly character. Another producer uses the rising sun to tell that his product marks the coming of a new day in pictures. That is the way trade-marks are fashioned. Therefore, these comedies might be stamped with a trade-mark to suggest laughter. Suppose, for example, the trade-mark showed a parrot and a good-natured dog; they open their mouths and shake their sides while the theatre echoes with the sound of their laughter.

Now you think of one.

SILVER SCREEN assures each contestant absolute impartiality. The prizes will be awarded, but no agreement is made that the prize winning designs will be used on the screen. If the ideas do not properly suggest these comedies the prizes will be sent to the contributors of the best ideas in any case, but producing moving pictures costs too much to have the comedies stamped with an inappropriate trade-mark. Such is the decision of the hard-headed business man. You may win some money, anyhow!

CONDITIONS

1. The contest will close on January 6, 1937.
2. The winners will be sent their prizes during January, 1937, and the March, 1937 issue of Silver Screen will announce the names of the successful candidates.
3. In the event of ties, prizes of equal value will be sent to each of the tying contestants.
4. The decision of the judges will be final.
5. No correspondence will be entered into regarding this contest.
6. The prizes will be awarded to the trade-mark ideas which are best, and neatness will count.
7. Sketches will not count. The prizes will go to the best ideas, best described.
8. No employee of this company or of Mr. David Loew may compete.
9. All ideas submitted in this contest will become the property of Mr. David Loew, the sponsor of this contest.

TWENTY-FOUR PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$200.00
SECOND PRIZE.....	100.00
THIRD PRIZE.....	50.00
FOURTH PRIZE.....	25.00

and

5 FIFTH PRIZES of \$10.00 each
15 SIXTH PRIZES of 5.00 each

Total

\$500.00 in PRIZES

ATTACH THIS
COUPON TO YOUR
ANSWER

To Contest Editor, Silver Screen
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In accordance with the conditions on this page, I am submitting my idea in competition for one of the Trade-Mark prizes.

Name

Address

AN

He Creates The Spirit Of Romance. He
Has Dignity And Charm. But Why
Not?—Charles Boyer Is A Frenchman

IRRESISTIBLE

ACTOR

By Dena Reed

CHARLES BOYER is the Hollywood version of hero with a dash of Noel Coward, a bar (stick to your music, my sweet!) of Cole Porter and the veriest inkling of a Mdivani. That is to say, he is a sophisticate and a charmer!

Being early for my appointment I recalled the first time I had seen him—in the midst of a large and admiring crowd. Perversely I was prepared to dislike him. Just a little. As one might dislike a child becoming the centre of admiration—and very probably spoiled by it.

Half an hour later I was sitting beside him, wondering at the simplicity of a boulevardier who has the wit to appear naïve.

"I'm here to take the census," I laughed, as he made certain I was comfortably seated. "Question 18 is: 'Are you happy now—content to stay with us, always?'"

"I love it here, you know that," he answered, smiling that slow devastating Boyer (pronounced Bway-yay) smile, "but I'm still anxious to get back—though I don't see a chance for some time."

Get back—at whom, to what, you ask? France, of course! He has the true Frenchman's love of home and hearth.

"Did you know Pat and I have identical contracts? The only ones in existence, as far as I know, and they arrange that my wife and I work at the same time and have the same time off!"

We experienced so much displeasure at our first separation that we don't believe in them. Now we can get away together—three-week location trips apart are enough!"

One is never quite prepared for Charles Boyer. He is at once both older and much, much younger than the speaking shadow which has caused mademoiselles and misses from Rheims to Roanoke to toss adjectives about recklessly. Having the ageless grace of the Montagues, it is only surprising that his easy informality should hold so much in it that is spontaneous, youthful, and yes, refreshing! Boyer, as you may have heard, has been something of a Parisian sensation for many years. He is now thirty-seven. At thirty-four he was half-failure—so he says. At thirty-five he became an international focal point of admiration—feminine admiration. And a husband.

"I still think that spending six months here and six months in Paris lends much that is important to the other. In Hollywood—a delightful place" (his smile conferred splendor on an already beglamoured city), "one works hard all day and often far into the night and then one plays by talking about one's work. That is not good—for me. I need to get away from it all, to stop thinking, planning, reviewing."

"That's because you take work so seriously," I prompted.

In a voice as deep as it records and beautifully modulated—reminding one of champagne sparkling in a fragile, finely etched glass—he agreed:

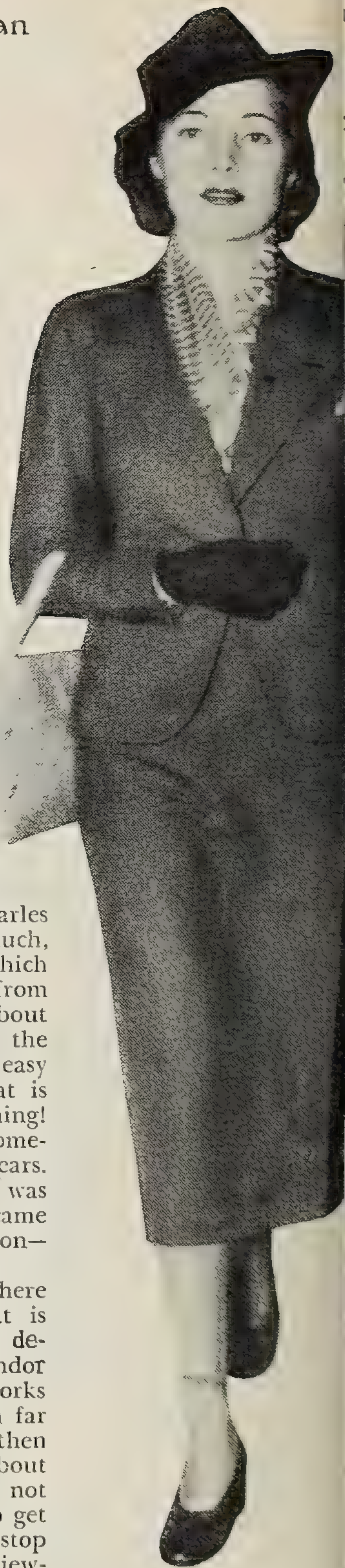
"Work is work. It is not to be trifled with."

Do you question this attitude of his? Then recall that when he was sixteen he became so enthusiastic over the great Parisian actor, Lucien Guitry, as "Samson" that he went back ten nights in succession to see him—and then and there decided that acting was to be his life's work! Remember, too, that although he didn't know a word of English on his arrival in the United States he set about learning the language and in six months he spoke it so well that he was loaned to Paramount for a featured rôle.

Nor has he changed.

When filming the "Garden of Allah," in which Marlene Dietrich plays opposite him,

He has a splendid reputation in France, but he takes it all quite calmly.





it was so intensely hot that, as the day progressed, they were working in a temperature of 140°!

"It was exciting," is his comment. "We got up at 4:30 each morning, had breakfast at 5 and started work before the cameras at six. We rested from eleven to three, because it was impossible to continue under the vertical rays of the sun. We'd start working again at three and shoot as long as the light permitted. And we had to eat Arabic food, because, while it was filmed in the Arizona desert, the story, itself, is laid in the Sahara. Have you ever tasted 'conscious,' a sort of Irish stew?" he laughed delightedly. "It was delicious. Another was meat grilled on iron stakes called Lahm muchui. Too bad I couldn't have saved some for you."

"Thanks awfully," I said, forcing a smile, and blessing Buddha, Confucius and Mohammed. "I'll settle for a double malted."

"Ping" Brodie, who in 1910, was the home run king of the New York Giants, was on the electrical staff of the "Garden of Allah" crew. "Ping" and Boyer became fast friends who found a common interest in sports. When the rest of the company were inside the tents catching up on their siestas "Ping" would be giving Charles a play-by-play description of a game he won from the White Sox back in '12. Charles was the best audience "Ping" ever had—in or out of the bleachers!

Hardships, when in line of duty, don't mean a thing, except to keep him in touch with his fellow-humans. He likes people, likes to talk to them, get their viewpoints. For instance:

"Snow," one of his two chauffeurs, insists they're

ing through bits of business until they're perfected to his personal satisfaction. He's a dynamo of action. And his utter sincerity has forestalled comment that would seriously affect the prestige of another. No one has ever accused Boyer of being a poseur. No one, I believe, would dare!

You have heard, of course, of the immense courage of the man. He topped failure with failure, played in the "Magnificent Lie," which was also a magnificent liability, appeared in foreign versions of Fox pictures and was even shunted into bits in American films which had to be deleted when shown in foreign countries out of deference to his fantastic following in Europe.

"I'd rather follow the mental reactions of one man in the street than all those sitting at executives' desks," he told me. "It's a hundred to one shot, you see," and his large eyes glow and that vein on his forehead becomes a vital living thing, giving his face intensity and a handsome ruggedness.

He insists one must be *of* the people and think *with* the people to make one's work interesting *to* the people.

He is vitally interested in everyone about him. With the Frenchman's shrewd capacity for judging people, circumstances and things generally, he has also the true Gaelic flair for doing the unusual, the spontaneous. Because of that he knows, quite certainly, that Walter Wanger was the medium of his success. With limitless admiration for the man he explains, "Wanger has the most uncanny ability for casting, one of the unsolved problems of Hollywood and the greatest single stumbling block to successful films."

On the other hand, Boyer doesn't believe in consistent teaming on the screen. Perhaps he will make another picture or two with Dietrich, or with any other star with whom the studio may couple him; like most canny individuals he sees beyond the rewards of immediate success.

"Teaming is successful, usually," he concedes with candor, "but it is the box-office reaction of the fans—again reacting against the players—which makes it unsuccessful in the future."

He is, you see, the same Charles Boyer who spent thirty-five years steering his course clear of adoring, desperate, designing, reckless femininity—and then tossed his jealously-guarded freedom hastily aside when he fell head-over-heels in love with the winsome and ingenuous Pat Paterson. Such are the inconsistencies of the Boyer charm.

Of all the pictures he has done, "Private Worlds," with Claudette Colbert, remains his favorite, because, he says, "It was such an intelligent theme." And he is intensely interested in doing other pictures which are stimulating and thoughtful.

Among his fan letters is one which he recently received consisting of seventy-nine pages—about 10,000 words—something in the manner, one might suppose, of a true life story!

"Movie audiences," he says, "are largely alert, intelligent, understanding people. They enjoy all types of pictures, but they appreciate those which, either directly or indirectly, bring hope, thoughtfulness and a message." He says it in no crusading spirit—there is too much of Montmartre in his make-up!

It remains to be seen what color will do for him—and to him—for "Garden of Allah" falls into the Technicolor class. He professes keen interest in it as a new medium with all sorts of interesting possibilities. His next Wanger production scheduled is "History Is Made at Night."

It will be interesting to watch his career—which we are sure will be long and, can it be doubted, exciting! His rise to the very vanguard of screen prominence has been mercurial, yet he has proven "beyond reasonable doubt," that for him it has been the well won heights of success, richly *deserved*.

Pat Paterson (Mrs. Boyer) and her husband in Hollywood, where he is playing in "History Is Made At Night." (Right) Scene from "The Garden of Allah," with Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich—a

Technicolor picture.

both kept so that Charles will have

"someone to talk to," for he's an excellent driver, having learned on the circuitous roads of Switzerland. He even has a third chauffeur in Paris—and in view of the fact the Boyers are so seldom there I think he simply hasn't the heart to let him go!

He's a character, of course. Years ago the Parisians became quite accustomed to a young man gesticulating and mumbling to himself as he traversed the Bois. It was nothing unusual to see the young actor pacing to and fro living out each scene of a hundred varied rôles. And the habit has kept step down the years. On the set you'll find him walking miles, oblivious of people, gesturing, grimacing, go-



Studio News

The Stars At
Their Best Are
The Stars At
Work. Visit
The Sets With

S. R. Mook

J. W. Kerrigan
and Edward
Everett Hor-
ton in the
comedy, "Let's
Make a Mil-
lion."



in her wedding gown of figured white dimity or gingham and her bridal veil made of a lace curtain.

"Well, blow me down," Barbara beams as I come on to the set. "Where you been?"

"Oh, up at Lake Louise and then down at Ensenada, Mexico with Dick Arlen and Joby," I answer.

"You dog!" she exclaims. "Here I've been trying for ages to get away for a vacation and Bob (Taylor) is foaming at

a few years ago when a horse threw me and then I throw it out every once in a while playing tennis," Barbara says.

"How come you let him," jerking my head towards Joel, "fool with it?"

"I like that!" Joel expostulates indignantly. "I'm one of the best adjusters in the country. You see," he goes on warming to the subject of his talents, "what I lack in box-office draw I make up in doing little things on the sets for the different studios, like keeping their stars fit, etc."

Before we can continue this interesting conversation, the director calls them.

The wedding is just over. *Old Newt* (Walter Brennan) Joel's father, has just proposed a toast to the St. Louis Blues. The guests lift their tumblers, coffee cups and dippers in an understanding silence and drink. It is *Old Newt's* favorite piece.

"Uncle Newt," Buddy Ebsen says when they've finished drinking, "it looks to me like Judge Tope is just about to fall in the river."

Everyone turns and looks. Barbara and Joel lean forward from their place on the railing of the boat. The Judge, loaded with corn likker, is dozing on the edge of the boat.

"It does look that way, don't it?" Brennan agrees mildly.

It's just my rotten luck that Buddy is not doing his dance today because the way that boy dances is nobody's business.

I stand around and jaw a while longer with Barbara and Joel and then I saunter over to the next stage.

Claire Trevor and Michael Whalen are making a picture here called "Career



FIRST stop this month is—

20th Century-Fox

And out here the first set I go on is "Banjo on My Knee" where Barbara Stanwyck, who makes pictures with both hands, on nights and Sundays as well as weekdays these many moons, is starring. Joel McCrea plays opposite her. This is from a novel by Harry Hamilton.

Harry used to run a class in drama in New York, and in the summer he came out here to visit Norman Foster and they wrote plays, some of which were produced and some weren't. Now they both have contracts at this studio as writers and Harry has a house and a gentleman's gentleman. Isn't life wonderful?

This was a grand book, even though he didn't send me an autographed copy, and it ought to make a fine picture. Particularly with the cast they've provided. It's a tale of life as it's lived on the shanty boats that dot the Mississippi River between Memphis and New Orleans. And it's an authentic picture, too.

The Mississippi, as it is reproduced on Stage 16 of the 20th Century-Fox lot is just as muddy and smelly as it is in reality and the shanty boats they've built are just as dirty and rickety.

They've taken a few liberties with the book. The picture opens with the wedding of Barbara and Joel. Barbara is sumpin

the mouth with desire to get up to Lake Louise. All you do is travel and have fun."

"That's right," I come back at her in an aggrieved tone. "Here you've got the guy every gal in the country is panting for, you make more money than you know what to do with, everyone loves you and you begrudge me the little fun I get out of life."

"I don't begrudge it to you," she says. "I only envy you. Hey, doc," she calls to Joel, "how's about a treatment?"

So Joel comes over and gives her a chiropractic adjustment, snapping her back into place where one of the vertebrae has slipped out.

"What's the matter with your back?" I ask sympathetically when the treatment is over.

"Oh, I wrenched it



Nella Walker, Nan Grey, Jean Lafayette, Deanne Durbin and Barbara Reed in "Three Smart Girls"

Woman." (Tentative title.)

Claire is a law student and an ardent admirer of the legal technique of Michael Whalen—a brilliant and theatrical criminal lawyer. She goes to a murder trial to watch him work. Near the completion of the trial he stages a fake faint and Claire, who had approached him to congratulate him on his victory, believes he is really ill. She helps Doc (Edward Brophy), who is Whalen's companion, take the lawyer home. As Whalen sits on the divan, Brophy is giving him a chiropractic adjustment. He wrenches his head this way and that as Whalen attempts to carry on a conversation with Claire.

"Wh—what are you doing next week?" Whalen queries between wrenches.

"I'm going to a little town you never even heard of," Claire smiles indulgently. "To visit my uncle. Why?"

"I just had an idea. Perhaps I dreamt it," Whalen admits. "I'm going to Hot Springs for a rest cure. Why don't you come along and visit your cousin?"

"My cousin?" Claire repeats, puzzled. "In Hot Springs?"

"Well, we're all cousins, aren't we?" Whalen counters. "I mean common ancestors—Adam and Eve?"

"That's funny," Claire laughs and turns to Brophy. "Of course, he thinks I'm just—a—," hesitating for a word.

"A dame!" Brophy

supplies the word without any hesitation.

"Thank you," Claire smiles. "Just a dame."

"Not at all," Mike lies as all men lie in such moments of hope. "Beautiful girl like you!"

"I'm a lawyer, Mr. Conant," Claire con-



Eduardo Giannelli and Lee Tracy working up the mystery in "Criminal Lawyer."

tinues smiling. "I wanted to congratulate you—and you were ill. That's all."

"You!" Whalen exclaims incredulously. "A lawyer!"

Well, it goes on like that, but he gets nowhere with Claire—in the picture. But I saw them together at a preview one night last week.

When the scene is finally finished I start chinning with Claire. "Don't mind me if I'm a trifle *distract*," she smiles. "I bought a house, I'm trying to furnish it, I'm trying to finish the picture and I'm trying to get away to New York on a vacation—all at once!"

"You ought to go to auction sales to furnish your house," I advise. "You can get swell stuff for nothing at them."

Claire looks at me pityingly. "I suppose I can sleep on the floor until a good bed comes up at auction," she suggests, rather acidly, I thought.

That's the trouble around this town. You try to be helpful and save people money and all you get is snubbed.

Ruminating on the injustice of things in general and the ingratitude of humanity in particular, I leave her and go to—

Paramount

I'M THANKFUL to say there's not too much doing over here. Larry Buster Crabbe is working in another Western—but it's on location. I bear up as best I can under this staggering blow and totter over to the first stage where there is a picture working. It is called "College Holiday" and features the one and only Mary Boland and Martha Raye, and those inimitables of the radio, Burns & Allen, and Jack Benny. Also Eleanore Whitney, Marsha Hunt, Johnny Downs and Leif Erickson.



Time out for lunch. Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck leave the "Banjo On My Knee" set for sandwiches and coffee.

It's really a very impressive cast.

Unfortunately I can't work up a lather of enthusiasm over the story. It doesn't make sense—but then none of Burns & Allen's stories ever do. They're like olives and caviar. You like them or you don't. If you do they're funny in anything.

Mary and Jack Benny, although they apparently do not know each other, are co-partners in a failing hotel. They can't get business. Mary is on her way to the place with Etienne Girardot who wants to make a health resort out of it. Benny thinks if he could get representative boys and girls from the country's leading universities to come to the place and put on a gigantic show it would pay. Girardot's ideas are



Harry Watson, Billy Mauch and Phillip Hurlick in Tarkington's classic of boyhood, "Penrod and Sam."

different. He wants to mate couples eugenically by first subjecting them to a "treatment" and then turning them loose in a perfumed garden to see if they re-act. Benny sees a chance to get the college kids there and Girardot sees a chance to get some human guinea pigs because everyone knows no one is more anxious to mate than college kids . . . eugenically or otherwise.

I don't know how all this is going to be put on the screen when Carrie who, in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie," was nothing but a good, old-fashioned, honest courtesan had to be white washed no end before she could be put into pictures.

However, praise be, all this is none of my headache.

"Let's Make a Million" with Edward Everett Horton is shooting here. It's just starting and the script isn't finished yet. But the set is apparently the office in a small country store. There is an office chair overturned and J. M. Kerrigan is lying on the floor beside it. The door bursts open and Eddie Horton rushes in, wide-eyed.

"Did you fall, Sam?" he queries.

"I didn't sit down here on purpose," Kerrigan retorts with a sickly grin.

"There's something the matter with that chair," Horton reflects as he walks over and helps Joe to his feet. "It acts this way every time you take a drink. How do you feel?"

"Awful," Joe replies shakily. "Pigeons flying around—in my head. Yellow and green ones."

"Yellow and green pigeons," Horton exclaims enthusiastically. "They're very rare." He looks at Kerrigan in a worried manner. Kerrigan is moaning slightly and holding his head. Horton picks up a bottle from the table and reads the label: "Hango Fizz." You know, whimsy for "Fizz Hangover."

[Continued on page 76]

In "Quality Street," Sir James M. Barrie's famous story, Franchot Tone supports Katharine Hepburn.



Paul Muni as Dr. Pasteur, a performance that is expected to win the highest Hollywood honors.



Marie Wilson's frantic portrayals of dizzy dames in pursuit of love are winning her fame as a real comic.



Pat O'Brien is a sincere artist and audiences everywhere enjoy his convincing performances.

The QUEST FOR A LOVER

By Liza

BOUNDING merrily along in the Valley one morning, not so long ago, after leaving the airport where I had helped Merle Oberon see David Niven off to North Carolina (not that Merle needed any help, but she has promised me David if she ever throws him over and I have to stand by and watch my chances no matter how slim) my mind suddenly turned for no reason at all to the great lovers of the screen. I have a mind (question mark) that's constantly playing tricks on me like that. There I was breathing in the crisp morning air (neither it nor I would be quite so crisp a few hours later), and admiring the glorious beauty of the mist rising above the mountains which rise above Warner Brothers studio, and sort of drooling pleasantly over the Life More Abundant that we Southern Californians enjoy, when all of a sudden my mind does a nip-up and for no apparent reason I have to start worrying about great lovers. (Some day I'm going to trade my mind in for a vacuum because I think it will be more restful, but there are those who will say it was an even exchange.)

Well, I said to myself, every studio just has to have great lovers, those beautiful creatures with beautiful arched eyebrows, beautiful dreamy eyes, and magnificent body beautifuls, or else dames like me couldn't be lured into the loge seats even on bank night. Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda, Gilbert Roland, Charles Boyer—I began to count them off on my fingers just the way I do in "Blackjack"—when I suddenly thought of something else to worry about. Not a single one of the great lovers of the screen is on the Warner Brothers' contract list!

Now how can the Warner Brothers keep on making pictures year after year if they have no sex appeal, I mean the pictures not the Brothers. Why they'd have to go bankrupt and rent their sound stages out as farmers' markets and plant an avocado grove in the back lot. Poor old Warner Brothers, with no allure man, no sizzling romance. The studio, I suppose, would be but a shell of its former self, a sort of old ruin for the tourists to prowl around.

But something was wrong somewhere, because when I drew

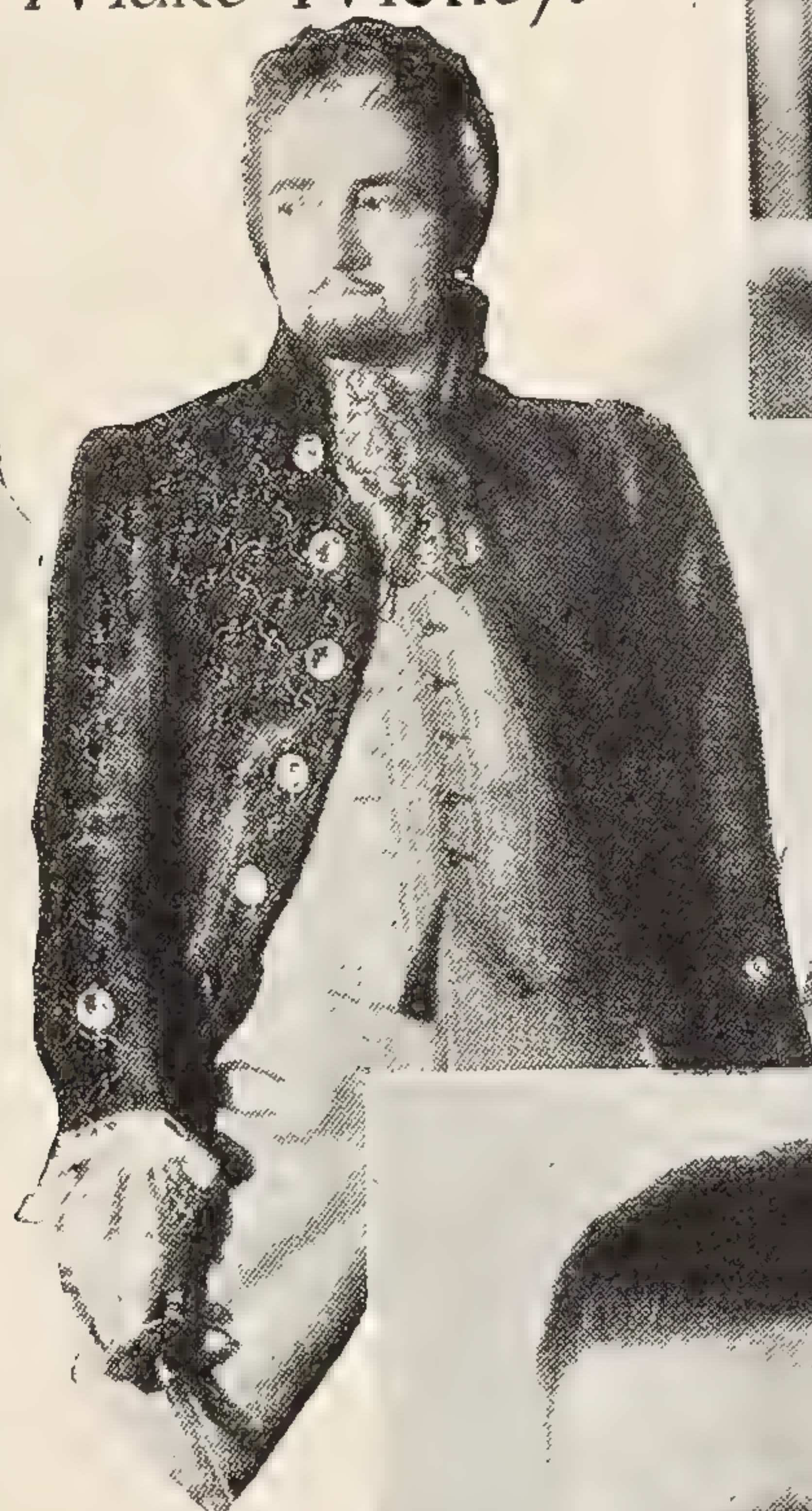
up in front of the studio there was such a hammering as I've never heard and right within my scope of vision there were four new buildings going up, two sound stages, and one of them modestly tagged as the largest sound stage in the world. The place fairly screamed prosperity right in your face. Uh huh, I said to myself again, they've got a great lover tucked away some place there, I've just overlooked him, and far be it from me to overlook a great lover. When a dame like me gets in a dilemma she just barges right in to investigate—and that's exactly what I did.

Little asterisks now denote a period of time while I am questing for the romantic sex appeal boy of Warner Brothers, and incidentally eating an early lunch in the Green Room because I'm a fan writer and a free meal is expected of me.

My Big Discovery. No actor is the great lover for Warner Brothers. Instead of having one stereotyped manner the players there are versatile actors, they are not leading men. Phooey, they said, what's a great lover when you can have a great actor? (They had me there, me being one to appreciate the arts.) What's Robert Taylor when you can have a Paul Muni? Who wants to be just a good looking dope and pose in uniforms and tails when he can really come down to earth and put his teeth into something meaty? Our actors, they said, don't just act as a supporting cast to Glamour Queens, our actors act.

And, believe me, they've got something there. Take the case of Robert Taylor, we find him playing the same person over and over again, and that person is Robert Taylor. Since the public likes Bob (and I'm right there with you, public) there is no obvious harm in his repeating his mannerisms. We'd be awfully mad if Bob contorted that handsome face to play a shriveled Chinaman, or enveloped that physique in rolls of flapping rags. That's right, no matter how we go for Bob Taylor, and personally I go for him like mad, we just have to admit that Bob is really just a leading man, a great lover, and not a great actor. He cannot carry a picture alone—that's really the test of the thing—but must always have a Garbo, a Joan Crawford, an Irene Dunne, a Janet Gaynor, a Barbara Stanwyck, any one of

A Famous Studio Has Found the Formula for Producing Pictures That Make Money.



Claude Rains, an actor of distinction, as he appeared in "Anthony Adverse."



Errol Flynn's reputation will live forever for his performance in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

The never-to-be-forgotten "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," Paul Muni's great acting actually moved the hearts of the lawmakers to save the author of this story from merciless vengeance. (At top) Ian Hunter, an actor with several successes to his credit.

Another studio borrowed Paul Muni to play the humble Chinaman in "The Good Earth," and he created a character of masterly simplicity. (Above) Muni again, but as the ignorant, uncultured miner in "Black Fury."

the Glamour Girls. The men at Warner Brothers, it seems, are actors first of all, and to hell with being great lovers. The shining example, of course, is Paul Muni.

Paul Muni has never played a great lover on the screen, and I don't suppose he ever will as he is nobody's fool, and definitely nobody's leading man. But just release a Paul Muni picture and it makes hundreds of thousands of dollars, and people jam the theatres even more than they do for Nelson Eddy and Gary Cooper. Why?—because they know they are going to see great acting. And, strange as it may seem to us goofy girls, there are millions of people in this world who had rather see talent than inch long eyelashes.

As Doctor Pasteur, in "The Story of Louis Pasteur," Paul Muni gave a most convincing performance, so convincing, in fact, that it is generally accepted that he will win the Academy Award for it this year. As the arrogant, murderous gangster in "Scarface" he gave an entirely different but equally convincing performance. His acting in "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang" made cinema history; wherever lovers of good acting are gathered together Paul Muni's Fugitive is always mentioned with the greatest of admiration. His characterizations in "Bordertown," "Black Fury" and "Dr. Socrates" were all different, but all convincing, and highly interesting. I have not yet had the good fortune to see "The Good Earth," which has not been previewed as I write this, but people who have seen the rushes of the picture tell me that Muni, as the little Chinese Wang, is nothing short of magnificent.

And I can readily believe them for I was on the set when the company was on location at Chatsworth, one day, and saw them shoot the scene in the wheat fields where Wang kneels in the wheat and with fear-stricken eyes watches the coming of the storm that will bring terror and desolation to him and his people. That was not Muni kneeling in the wheat field—it was Wang. Could one of the great lovers do that? Alas no, they are so busy playing themselves on the screen that they could never change their personality.

Another of the good actors, but not great like Muni, I dis-

covered at Warner Brothers, is Pat O'Brien, the genial Irishman who has been acting ever since he was a kid in Milwaukee. Pat had to fight to be an actor, he says that all of two thousand

managers turned him down, but he was determined he had talent and he finally made the grade. The directors call Pat a "sincere" actor, which means that he invests a part with a naturalness and makes the audience believe it. His straightforward directness shows in his work. He's no great lover, heavens no, but you never see people walking out of the theatre when Pat's Irish pan is flashed upon the screen. He's another guy who never supports a Movie Queen, he's generally the big shot of his own picture. In "Oil for the Lamps of China" he was excellent, and so he was in "Ceiling Zero," "I Married a Doctor," and "China Clipper."

Of course, he gets tossed in silly little program pictures like "Page Miss Glory" and "In Caliente" occasionally, and Pat froths at the mouth and goes into the "front office" to tell them what he thinks of them, but no matter how trifling he considers the part he has yet to give a bad performance. Yes, Gilbert Roland may have more allure, but I'll take Pat any evening at the cinema.

Then there is Claude Rains, one of the best actors in the business, but definitely no great lover. Claude would feel kind of silly cavorting with Crawford, Harlow, or Colbert, but give him a part with some guts to it, a part in which he can really act, and Mr. Rains will give you a performance that will thrill you to the core. Will you ever forget his "Crime Without Passion" or his Don Luis in "Anthony Adverse"? As Napoleon in "Glorious Betsy" he gave the one stand-out performance of the picture. When people told him he was hammy as Napoleon he reminded them that Napoleon was hammy.

His first appearance in a picture in Hollywood was quite unusual. He was brought out from New York to star in "The Invisible Man" and as you may recall the Invisible Man was more or less invisible throughout the entire picture, and even when his torso was visible his face never was. Even in my wildest flights of imagining I just can't imagine [Continued on page 63]



Maxine Jennings likes to experiment with unusual recipes.

CULTIVATE A TASTE FOR FOREIGN DISHES

It May Prove Almost As Exciting As A
Trip Around The World.

By Ruth Corbin

THIS month I've been browsing around New York's famous foreign eating houses; dipping into stacks of yellowed clippings; poking my nose generally into other people's business in my search for unusual, easy to make recipes of dishes all of you have at some time or other felt the urge to prepare. And what an exciting time it has been!

Here are the recipes for 3 Syrian dishes the average American never gets which were instantaneous successes with me. And they are easy enough for a child to make.

HOMMOSS

Soak hommos (a vegetable very like our chick peas) overnight, then boil about 2 hours, salting to taste and adding water when necessary. Run through nut grinder attachment of meat grinder till it is fine and without grain. Add a cup of tacin dressing (this can be bought in cans), half a cup of water, and a cup of lemon juice (strained) for each half pound, dry weight of hommos. Chill. Serve with 2 tbsps. olive oil over top of each portion. Hommos keeps indefinitely.

BABA GANNOUGE

Peel and slice a medium egg plant, and steam in top of a double boiler till it can be mashed with a fork. Beat well. Add a cup of tacin dressing, half cup of lemon juice, half cup of water. Salt to taste. Mix thoroughly. Serve with parsley and olive oil.

RICE PELAFF

Soak unwashed rice (1 cup) in hot water for 2 hours. Then wash thoroughly in cold water. Melt quarter pound butter and cook rice in it for 1 minute. Add lamb broth until it covers rice by more than half an inch. Cook over slow fire 30 minutes, or until rice has taken up all the broth and is thoroughly dry.

At a certain inn in New York's Chinatown I had one of the most delightful of Cantonese dishes. It is one of the simplest ways of preparing chicken but it has a never-to-be-forgotten flavor.

WAT GAI

Take a broiler—about 2½ or 3 pounds—clean and place in a pot greased with vegetable oil over slow fire, turning to prevent burning, for about 10 minutes. Soak and seed 1 ounce tung joy, the red, dry,

sweet Chinese prune. Slice 1 ounce Chinese mushrooms, 3 ounces bamboo shoots, 2 ounces gum choy (a long, yellow very dry vegetable) to size of water chestnuts, of which you use 3 ounces. Mix together and fry a golden brown with a little broth to which has been added salt, pepper and soy sauce to taste. Stuff browned chicken with vegetables, replace in pot and brush with butter brush dipped in soy sauce. When bird begins to look dry pour in some kind of broth. It should not take more than 40 minutes to cook chicken but your fork is a good indicator. Medium oven 350° F.

Mexico contributed this next recipe, which I picked up a few years ago in Hollywood. You can buy Enchaladas ready-made, in cans, but not so good as those you can make with this very easy recipe.

ENCHALADAS

Take 2 cups flour, 2 tbsps. cornmeal, 1 tsp. salt and enough water to make a thin batter. Have your grocer grind three pounds of either beef and veal or beef and chicken. Boil this meat until well done. Make a sauce of 2 cans hot tomato sauce, and an equal amount of water in which boil 1 tbsp. cumin seed. Add sauce, a dash of red pepper, mustard and salt. Thicken if necessary. Keep meat filling and sauce hot and bake cakes size of a large pan, as needed. Lay on plate, put 2 tbsps. meat on one side of cake and flap other side to cover meat. Cover with sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and garnish with parsley or lettuce and olives.

If you like Chili Con Carne you can buy it in compact brick form, add a little water and cook to desired consistency. You'll find it not only economical but quickly prepared and quite as tasty as if you had spent an hour or more in its preparation. Along the Texas border and in Oklahoma I have eaten what is called "Chili 3 Ways."

It is nothing more than Chili poured over well cooked spaghetti but it is delightful. Russia—in particular a cozy restaurant over near the East River in New York City—is responsible for these two perfectly grand dishes.

BLINTCHIKY

2 eggs
¼ cup flour
½ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. sugar
Half cup of milk
Cottage cheese
Sour cream
Beat eggs until light and add milk. Mix

sugar, salt, and flour together and stir quickly into liquid, being sure to get out all lumps. Have ready a hot, well buttered frying pan. Pour in enough batter to cover bottom (about 3 tbsps.). Shake well over fire until it spreads out into a thin layer. When brown on bottom and firm to touch on top, turn out on a towel and put a generous tablespoonful of cottage cheese in center. Roll up at once turning ends under. Serve with sour cream.

BORSCHT

1 small onion	2 qts. meat stock
1 cup of carrots	2 cups of shredded cabbage
1 cup of tomatoes	Salt and pepper
2 tbsps. butter	2 cups minced beets
Half cup of celery	2 potatoes minced
1 tbsp. vinegar	Sour cream

Mince onion and fry until brown in butter. Add to meat stock with other vegetables. Simmer 2 hours. Season with vinegar, salt and pepper. Serve and add to each plate 2 tbsps. sour cream.

And from one of England's far-flung frontiers comes—

INDIAN CURRY

1 small apple
2 tbsps. butter, more if necessary
2 tbsps. curry powder
1 tsp. lemon juice
2 tbsp. chopped onion
3 cloves or pinch of powdered cloves

Peel and cut up apple and onion. Put into frying pan with butter. Brown. Squash into a paste. Add curry powder, cloves and lemon juice. Simmer slowly 10 minutes. Your curry mixture is now ready and can be used with rice, baked sausage, fish or eggs. Cold lamb or any left over meat makes an excellent curry simply by mixing with a little rice water and meat gravy and cooking for 10 minutes. Serve with Major Grey's Chutney.

A grand climax to this 5-star assortment of foreign dishes is this cake from France.

GATEAU AUX NOIX

5 ounces finely chopped walnuts
2 ounces fine dry bread crumbs
Grated rind 1 small lemon
Pinch of salt
Pinch powdered mace
5 ounces sugar
¼ tsp. finely ground cloves
5 egg yolks
5 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Cream beaten yolks with sugar, add chopped nuts and other ingredients one by one, and lastly fold in beaten whites. Mix thoroughly. Bake in loaf cake pan in slow oven—about 275° F.—for 1½ hours. Make cake day before wanted. Just before serving, cut into thin slices, spread each with whipped cream, and place them one on top the other until cake is built up again.

Hidden Treasures Dear To The Hearts Of The Players.

cancelled check for fifty dollars—payment for ten days' work as an eleven-year-old child in Monte Blue's silent picture, "The Perfect Crime."

The thing Ann Harding prizes most is a blackthorn stick, a foot long! Not so odd that she should rate it so highly, when you learn that it was made by her father (the late General George Grant Gately) when he was once stationed in Cuba.

It has a heavy silver head and tip, and would be very handy as a weapon of defense, but since her dad's passing, Ann has kept it hidden at the bank. She used to carry it as a swagger stick.

Basil Rathbone has in his box the torn and muddy coat of his brother John. It was taken from the body of Lieutenant Rathbone after he had been shot down in Flanders. . . .

A blonde wig is to be found nestling beneath Myrna Loy's will, and the deed to the house in which she lives. It is a memento of that part in "What Price Beauty," directed by Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, which marked her film debut. Also, in the same box, is a pair of sandals Myrna wore in the "The Desert Song."

Irene Dunne cherishes an old-fashioned locket, the gift of her mother, in which reposes the tiny fragment of a note. This note, in the handwriting of the late Florenz Ziegfeld, was sent to her dressing room at the end of the first act during her tryout performance for the rôle of Magnolia in the initial "Showboat" road company to be organized by the producer. The note reads: "My troubles are over!" It was Ziegfeld's method of telling her that she would have the rôle.

Another keepsake is a gift to her from Laura Hope Crews—an exquisite lace fan. It is not only a token of friendship and love, Miss Dunne says, but the fan has a history that also makes it sink

into one's heart as a precious treasure. It was in Miss Crews' family for far more than a century; in fact, it was carried in Colonial days by an ancestor of hers, a lady who was a beauty of the day, and whose fan, Irene rather thinks, must have set a new fashion in those early years of our country.

Yet another item dear to her inner self, is a tiny doll. This is her one souvenir of herself. It wears what Irene calls an Alice blue gown, and it is the doll to which she sang in the stage musical, "Irene."

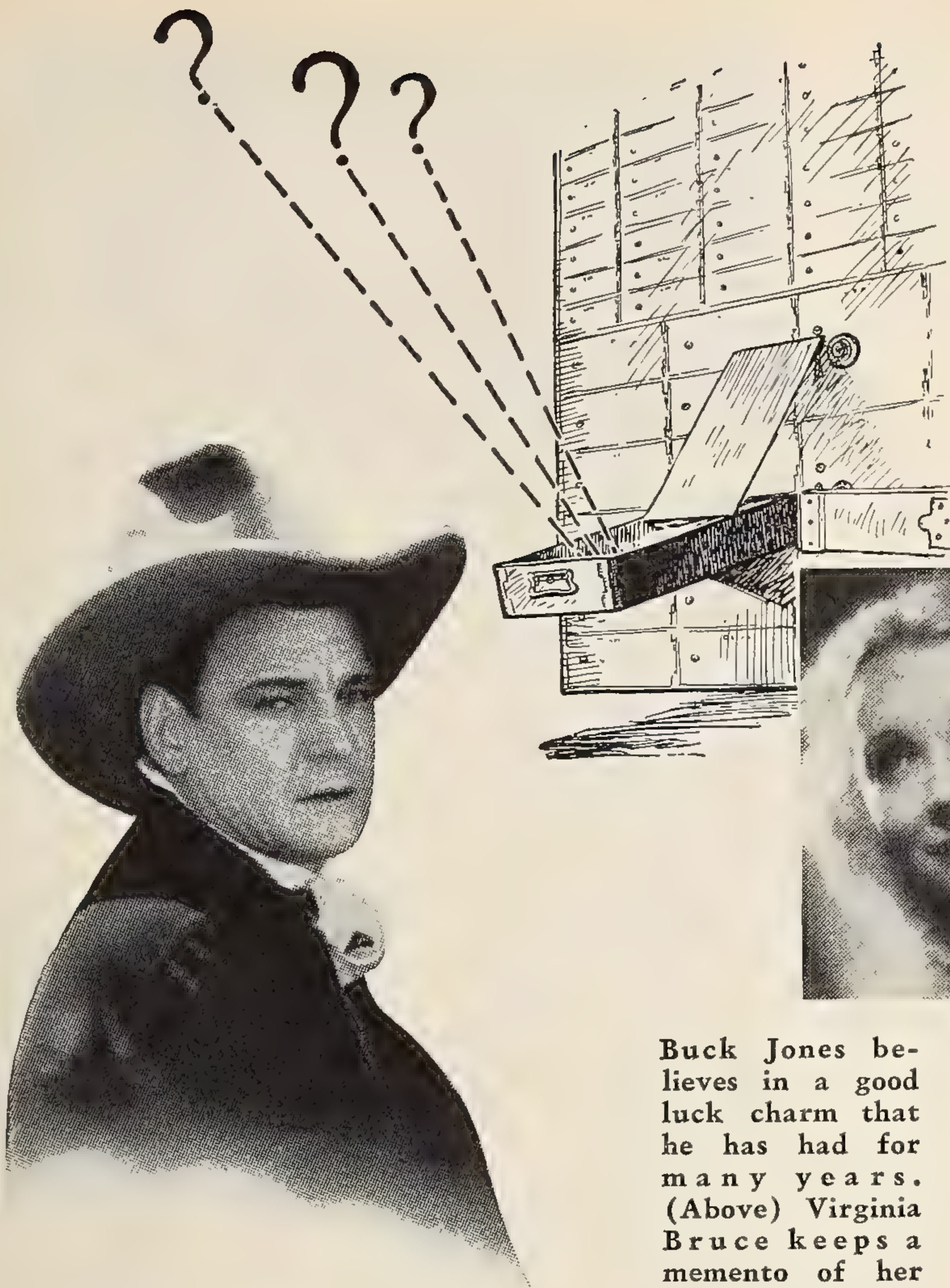
Clark Gable still has the *lucky penny* he flipped to decide between stage stardom and a career in motion pictures and it's there in his bank box.

Virginia Bruce's hidden treasures bring her both sad and glad memories of her late husband, John Gilbert. Besides rings, pins, watch chains and such that he owned, she has what she terms her most precious possession and she says she wouldn't part with it even for a day for a million dollars!

It is a short story that Jack wrote shortly before he passed away and is entitled "Thou Shalt Not Tell." It relates the story of a cynical, bitter man whose beloved only child dies. Then his wife leaves him and he loses all of his money in a big business gamble. At last, discouraged and weary of everything on earth, he dies and goes to heaven and finds there such wonderful, such magnificent peace that he begs to be allowed to return to earth in his original form and personality and tell all creation of the beauty and happiness he has found in the other world. But, in place of bringing peace to men and women of the earth, it brings such discontent with life on the earthly planet that he is warned to return to the spirit world above, and to keep to

himself the glories he has found lest all civilization be ruined. . . .

An altogether different sort of prized possession belongs to Fred Stone, who made such a fine screen debut with Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams." Resting in his bank deposit box are a [Cont. on page 69]



Buck Jones believes in a good luck charm that he has had for many years. (Above) Virginia Bruce keeps a memento of her former life.

SAFE DEPOSIT SECRETS

By Gordon R. Silver



Una Merkel keeps a scrap book of press clippings that recall her "yesterdays."

probably always will be—ten feet under water!

"My dad gave it to me long ago," laughed Charles. "I recall his words perfectly. He said, 'Charlie, my boy, keep this deed and pass it on to your children. Let it be a grim reminder never, never, never to buy real estate that you don't see with your own eyes!'"

Carole Lombard has a much-handled,

WHAT is in the safety boxes of great motion picture players?

Reference is not made to tangible values, stocks, bonds, the family silver and the like.

Safe deposit boxes at the various Hollywood banks, in addition to the storage of valuables, hold many strictly sentimental treasures, things the screen celebrities wouldn't part with for anything in the world.

Comedian Charles Butterworth, for instance, keeps as a memento and a warning the deed to a lot in a certain little town in Illinois.

The lot is and



Ann Harding keeps a stick once carried by her father. (Center) Fred Stone has an odd souvenir of the past. (At right) Anne Shirley has a childhood engagement ring.



REVIEWS

OF THE

NEW PICTURES

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

TRAGIC ROMANCE IN THE DESERT—Selznick International

THE Technicolor version of the Robert Hichens novel, a best seller of several generations ago, is by far the most beautiful of the color pictures. Never on stage or screen have you seen anything so breathtakingly lovely as the silhouettes of desert caravans against the rising and the setting sun. Marlene Dietrich is certainly one of the Glamour Girls who takes to color like a duck to water. The glamorous Marlene is simply ravishing in her close-ups, and her reddish gold hair, clear blue eyes, and perfect profile make her the most beautiful of the stars yet to be seen in technicolor. Co-starring with Marlene is Charles Boyer, the handsome French actor who has a devastating appeal to women.

The story, alas, is not nearly so exciting as the color and the stars. As you probably remember, it's about a Trappist monk who breaks his solemn vows to the Church and runs away from his monastery in Northern Africa to see the world. In a nearby desert town he meets and marries a young woman who has also just escaped from a life of repression. The monk is continually haunted by his broken vows, and this secret gradually becomes a definite barrier between them. Finally he confesses to her what he has done, renounces his love and worldly delights, and returns to his monastery to seek again a peace of soul. No matter how beautiful the color and Marlene, it is still

the story of the renegade monk. A pictorial highlight of the picture is the dance sequence of Tilly Losch. Also in the cast, and excellent, are Joseph Schildkraut as a poetic desert courier, Basil Rathbone as Count Anteon, and Lucile Watson as a mother superior.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

A NEW MAE WEST LAUGH-FEST—Paramount

THE new West picture isn't up to the glorious old standard of "She Done Him Wrong" but it manages to be very amusing and gay (the censors don't have to frown too much) and Mae's fans will all be quite pleased about it. Mae plays a spoiled and temperamental Hollywood movie star who is doing a personal appearance tour in the East. And, as is the Hollywood custom, she is accompanied by a press agent whose business it is to see that she says and does the right things. Mae has an eye for sinewy males and Warren William, her press agent, has quite a time of it keeping her out of entangling relations.

Mae's car breaks down (Connie's Rolls rented out for the occasion?) in a hick

town and she has to spend the night at Mrs. Strothers' boarding house, and here she meets Randy Scott, a country boy with an invention and a lot of sinews.

Isabel Jewell and Maynard Holmes, as a couple of movie-mad fans, are excellent. And so is Elizabeth Patterson as Aunt Kate. Alice Brady, unfortunately, is entirely wasted. As you know, the picture is adapted from Lawrence Riley's successful stage play "Personal Appearance," in which Gladys George starred for over a year. Some of the best lines are deleted (censors no doubt) but they still have that swell one where the movie star calls her fans a "bunch of maroons."

THEODORA GOES WILD

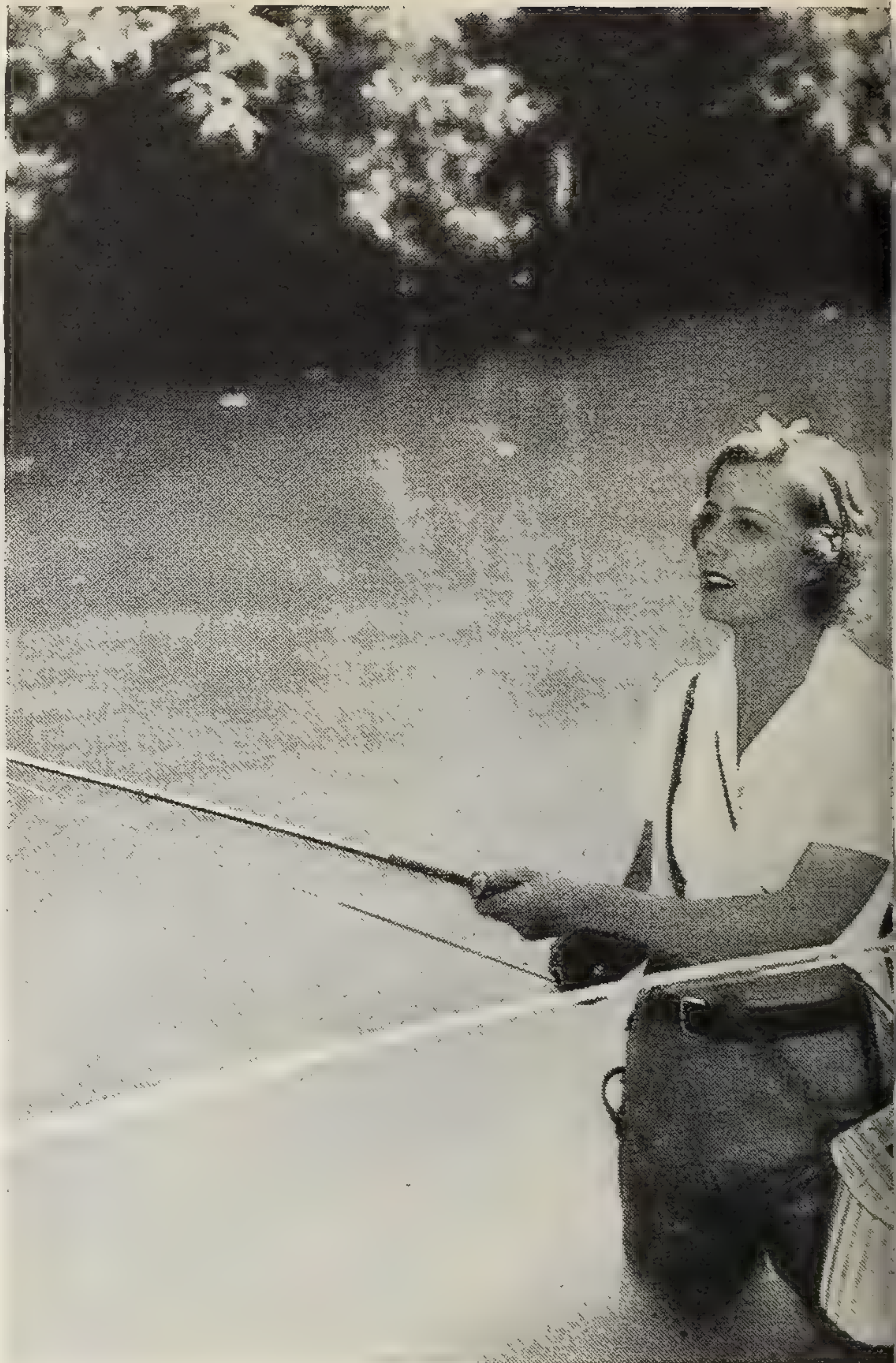
A GRAND, HILARIOUS COMEDY—Columbia

COLUMBIA may be one of the smaller Hollywood studios but when it puts its mind on turning out an uproarious romantic comedy it chalks up a hit every time. Theodora is a worthy follow-upper of Mr. Deeds.

Irene Dunne, than whom there is none lovelier on the screen, plays Theodora, a young girl brought up in a strict New England town by two spinster aunts and as full of repressions as a fruit cake is of raisins. In secret, and under the nom de plume of Caroline Adams, she writes a daring best seller on a subject she knows nothing about, viz., Sex. The book is immediately banned by the Ladies Literary Society of the town—of which Irene is a member. A swell situation? You bet, and the picture's full of them.

"Fugitive in the Sky" has a gay cast—Gordon Oliver, Warren Hull and lovely Jean Muir.

On a visit to her New York publisher, she meets Melvyn Douglas, a dashing





himself another girl with a much wealthier father and the course of true love runs smoothly.

Eugene Pallette and Catherine Doucet play Jane's mother and father. The best comedy is contributed by Nat Pendleton as the rich girl's bodyguard.

FUGITIVE IN THE SKY

ANOTHER OF THOSE AVIATION THRILLERS—Warner Brothers

WE FIND high up in the skies on a transcontinental plane, the Kansas City Limited to be exact, a newspaper man, a pretty stewardess, a G-man, a public enemy No. 1 disguised in a woman's clothes, an old lady busy making astrological charts, and a murdered man.

There is much ado, to be sure, when the killer rips out a gun from under his feminine skirts and takes charge of the frightened passengers. He forces the plane to land in a dust storm but is captured, before he can make his escape, by the good old G-man—and then, to everyone's surprise, it is discovered that he didn't murder the passenger after all.

you just know there'll be plenty of bright humor, and there is. Ann models smart clothes for photographic purposes and Helen manages the advertising studio where she works. They bribe Eric Blore, valet of the extremely wealthy and social register Gene Raymond, to let them use his master's yacht as a background for a series of yachting costumes.

The male model is late showing up at the yacht so when Gene comes aboard, quite surprised by it all, Ann mistakes him for the model and puts him to work helping her with the pictures. Of course they fall in love and Gene continues to disguise himself as a male model until the hilarious finale. There's nary a dull moment.

TARZAN ESCAPES

EXCITEMENT IN THE JUNGLE—M-G-M

THE kids will simply go crazy when they get a look at the latest Tarzan picture; there'll just be no keeping them from falling out of the balcony in their ecstasy. And, judging from the preview audience, there'll be many an adult who gets a thrill out of it too.

Jane and Tarzan (Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller) are very happy in their jungle home, with Cheetah the chimpanzee acting as housemaid, and an elephant performing the duties of an elevator boy. Yes, all is peace and happiness in the jungle until one day Jane's relatives appear and start pleading with Jane to return with them to London and help them save the family fortune. It's all

young illustrator, who twits her about her primness and even follows her back to Connecticut to egg her on to kick over the traces.

Having fallen in love with him, Irene takes his advice finally and goes wild successfully, too successfully, with headlines in all the newspapers. She turns the tables on Douglas, whom she discovers has a whole slue of repressions of his own. There's one insane comedy sequence after another until the gal finally gets her man. The scene where the shocking Theodora, alias Caroline Adams, returns to the prim little town with a baby in her arms, is the brightest, most hilarious comedy spot of the year.

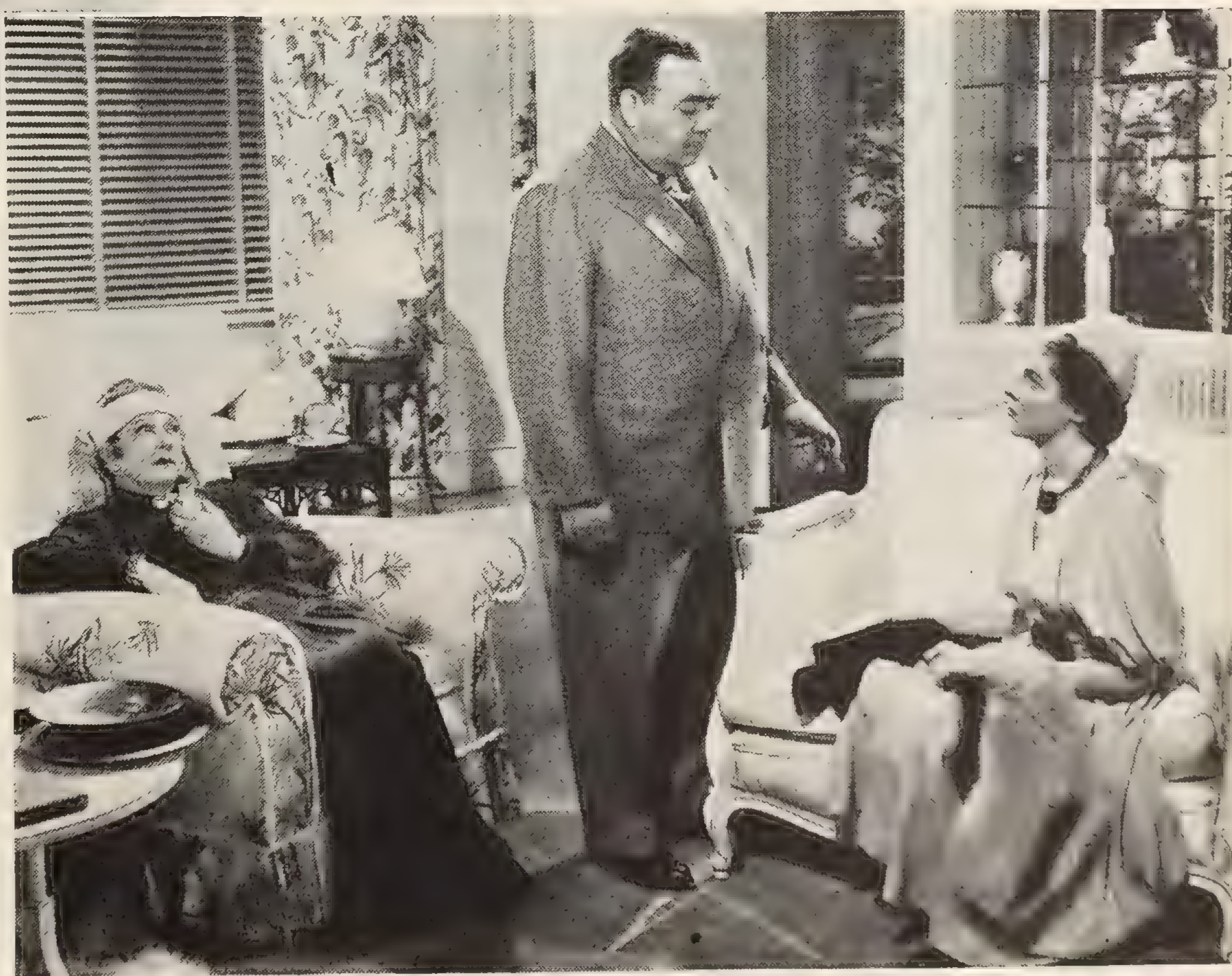
In "Theodora Goes Wild," Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas develop romance among the fish.

THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

A ROUTINE PLOT—BUT ONE THAT'S ALWAYS GOOD—Universal

THIS is the story of the rich girl and the poor boy and if you think it sounds familiar you are definitely right. "It Happened One Night" is its Alma Mater. Jane Wyatt plays the rich society girl who becomes infatuated with a scheming insurance salesman. To prove to her father that she can live on the salesman's salary she takes \$150 and leaves home for thirty days.

In a cheap boarding house she meets Louis Hayward, and by the time they have had a series of whimsical misadventures in connection with the community use of the bathroom they have fallen in love with each other. The conniving salesman finds



Catherine Doucet, Eugene Pallette and Jane Wyatt, in "The Luckiest Girl in the World," bring to the screen a picture of charm and subtlety.

Warren Hull plays the newspaper lad, and Jean Muir his fiancée and the plane's stewardess. John Litel is the G-man and Howard Phillips the killer.

SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN

MISTAKEN IDENTITY IS THE THEME—R-K-O

ANOTHER of those gay, romantic comedies starring pretty Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond. And, of course, with Eric Blore and Helen Broderick in the cast

a hoax to get Jane back to civilization, but the poor girl doesn't know it so she consents to go back with them.

With the relatives comes a nasty trapper, who is in cahoots with a tribe of bloodthirsty savages, who plans, with their assistance, to get Tarzan in a cage and take him back to England to exhibit in side-shows. He gets the gentle Tarzan in a cage all right, but when Tarzan sees his beloved Jane and her relatives at the mercy of the

[Continued on page 66]

They Broke The Apron Strings

[Continued from page 33]

about Russia under the Soviet regime.

When someone on the ship between London and New York thought that she should make a test for pictures, Frances was amused. She was a journalist . . . not an actress. When Talent Scout Oscar Serlin (of Paramount) invited her to the studio for the test, she was still amused. It would be an amusing lark . . . and something to write about when she returned to Seattle. So she wasn't frightened when the make-up men went to work on her or when she eventually faced the lights and cameras. Why should she be? She had nothing to lose.

Ah, but she had something to gain! The test was viewed and before she could say, "Jack Robinson" or even, "Dear me!" here she was in Hollywood, facing more make-up men and more cameras and with the dotted line of a contract under her pretty and incredulous nose.

But, what if she hadn't written the essay? What if she had listened to sage advice and declined to go to Moscow? What if her initiative had not led her on to those further travels which brought her, at last, to New York and the screen test? *What if she had not broken those home ties?*

Errol Flynn's path to Hollywood was even more erratic, more unplanned and more astonishing. It led him from green Ireland, where he was born, through jungles, along turgid rivers, through steaming swamps and it included pauses in some of the most colorful of South Sea ports. It furnished him with some vivid adventures . . . and also with some grim and drab days and weeks in London, looking for a job.

The urge to wander was an important part of the general make-up of the Flynn family—and Errol's father took him to far parts of the world while Errol was a mere boy. Small wonder then, and no surprise to the family, that he ran away to sea at an early age, earning his way on tramp steamers and freighters to still farther, unexplored ports. Before he was twenty he owned his own schooner and was plying here and there about the South Seas.

An amateur motion picture company hired the schooner (Mr. Flynn's services as skipper were included in the deal) to cruise about those far parts for the purpose of obtaining "background shots." Since the company had almost no cast and very little money, Errol consented to act as something or other against the backgrounds of palm trees and lagoons.

He does not know where, if ever, the picture was released.

Later on, under a similar arrangement, he played (of all things!) the rôle of *Fletcher Christian* in "Mutiny on the Bounty," which story a small, fly-by-night company was filming near Tahiti. He doesn't know what became of that picture, either. But perhaps it was those experiences before the cameras which impelled him to return to England and nearly starve to death in the effort to find work on stage or screen.

He didn't, you see, return to Ireland. *Those ties had long been severed.*

The luck o' the Irish eventually won him an almost invisible part in "Murder at Monte Carlo." Irving Ascher noticed him and sent him, forthwith, to Hollywood where he waited nine months without doing anything at all before he was cast, to everyone's surprise except his own, for the rôle in "Captain Blood." That, of course, did the trick and made him famous.

If adventure is in their blood, no amount of movie fame and adulation can remove it. As this is written, Errol is off for Borneo and other remote parts to spend his vacation in the pursuit of fish, new ex-

periences and several thousand feet of film. Fate and a devious path may have brought him to Hollywood. Nothing can keep him here . . . so long as that thing is in him which made him leave the comfortable home, the fireside, and set forth after . . . well, I'm convinced that he didn't know *what* he was after! I don't think that he knows what he is after, now, as he sets forth for Borneo. But I'll wager that it will be the beginning of something or other!

Simone Simon was born in Marseilles, France. When she was ten her family moved to Madagascar, on the East coast of Africa. From that time on her life was filled with drama and change. She lived and went to school in Budapest, Turin, Berlin and Paris. She was studying designing in Paris when the Russian director, Tourjanski, saw her sipping coffee at a sidewalk cafe, introduced himself and asked

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE February issue of Silver Screen will have a long "Projection" of Loretta Young's interesting career, as told to Elizabeth Wilson. . . . Ben Maddox digs into the doings of the players who are aviation conscious. . . . An exclusive feature of this next issue will be the fictionization of the picture, "Captains Courageous," in which Freddie Bartholomew stars. . . . Ed Sullivan, the Broadway Columnist, tells how Hollywood fixes the stage favorites. On sale January 7th.

THE EDITOR

her to make a test. She slapped his face. But she must not have slapped it very hard, for the next day she went to his studio and made the test.

Now, this was exciting, but rather frightening. Success came to her swiftly in European pictures . . . but Simone was accustomed to swift, colorful experiences, with a European background. The success did not astonish her as much as it might have a less experienced young woman.

Her first really important adventure came, I think, when she left the familiar European haunts to come to Hollywood . . . when she left behind her the friends, the associations, her family, the gay hodgepodge of Continental capitals, to come to a land which was strange to her, indeed!

She came alone. She hadn't a friend, knew not one soul in this bewildering Hollywood. She did not understand the language and she was prepared . . . nay, determined . . . to be annoyed at practically everything. She must, she thought desperately, make her presence known, convince people that she was a Personage. And this she tried to accomplish in the only way she could think of.

She stormed. She shouted. She sulked. She demanded of her producer that he help her find a panther for a pet. She was appalled when the people around her merely smiled and allowed her to have her own way or to think that she was having it . . . even to the panther. That amused tolerance made her think that she had failed to register as a Personality.

Actually, she was a very homesick, forlorn little object. Each week she told herself, "Next week I shall go home to Europe where they know me and understand me—

and where I can understand them and what they are doing. They *understand*, over there, what I mean when I get into a temper!"

But she did not go home. Not even when she was obliged to retire from the coveted rôle of "Cigaret" in "Under Two Flags." That hurt. But she didn't go home. She waited long months before another part came her way. And she became more cheerful, less tempestuous, during that trying wait.

There was in her, you see, that streak of stubborn determination which is characteristic of all these young things—that something which gives them the courage to break those home ties, to make them see the job through, no matter how lonely they may be, no matter how discouraged, how stranger-in-a-strange-land they may feel.

After the preview of "Girls' Dormitory," Simone commented, "For months no one called to ask me to go somewhere. Since that picture is previewed, everyone calls to ask me to go everywhere. Is this success?"

Yes, Simone, we are afraid it is.

But . . . Simone has bought a house in Beverly Hills. She is making friends, she is learning to speak English. She no longer feels that people are unfriendly or critical of her. The loneliness and homesickness are forgotten now in the flush of success.

But *what if she had been afraid to break those ties?*

Randolph Scott did not travel quite so far as these others to get here. But it took him nearly as long to arrive as it did these others.

When Randie, born and bred in a small, Southern town, inherited a bit of money, of course the old family friends advised, "Now, son, you just invest it here where you know everyone and can trust everyone . . . where everyone knew your grandfather and your Uncle. . . ."

And when Randie placed that money, firmly, in his pants' pocket and announced his intention of setting forth for Hollywood, people, naturally, raised their hands and gave him up as a bad job. "We'll look after you here," they averred.

"I don't want to be looked after," quoth Mr. Scott.

First thing you knew, here he was. The Paramount publicity department sent him to call upon me, whether he liked it or not, I enjoyed it very much.

He didn't tell me . . . and I probably never should have known it if a casting director hadn't grown confidential one afternoon, that Randie had a long, determined struggle to go through before anyone gave him a chance in pictures. There wasn't anyone in Hollywood to "look after him" when he was discouraged and unhappy. He had cut those protecting, family ties.

He had courage and belief in himself to add to the breeding and the background which were his heritage.

You don't think of Scott, somehow, as a fighting man. He is too gentle, too courteous, too slow of speech. But he waded through a swamp of inferior rôles, waited and worked and tried . . . before he was finally recognized as a potential star.

The courage, I repeat, of these young people must inspire you. Of the vision, however unformed it may be, of their own potentialities is something to consider.

They . . . each and every one of them . . . went out alone to conquer the world. Most of them had to travel a long, long way. They are still young, still a bit breathless. But here they are!

The Quest For A Lover

[Continued from page 57]

Robert Taylor or Henry Fonda or Charles Boyer or any of the great lovers playing an entire picture without a face. Can you?

Also at Warner Brothers I found Ian Hunter who was brought to Hollywood by Warners to play the Duke of Athens in "Midsummer Night's Dream" and was so excellent that he was handed a contract, and has since given a fine account of himself in "I Found Stella Parrish" and "The White Angel."

Then there are Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Guy Kibbee, and, last but not least, Errol Flynn. And now we're really getting somewhere. I have my secret suspicions that no matter how much they deny it Warner Brothers are about to find in their midst a great lover. That Errol, he certainly has what it takes. I can go nuts over him at the mere drop of an eyelash. But, so far, Warners has rather kept him under wraps as it were. In "Captain Blood" he was romantic and swash-buckling, but it was a spectacular picture which isn't a good test for a great lover. And in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" he is kept so busy dashing around on horseback working out a revenge on the Surat Khan that he has little time for romance, in fact his own brother walks off with his girl. A great lover would never allow that to happen to him.

But rumors from the stage where Kay Francis and Errol are co-starring in "Another Dawn" rather lead me to believe



Wide World

Between pictures, the sea-going blood of Lewis Stone comes to the front, and with Mrs. Stone he sets sail.

that once this picture is released Errol will automatically become a great lover. Well, we can always use another one I always say, but here's hoping that Warners will give Flynn the same break they give their other actors and not stereotype him. I'd hate to see him go through life being Kay Francis' leading man.

Now I am reminded of a story. It's quite apropos of what we've been talking about.

Two actors, real actors but unappreciated were standing in front of the Brown Derby when a super elegant roadster dripping chromium drew up and a Personality Boy with his locks gleaming and his shirt open at the throat jumped out. "They say he's getting four thousand a week," said the first actor gloomily. "Oh, stop grouching," said the second actor, "What do you care? He can't act."

Broadway Remembers

[Continued from page 17]

roared for thirty minutes. Every attempt on the part of the performers to play a scene was broken up in the roars of laughter that saluted the effort. Every mention of the donkey in the dialogue that followed sent the audience off into a fresh fit of merriment. Ruggles summed it up in one sentence when the cast sorrowfully gathered backstage: "The donkey made a jackass out of all of us." The torch singer in that show later became a Page 1 headliner, Libby Holman.

I remember, best of all Eddie Cantor's

appearances, that in "Whoopee," when they're talking about operations, and he says: "Did you see my scar?"—and starts pulling his shirt out of his belt-line. Cantor always said that this was the funniest bit of material he ever had on the stage, and that it proved that humor, to be at its funniest, must be down to earth and must concern itself with an everyday event. The majority of people have had operations, and the majority of people want to tell you about 'em. Cantor exploited the common weakness and, night after night,

in "Whoopee," was rewarded with belly laughs.

Sez the editor: do you remember one thing else? Yes, I sez, I remember Claudette Colbert—no, no, sez the editor, do you remember that I told you only to write five pages?

Yes, I sez, I do remember that. Then sez the editor, quit. You have written five pages. This is not the Congressional Record, this is a discriminating family magazine, and brevity—yes, sez I—brevity is still the soul of wit, sez he.

In The Pink of Condition

[Continued from page 27]

John Boles brings his two daughters in to vie with him and you ought to hear them howl every time he rolls a "poodle." (I.e., doesn't topple a single pin, but accidentally drizzles the ball down a side gutter.) Lee Tracy has a take-off like an airplane and Andy Devine seems to be having the most fun. Gary Cooper displays the most unsuspected sense of humor when he and Sandra are there. He isn't gushy, but—as the management contends—he's "a swell fellow."

Ping-pong (midget tennis) is another sport the stars have gone for with a vengeance. If you don't mind attaching a miniature tennis net across your Queen Anne dining-room table—or is yours Renaissance?—you can play it without a special table. However, I think it's advisable to save the furniture. You must keep the ball from bouncing on the floor, naturally, and that's the excellent attribute of the sport. If you're a whiz you're on a continuous jump, and if you're rotten you're forever bending down to retrieve. Either way you're giving yourself a workout. Fay Wray

and Dick Powell are the village champions. Dick's new ping-pong table is so heavy that three men are required to move it. He has installed it in the patio adjoining his and Joan's playroom, and before you can sit down and gossip you have to take on your host and hostess. Dick's taking no more chances with his health.

Those who are anxious to acquire more grace are flocking to fencing instructors. Here, according to Basil Rathbone who wouldn't dream of missing his daily lesson, is the ideal sport. You have to be precise, fast, and thoughtful. In five minutes you're in a most decided perspiration. The foils are blunt and you always don a mask and chest protector, so there really is no danger involved. Errol Flynn, Fredric March, and Gene Raymond are almost as adept as Basil. Women are fencing now, too. Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, and Josephine Hutchinson are the most efficient lady fencers—and that alone indicates that it isn't a tough hobby. Josephine just returned from New York, where she went to select a

fencing outfit that would be more striking than anyone else's.

Polo is attracting the riders who are tired of doing the bridle paths. It's a rousing sport that's unequalled for thrills, and consequently the various polo fields near Hollywood are very much the vogue. Stars rarely have time to play baseball, but Fred MacMurray and George Raft have started to play with the studio teams whenever they possibly can. At the swank Hollywood Athletic Club, and the other private conditioning clubs, handball, squash, wrestling, and boxing are intriguing the stalwart. Joel McCrea and Gene Raymond and Tom Beck drop in to the Hollywood A. C. practically every day and so does Johnny Weissmuller when he's not in London with Lupe. Harold Lloyd and Pat O'Brien have built super handball courts at their homes and invite their pals to join them there.

I'm going out to the bowling alley and practice. If it's what Ginger Rogers goes for, it's good enough for me. Maybe I'll soon be better than that Jimmy Stewart

The Waif From The Yangtze [Continued from page 30]

longed to a small, moon-faced urchin who looked, in his Chinese clothes, like an overstuffed pincushion. An irate Chinese mother pursued the foreign devil, proclaiming that he was stealing her child and while they all argued with a bearded *sikh* policeman Tommy gave the officer an impatient push and he sat down in the mud puddle. After that jail followed as the night the day.

Susan was cold with fright and fury when the adventurers got back aboard. Tommy tried to explain, "Now look, Susan, the whole thing was an accident! You know me. You know I wouldn't—"

"Yes," she answered bitterly. "I do know you. I know you can't be trusted. I should have known it before." She took Johnny's hand.

"Please, Susan!" Tommy begged.

"Don't be mad at Uncle Tommy, Susan," Johnny joined in. "He didn't mean to knock the policeman down."

Richard stepped between them, taking Susan's arm. "If you don't mind?" he said, with raised eyebrows and perfect calm. His manner put a definite end to all discussion. Tommy went away in disgrace.

Richard had much to say to his mother and Susan about life in Bangkok. Of course there were natives, he admitted in the same tone as a Long Islander admits mosquitoes. There was some sort of quaint, native civilization, too, no doubt. But their little colony didn't mind things like that. They just had nothing to do with it. Why the houses were as modern as you'd find in any good American suburb! Lots of closet space, fully equipped laundries, all that sort of thing. You played bridge every day and you got to know your opponent so well you could guess every card he'd play. And tennis was the same. Then Richard drew a floor plan of the house he had taken for them and showed Susan where her room would be and where Mother's room would be, and Susan, who hadn't counted before on a mother-in-law under her own roof, definitely saw romance flying out the port hole.

Richard and his mother had a great idea. The marriage must take place on shipboard—and at once.

"But why?" Susan gasped, somewhat surprised.

Mrs. Hope told her severely that her marriage to Richard would stop the shipboard gossip about her and Mr. Randall. Susan had been making herself unfortunately conspicuous with Mr. Randall and something must be done about it.

In Susan's gentle heart the first stirrings of rebellion might be noted. First she had waited four years for Richard and when he did appear he was even more of his old, correct self than she remembered. Why, he scarcely even kissed her. And she was pretty thoroughly sated with Mrs. Hope and her eternal managing of her romance. Now she faced a life time of marriage to Richard and life in Bangkok, where the proper people never concerned themselves with anything that wasn't exactly like life in any good American suburb! And to cap it all her mother-in-law meant to live with them!

While Susan was pondering this, Tommy Randall had a shock. The strange little waif who had won his heart was to be taken away from him.

Johnny had no people to claim her. The Captain saw nothing to do but send her to an orphanage.

"But couldn't I adopt her?" Tommy argued.

"You're not married, Mr. Randall. I'm afraid the authorities would never consent to adoption so long as you're not married."

It was then Tommy spied Susan who had come on deck for just a few moments' respite from Richard and Mrs. Hope. He hastened to her side, made bold by his desperation.

"Susan, they're taking Johnny away. Going to put her in an institution. Pig-tails, gray dresses, all that. Look—I tried to adopt her, but they won't let me have her because I'm unmarried. But you're going to get married—*You* can adopt her!"

Susan stared, bewildered. Johnny going to an orphanage—that would be terrible! Her heart ached for the funny little waif. But what could she do . . . could she do anything?

"You don't want to see her go to an institution!" Tommy pleaded.

"No!" Susan cried with all her heart.

"Then listen. I've gone completely soft about that kid. Incredible, I know, but true. I wish you'd adopt her and let me pay for her upbringing until I can take her myself—and that'll be as quick as I can get to the States and come back with a wife. Will you do it? It wouldn't be for long. You may not believe it, but there are a lot of girls back there who'd be willing to marry me—at least there used to be."

Susan thought of Richard. And his mother! Then she thought of poor little Johnny and Mr. Wu.

"It's not for me, it's for Johnny," the young man pleaded.

"I'll do it!" Susan cried.

She hurried away to explain the matter to Richard and Mrs. Hope. A few minutes later she came on deck again; a badly worried girl.

At the gangplank Johnny was trying to be brave, though she must part from her beloved Uncle Tommy. The Captain was waiting to take her ashore and give her up to proper authorities.

Tommy welcomed her with a shout. "Look, Captain, *she* can adopt Johnny. *She's* going to be married!"

Susan averted her face. Her voice was ashamed and despairing, "But I'm not getting married," she said.

Definitely the four-year engagement had ended. Richard and Mrs. Hope did not approve of Susan's adopting the child.

"But we can't let this happen to Johnny," Tommy groaned. "We can't!"

He turned on her, desperate.

"Look, Susan, I've got an idea! Don't say 'no' until you hear me out. I know exactly what you think of me, but that isn't important now. Listen—marry me!"

Had he gone absolutely mad? Susan's wild stare seemed to say so.

"Don't misunderstand me now," Tommy raced on. "You wouldn't have to put up with me. I wouldn't even come near you. It'd be one of those marriages in name only. As soon as we dock in San Francisco, you can go right to Reno and get a divorce. My lawyers will handle everything."

It was a mad, absurd idea. Only Tommy Randall would be capable of suggesting it. Susan couldn't even bear to look at the idiot, but she made the mistake of looking

at the pathetic little waif, Johnny, instead.

Johnny was waiting at the gangplank. She held Mr. Wu close against her small breast and the tears ran down her cheeks. Susan had seen orphan asylums. She could envision Johnny, parted from her dog, subdued to a child automaton by the discipline . . .

"I'll do it!" she cried wildly. "I'll marry you, Tommy!"

* * * * *

Susan sat in a Reno court room and tried not to look at Tommy Randall. She tried not to think of him, or of that voyage in the far East now ending in this hideous commonplace of a divorce court.

For a few months she had been—in name only—Mrs. Thomas Randall in order that she might assume guardianship of a little waif Fate had flung into her lovely arms. Tommy she had scarcely seen during the return voyage to San Francisco and, once there, Johnny, too, had been taken from her. She had served her purpose in this farce the fates had arranged. She had saved the child from the dreary monotony of a public institution. Now she must find consolation in that.

Tommy's lawyers assured her the divorce action would take only a few minutes. Just a few minutes and she would be Susan Parker again . . . free to forget Tommy Randall . . . free to find happiness. It was then Susan realized once and for all time that she could never find her happiness apart from Tommy. And now it was too late to do anything about it!

The judge was on the bench. The case was called. Lawyers for the defense—Tommy's lawyers—said gravely they had no witnesses to offer in Tommy's cause. Lawyers for the plaintiff—Susan's lawyers, hired by Tommy—said gravely they rested their case with the wise and honorable judge.

The wise and honorable judge—who was just that—remarked with a smile that he had a witness of his own to call. And it was Johnny who took the witness chair.

Johnny held Mr. Wu in her arms when she took the oath and both little girl and little dog looked very serious . . . She spoke the speech which the judge had taught her, though not without some prompting from the judge himself because the legal words were long and bothersome—even harder to remember than the wise maxims Honorable Sun Lo taught her in China.

Duly deposed and sworn, Johnny declared gravely that she knew of no lawful reason why Susan Parker and Thomas Randall should not live and love as man and wife.

Across the heads of lawyers Tommy stared at Susan and Susan stared back at Tommy. Suddenly the strain and worry and general ghastliness of those last few months went out of their bewildered hearts. There was hope in their glances—mutual questioning and a mutual answer.

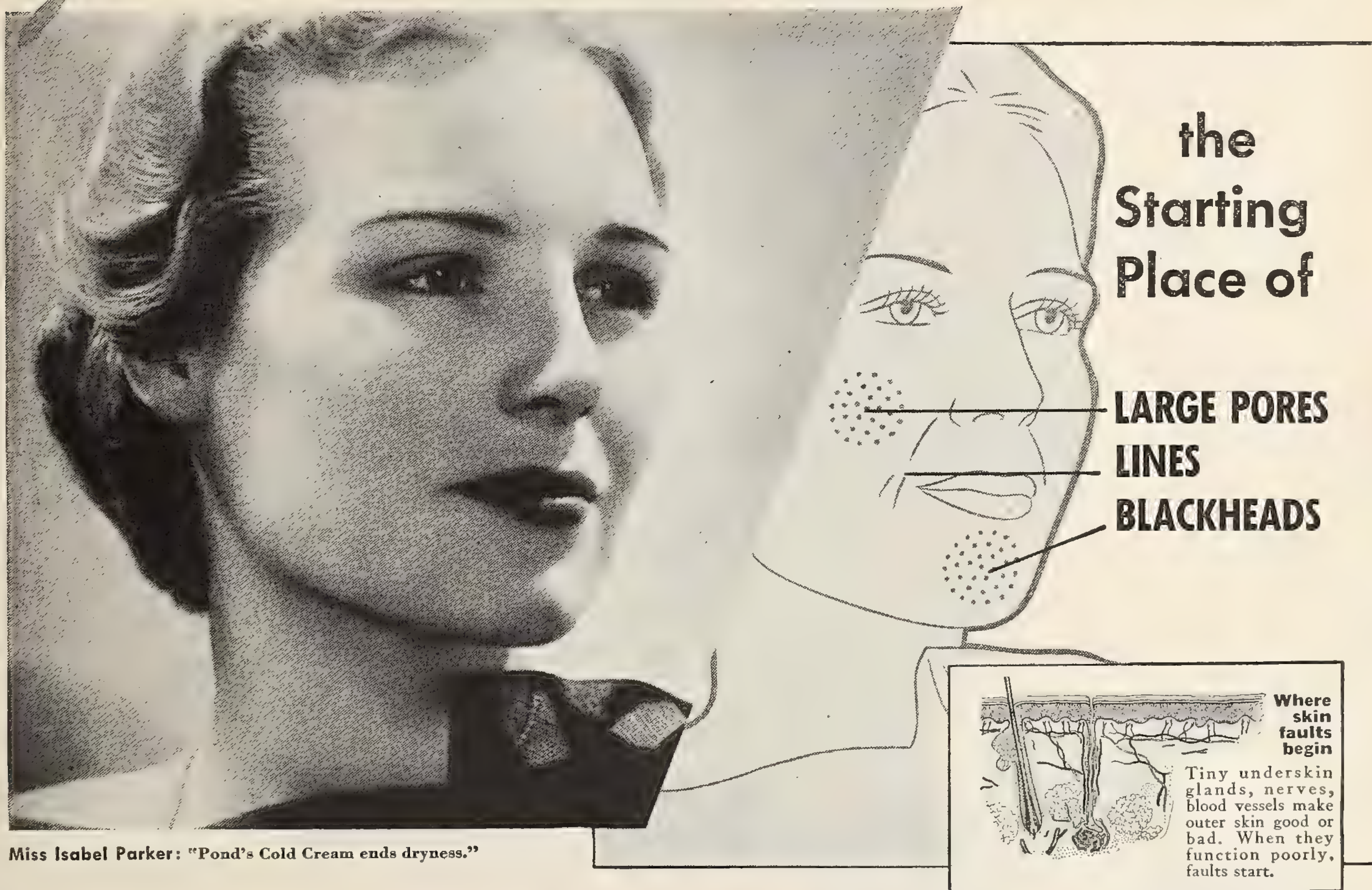
"Divorce denied," said the wise and honorable judge.

After that there was nothing for them to do, but do that which they had wanted all the time—take each other as man and wife and share their love with Johnny . . . and Mr. Wu.

And so, Dear Reader, in the words of Honorable Sun Lo, may the bird of prosperity continue to nest in your roof top.

THE color fans are clamoring for more pictures in color and so "A Star Is Born" is being made in Technicolor, with Janet Gaynor and Fred March. Now you will see Janet's red hair flaming.

Get at that Faulty Under Skin



Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing

lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 7SS-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Reviews of the New Pictures

[Continued from page 61]

conniving trapper and the savages, he lets out his terrifying jungle yell and immediately, as before, his elephant friends come in droves to his rescue, and with them he wreaks vengeance on the trapper and the murderous natives.

The relatives, thoroughly frightened by now, admit their deception, and scurry back to London, leaving Jane and Tarzan more in love than ever before. There are plenty of exciting moments, especially when Tarzan does battle with a crocodile, and if you aren't too, too sophisticated your hair will stand on end.

COME AND GET IT

A POWERFUL STORY OF A RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST—*United Artists*

SAMUEL GOLDWYN continues to turn out those intelligent, adult pictures that are such a treat to the poor movie going public which has to swallow so much tripe in the name of entertainment. They say of Goldwyn that even his failures are noteworthy. But speak not of failures here, for "Come and Get It" is definitely one of the hit pictures of the year, even more so than "Dodsworth."

The writers who adapted Edna Ferber's best seller to the screen took great liberties with Miss Ferber's book (with the author's permission) and improved the story considerably. Even Miss Ferber admits that she should not have killed off Barney Glasglow and his wife and daughter in that awful boat explosion, so for the screen Barney and his family are allowed to live, and it's much better that way.

Edward Arnold, to be sure, is the only man in Hollywood who could have played the burly lumber baron, and, as Barney Glasglow, Mr. Arnold is well nigh perfect. Frances Farmer plays both the Lotta whom Barney loved as a young man, and twenty years later Lotta's daughter, who becomes the passionate obsession of his middle age.

It is significant that since the preview of this picture Frances Farmer's stock has reached a new high and she is now announced as Hollywood's next star. A new discovery also is Andrea Leeds, a U.C.L.A. local girl, who clicked as Evvie Glasglow. The great tennis player, Frank Shields, also makes his movie debut in a small part of this picture, and, called "another Gary Cooper," is definitely headed for the big time. Walter Brennan as Swan Bostrom is simply elegant, and so is Mady Christians as Carrie. Joel McCrea as Barney's son gives his best performance to date.

The plot, of course, tells the story of an American lumber baron of the 1880's who amasses a fortune by robbing the land (Wisconsin) of its forests for his paper mills. He gets his start by throwing over the woman he loves, a night club entertainer, and marrying the daughter of his rich boss. Twenty years later, now many times a millionaire, he meets the beautiful daughter of this woman now dead and falls insanely in love with her—but she is the only thing in his life he can not "get," for she has fallen in love with his son.

There may be crusaders for honor and honesty who will regret showing so elaborately the detestable lumber baron who cheated his state to become a rich playboy.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC EPISODES IN HISTORY—*Warner Brothers*

THE famous charge of the light brigade at Balaklava in 1850, although immortalized by Alfred Lord Tennyson in a poem, has been conveniently shrouded in mystery in the history books. But the cinema, the good old cinema, has now supplied a very adequate motivation for the suicidal charge of the six hundred, so history need no longer hang its head over this particular episode. And, furthermore, the Warner Brothers have made of this episode one of the most thrilling and breathlessly spectacular films you'll ever have the good fortune to see.

If you want to be thrilled, and who doesn't, don't miss this picture. There is plot and counter plot, spies, diplomats and hair-raising intrigue, but the story chiefly concerns Major Errol Flynn of the British Army in India.

Errol is even more handsome and personable than he was in "Captain Blood." Olivia de Havilland is lovely as his fiancée who finally manages to gather up courage enough to tell him that it is his brother Patric Knowles she loves, not him. C. Henry Gordon plays the sinister Surat Khan. David Niven is charming as one of the young officers, and Nigel Bruce and Henry Stephenson of Her Majesty's Army contribute their usual perfect performances. This will undoubtedly be the spectacular hit of the year, perhaps of many years.

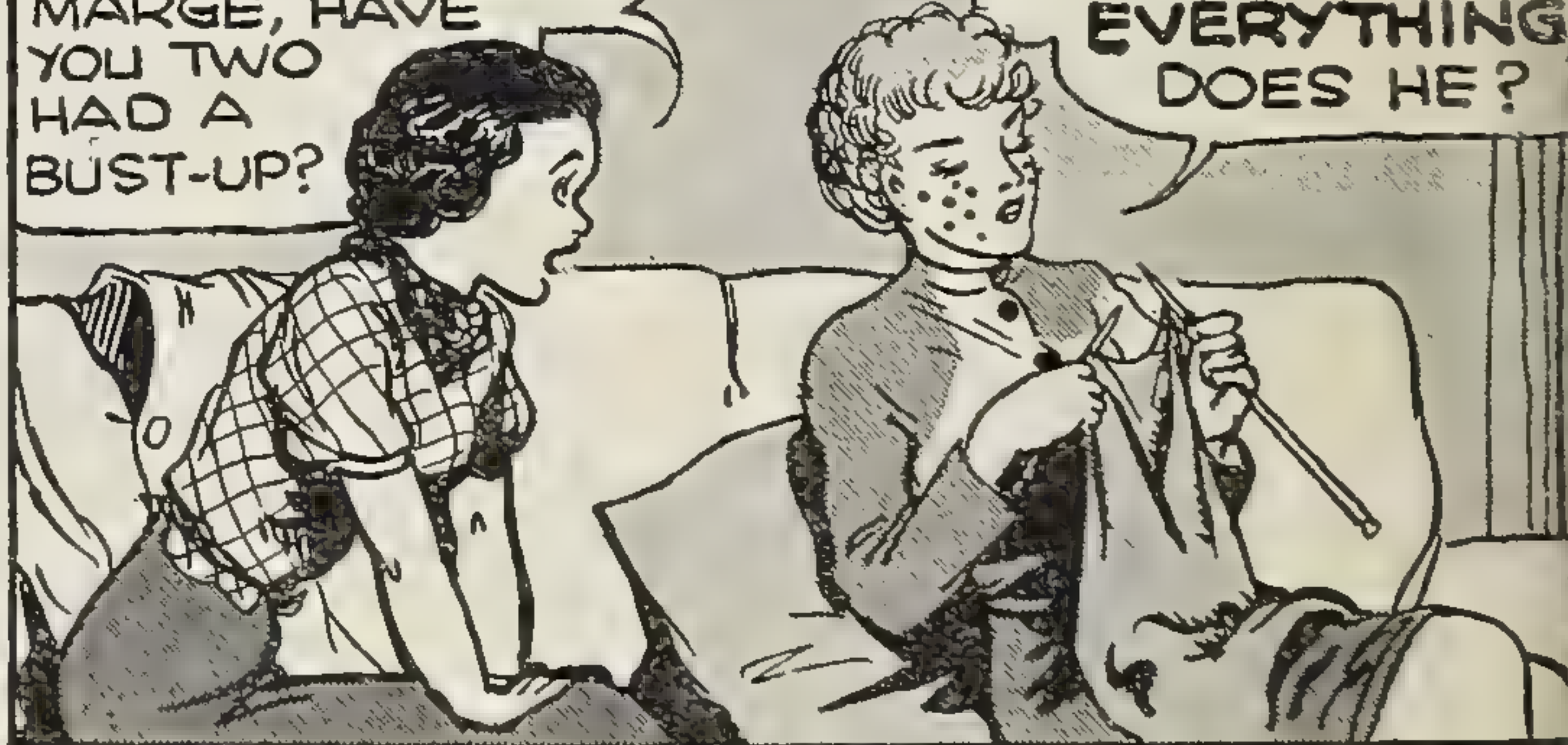


SAY MARGE- WHAT'S

— A
PIMPLY
SKIN
ALMOST
PUT A
STOP TO
MARGE'S
"DATES"

I ALMOST FELL OVER
WHEN DICK TURNED UP
AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE
INSTEAD OF YOU.
MARGE, HAVE
YOU TWO
HAD A
BUST-UP?

OF COURSE NOT
SILLY! DICK
DOESN'T HAVE
TO ASK ME TO
EVERYTHING
DOES HE?



REMEMBER NOW—YOU'VE
GOT TO EAT THESE
YEAST CAKES EVERY
DAY. THEY'RE GRAND
PIMPLE CHASERS—
I KNOW—I'VE TRIED
THEM

OH TRUDY—DO YOU
REALLY MEAN IT—
I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE
GOING AROUND LOOKING
LIKE THIS...



LATER

TRUDY—IT'S MARGE
LISTEN DARLING—
DICK'S ASKED ME TO
THE DANCE NEXT WEEK—
UH—HUH—JUST LIKE YOU
SAID HE WOULD—ISN'T
IT WONDERFUL?



I TOLD
YOU THOSE
YEAST CAKES
WOULD FIX
THINGS
UP

"Whodunit"

[Continued from page 24]

lette, who used to play *Sergeant Heath* to William Powell's *Philo Vance*, has been replaced by the thick-necked, thick-witted Nat Pendleton, who annoys today's ace detective, *Nick Charles*.

Charles Butterworth gave Ronald Colman bewildered assistance in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," and the frog-voiced Lionel Stander was an unfailing pleasure as *Nero Wolfe's* indefatigable aide.

One of the greatest assets of the whodunit is the lengthy cast that invariably crowds the screen, giving opportunity to so many capable players. There are all the red herrings who must slink about looking just too suspicious for words, in order to distract the moviegoer's attention from the real culprit. Usually, of course, the guilty party is the most irreproachably innocent-appearing character in the cast; but he may sometimes be an obvious villain, with an "air-tight" alibi that the detective breaks down at the last minute.

What, no women? Well, very few. The thrillers are neglectful of our sex, when they are not downright insulting. All the heroine has to do is scream at regular intervals and get herself into incriminating positions or dangerous spots from which the hard-working hero must rescue her. Or she may even make an infernal nuisance of herself, like the charming but exasperating young lady that Rosalind Russell played in "Rendezvous."

Edna Mae Oliver alone has upheld the honor of her sex, as the screen's sole lady detective, the snooping school-teacher who made her first appearance in "Penguin Pool Murder," with the tough, querulous Jimmy Gleason playing stooge.



International

Mary Brian and Cary Grant emerge from a picture show all smiles and still single.

But why stop there? Claudette Colbert would certainly make a clever, as well as decorative sleuth. Joan Blondell's long acquaintance with the ways of movie crooks qualifies her also. Maybe a feminine Sherlock wouldn't be realistic. So what? One of the most engaging features of the thriller is its bland disregard for realism.

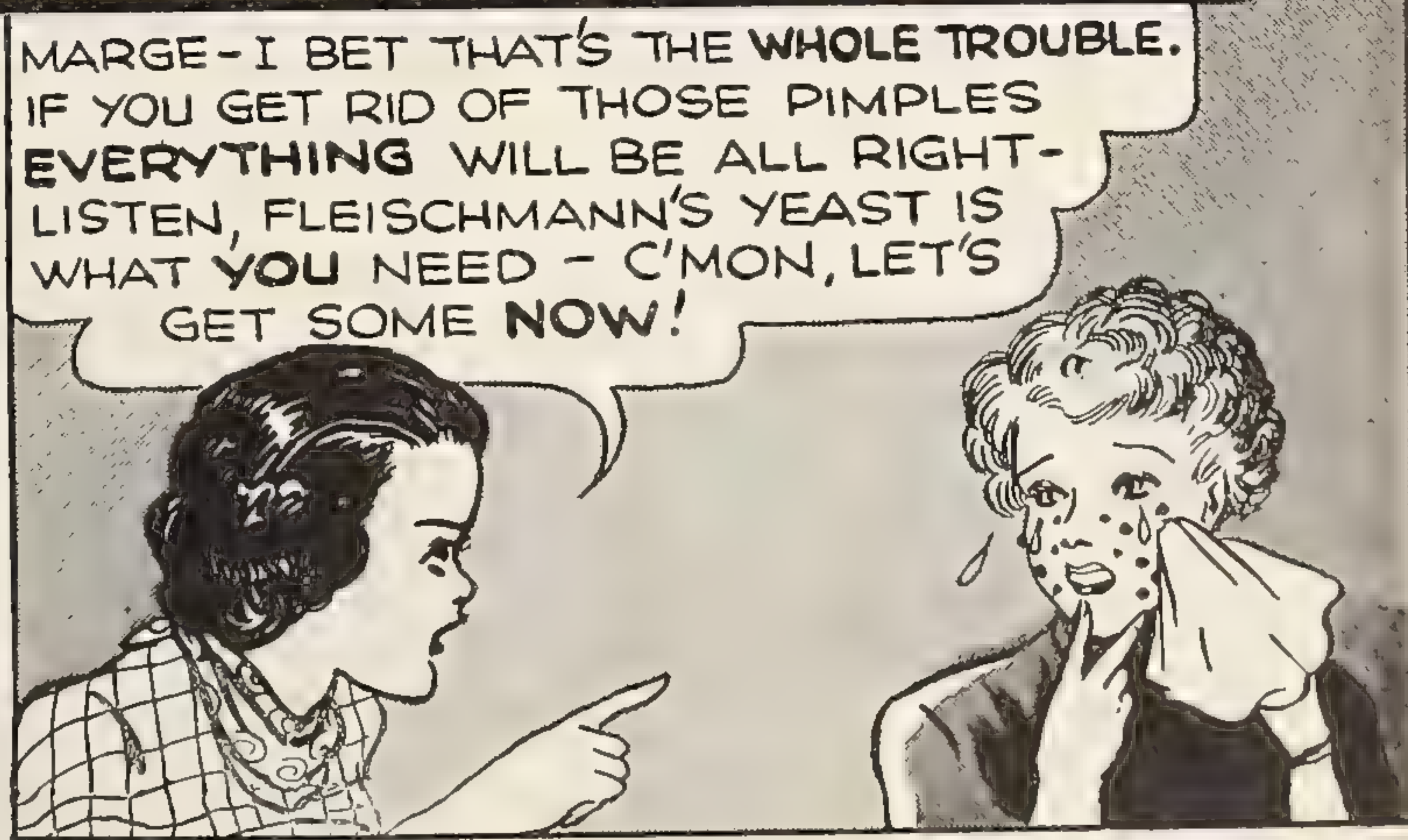
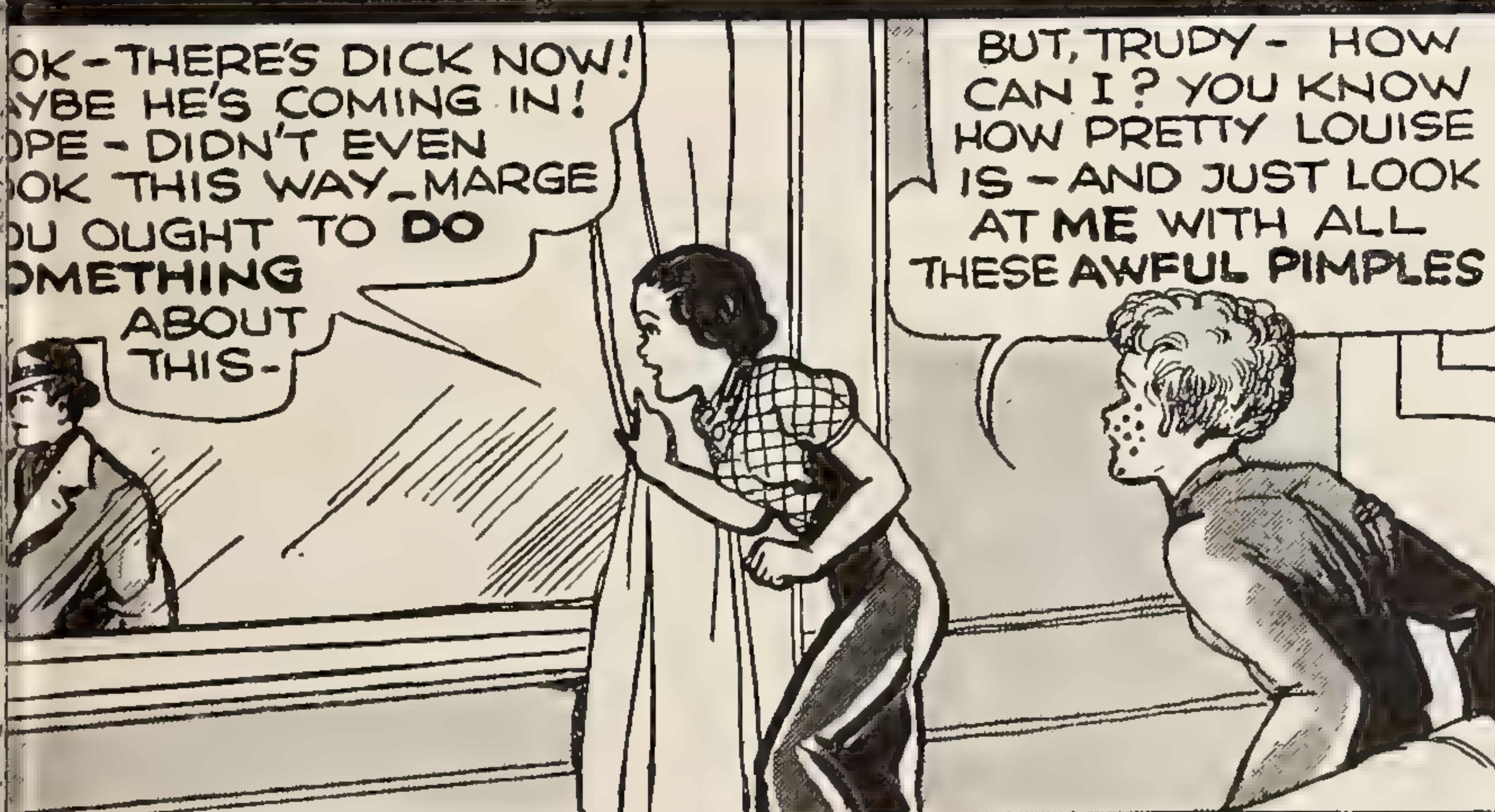
The step from the whodunit to the horror picture takes you even farther from realism—perhaps into the realm of fantasy. But the fantastic thriller has a great deal to learn from the prosaic detective yarn—chiefly, the value of comedy. The relief from tension that laughter gives makes the grimmest moments more effective by contrast. The best of these pictures—"The Invisible Man"—was also the most comic.

The actor who does the scaring in the thrillers is much less important than the actor who is being scared. Audiences watching "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" shivered more at Miriam Hopkins' portrayal of naked fear than at Fredric March's trick make-up. Much of the kick beneath the light-hearted foolery of "The Thin Man" was supplied by Harold Huber, as the terrified stool-pigeon.

Logically, the next step in Hollywood's dogged attempts at the mass production of mild hysterics should be the more subtly chilling psychological horror story. We've had a taste of this sort already in Peter Lorre's "M" and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that bright little essay on schizophrenia, which might have been written in collaboration by Dr. Sigmund Freud and the Grimm Brothers.

There is room in the moviegoer's affections for every type of thriller. We can listen with an equally pleasant shudder to Boris Karloff's hollow tones echoing in the cobwebby laboratory and the ruined castle, to William Powell flippantly defying some belligerent gunman, or to the hushed, eerie sound of Leslie Howard's voice as he takes us on another of his excursions into the hereafter or the fourth dimension.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

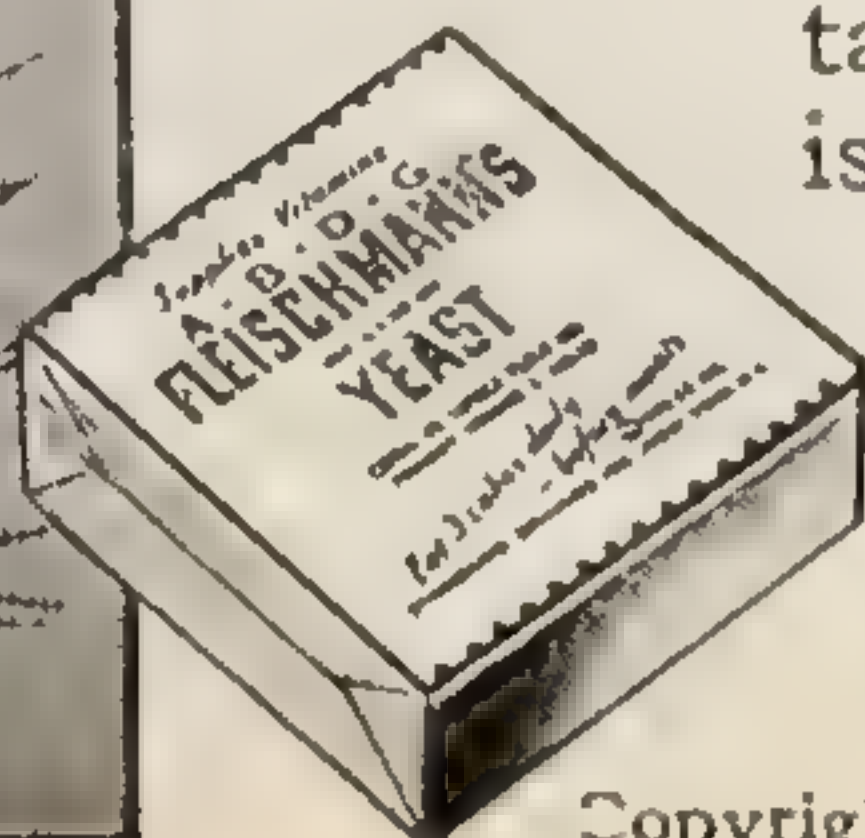
PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets

oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes *daily*—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

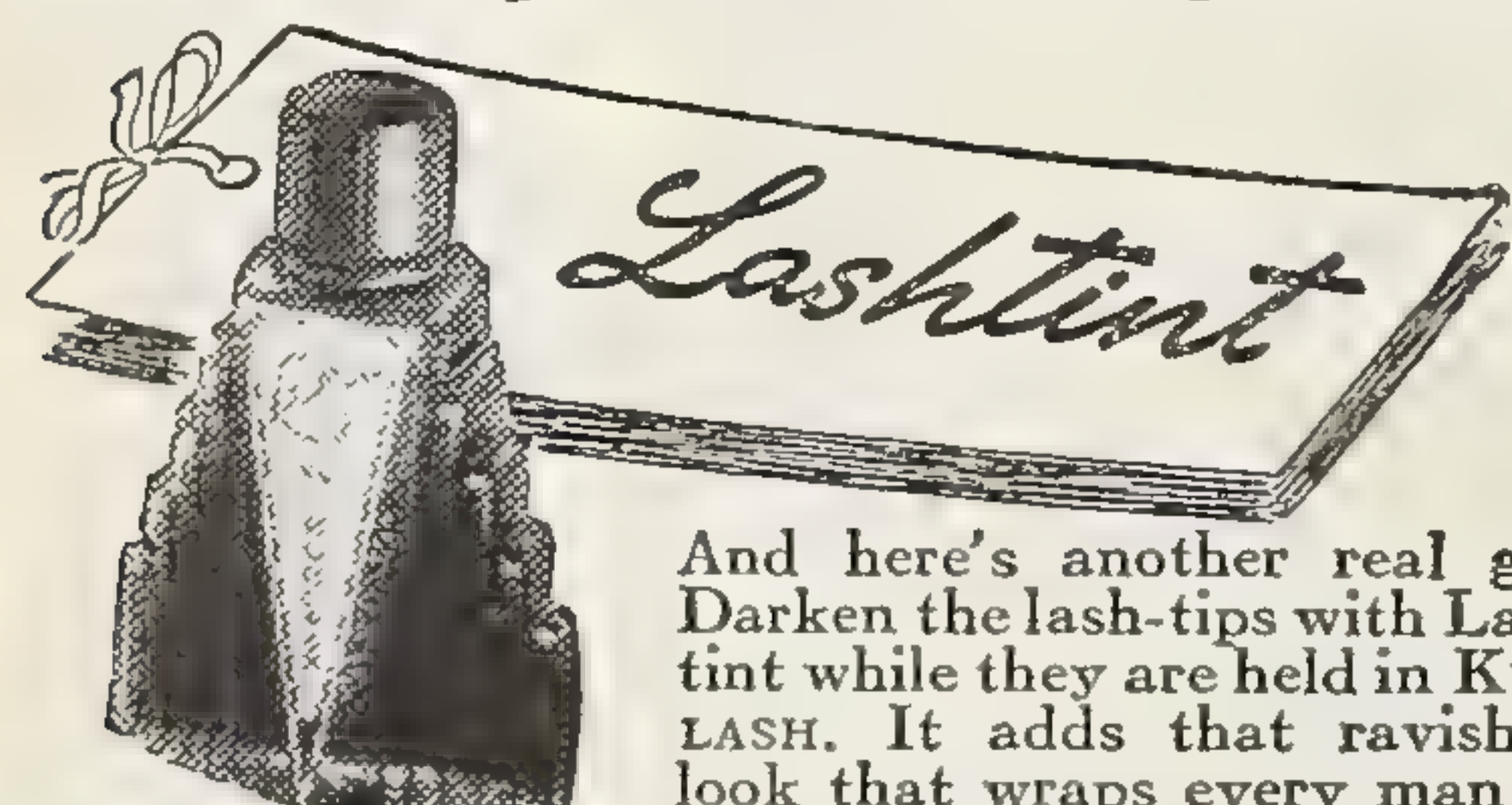
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The Girl Who Has Many Friends

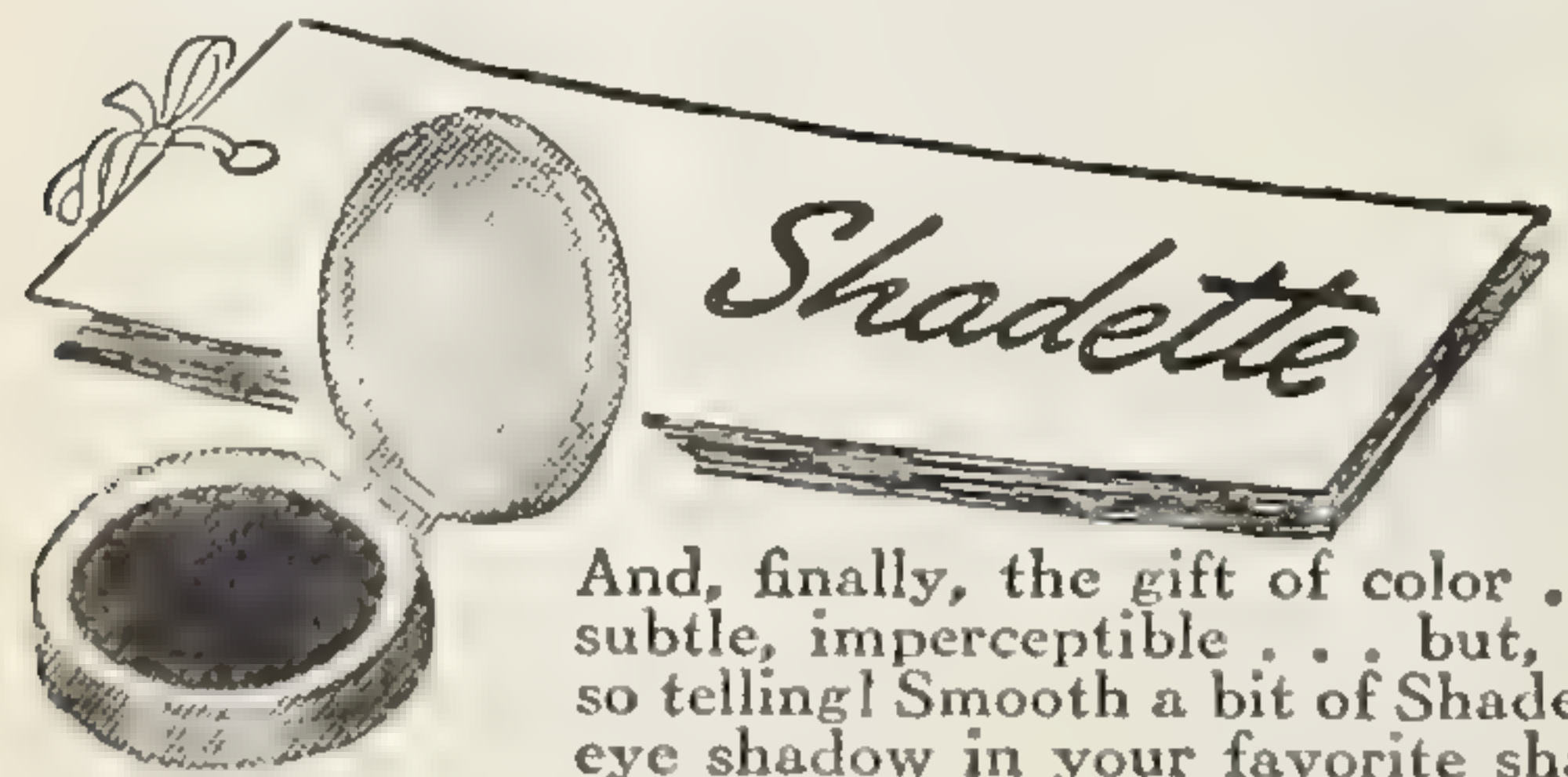
[Continued from page 31]



HERE'S something for the girl who "has everything"—a gift to give herself. Beautiful eyes! All wrapped up in a package (the ingredients are). Or you can purchase them singly. Don't wait for some one to give them to you—prove yourself gifted by getting them immediately . . . and see how many eligible young Santas want to put you on their Christmas trees! First, there's KURLASH! Slip your lashes into it today. Like magic, they curl back in a fascinating curve. How much bigger and brighter your eyes look now that they have dark, fringed frames! KURLASH accomplishes this transformation in only 30 seconds. No heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1 at all good stores.



And here's another real gift. Darken the lash-tips with Lashint while they are held in KURLASH. It adds that ravishing look that wraps every man up in mistletoe and red ribbon and puts him on your gift pile. Lashint is the water-proof mascara applied with a convenient little glass rod. It dries instantly and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, blue, brown, or green. \$1.



And, finally, the gift of color . . . subtle, imperceptible . . . but, oh, so telling! Smooth a bit of Shadette eye shadow in your favorite shade on your lids. It will make your eyes look larger, deeper in color, and more brilliant. Shadette comes in twelve intriguing daytime shades. Mix gold or silver with green or blue to give your eyes an exotic iridescent look that's irresistible for evening. 75c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. S 1. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

find the time, and from the letters, particularly from those two girls I mentioned, I obtain a lot of information that really assists me in my work. Comment on hair-dress, for instance; or clothes, or even a slight change in makeup. After all, it is the fans who are the real critics, so I try to follow their suggestions, if they are reasonable, as much as I can. Some day I'm going to make an effort to meet and thank those two girls in person for writing to me so faithfully.

"Speaking of hairdresses, another girl here on this lot has helped a great deal, strictly on her own initiative. Her name is Marie Brasselle. She always does my hair. She goes through all sorts of magazines and hunts for new and interesting coiffures. Then she'll build for me a sort of composite coiffure from all those photographs. One side from one picture, a curl or two on top from another, and the back from still another. Some of these effects are marvelous. When I'm working I always get to the studio very early so that I can have my hair washed and set each day before shooting begins.

"Incidentally, the time that I spend under the dryer is when I try to read all my fan mail, too; but what I started to say was that no matter how early I get here, she never minds. She says that when my hair looks particularly nice in a picture she gets a grand glow of pride because, no matter if her name isn't mentioned, she has the satisfaction of knowing that she has contributed something to the picture, and has helped me. She certainly has been a real aid, because she has made it possible for me to have as many as four coiffures in one picture.

"I think, absolutely, that those people who say that people in pictures are not happy unless they are giving someone else, figuratively speaking, a swift kick, are very wrong. Everyone—from the lowest salaried messenger boy to the biggest director—has always given me better than an even break. Look! I'll give you an example. Just the other day when I was working in 'Pennies From Heaven' with Bing Crosby, Monty

Westmore, makeup man, gave me a swell lift. I always apply my own makeup, and generally do a pretty good job. But Monty, who had been watching me, suggested a few changes. I made those changes but they still didn't please him, so he took time out from more pressing work, to show me what he meant. He did it because he really wanted to be a help. As a result my make-up photographed much better than usual.

"There are a lot of others who have helped in much the same way. Directors who miss their lunch to give a little extra coaching; 'still' men who work overtime so that one's pictures will be better; people in the wardrobe department who, on their own, will freshen up a costume between scenes. All in all I'd say that the studio workers are a very kind group—and they most certainly have been grand to me. Whew!!! . . ." she concluded. "I haven't talked so much in ages. You talk awhile."

"Oke," I replied. "Just answer one more question—although it has nothing to do with our premise—and then I'll amscray. Where did you acquire your accent? It is different from anything I've heard in pictures. How come?"

"Lots of people have asked me that," she replied. "I don't really know, unless it comes from environment. My parents were born in England, you know, and I suppose that the way I talk is a sort of combination of inherited English, and stage diction—although I've had but very few lessons in enunciation. Living with people does have an effect upon one's speech, however. I know an amusing story that has to do with accent, by the way.

"When I first came to Metro, five years ago, I was asked my nationality. I told them that I was born in New York. 'Then get rid of that accent,' they said. 'It won't get you anywhere out here.' That, of course, was years ago. Not so long ago when they were preparing to make 'David Copperfield,' I asked for the part of Agnes in that picture. I adore Dickens—I always have, since I was a child—and since it was a sort of ambition of mine to play that part I asked for a test. Do you know what they told me. They thought that I wasn't English enough—that I didn't have enough of a British accent. They gave me a test anyway—an example of the 'breaks' that they will give one merely for the asking—and as a result I got the part. With this proviso. They sent a young man to me—a graduate of Oxford. He was to talk to me an hour every day—in order to perfect my diction." She laughed aloud, and then suddenly sobered. "Do you know?" she asked thoughtfully, "I'd better add that the young man I mentioned is really another who has helped me. I pretended that I didn't need a tutor because I *am* English, but I'll have to confess that he helped me a great deal in creating the rôle of Agnes."

What Madge Evans said to me about others inadvertently presented a pretty clear picture of herself—as an individual. If this writer might be permitted to insert a personal opinion, I'd say that she left out a lot of things. The people she has helped, for instance; those to whom she has given a boost over a particularly rough stretch. A very human sympathy and understanding is an essential part of her makeup. What she has done has been done without any fanfare and publicity. The deeds stand for themselves. I won't mention any of them because she wouldn't like that any better than being called a "baby star." She's that kind of a person.



Acme

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix off for a well earned vacation, leaving the twins to keep house.



Anna Lee, English beauty, will soon be seen in "King Solomon's Mines."

Safe Deposit Secrets

[Continued from page 59]

few little whisks of straw from his original stage costume of the straw man in "The Wizard of Oz," which long ago won him everlasting fame and glory.

Tucked away in Anne Shirley's box is a tiny diamond ring which she has carefully preserved and which was given to her by a little boy just 14 and a half years ago. And thereby hangs an interesting tale. her by a little boy just 14 and a half years ago. And thereby hangs an interesting tale. To tell it, first it is necessary for you to rangements ever worked out by a parent

for the protection of her child.

One is her natural mother, Mrs. Mimi Shirley, and the other is Mrs. Lena Sage, named as Miss Shirley's "alternate mother" by the California courts. The appointment of the alternate mother was made at the request of Mrs. Shirley to safeguard the welfare of her daughter in the event of Mrs. Shirley's death. Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Sage met about fifteen years ago during the shooting of "Spanish Dancer," the first picture in which little Anne appeared after her arrival in Hollywood. Mrs. Sage's son,

Byron, three years Anne's senior, was also working in the film . . . the kiddies and the parents became fast friends, and Mrs. Sage made many of Anne's little clothes when she was a child, and aided the mother and child in more ways than one when their luck was on the down grade.

And here's where the romance comes in, revealing the fact that Anne holds the record of having been betrothed at an earlier age than any child outside of royalty.

When Anne was just four years old and Byron Sage was a manly little lad of seven, their respective mothers dreamed that perhaps some day they would fall in love and marry each other. Mrs. Sage thought so much of the idea that she had a small diamond ring made especially for Anne, and at a tea party for four, Byron laughingly slipped the ring on the engagement finger of the blushing little girl—and the two mothers beamed with real pleasure.

"But it was not to be," laughs Anne today. "Because when Byron grew up he went in for blondes. (Anne has dark brown hair and dark eyes) Byron and I are still the very best of friends and always will be, but there is no romance."

But the tiny ring has been most carefully preserved by Anne and today it is one of her hidden treasures, resting in its secret hiding place in a Hollywood bank.

Evelyn Venable cherishes a bunch of letters, now yellow and mellow with age, that were written by the immortal Mark Twain to her father, a noted professor.

Laid away in the back of Buck Jones' box is a long hair from the tail of his famous horse, Silver. He has had it there many years for good luck.

Binnie Barnes has kept the ropes she twirled in her cowgirl act in her first stage appearance. She was billed as "Texas Bin-

and I thought college would be fun!

NOBODY IN THIS WHOLE COLLEGE LIKES ME... SO I'M GOING HOME!

YOU'LL HAVE TO LET THE DEAN KNOW, RUTH

RUTH, BEFORE YOU LEAVE COLLEGE, PLEASE SEE A DENTIST. I'VE NOTICED THAT OFTEN BAD BREATH...

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...AND TODAY JIM ASKED ME TO THE PROM!

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Dixie Dunbar keeps her health by a few simple exercises. You try it, Aunt Emma.

nie,” although she had never been to America at the time. Those ropes, she insists, started her on the road to fame and she wouldn’t part with them for anything.

Cora Sue Collins keeps a tiny gold locket, lovingly fastened around her dimpled little neck, when she first started working in pictures, by Pat O’Brien.

Mady Christians, the charming Continental actress, treasures in her box two yellow programs. One is that of “The Son of Casanova,” her first stage starring vehicle in Berlin. The other program is that of “The Miser,” the first play Miss Christians did under the direction of Max Reinhardt.

More than jewels, more than money, Una Merkel holds dear two things. One is her set of diaries. The other she terms her “Down the Road to My Yesterdays.” It is the big scrap book that holds her press clippings.

In these she can read her rise to prominence on the stage, and on the screen. The rungs of the ladder are all there, the words of encouragement from reviewers on the newspapers; to their kindness she says she owes the good cheer that is so precious to one struggling to rise in the world, and the inspiration to go ahead.

Many of their names are known to Una through their signatures, and all these are treasured names. She wishes she knew the writers of them all. Some that she does know are her best friends, and she visions the entire family of men and women of the press as like them.

Odd times, Una drags out her clipping

books, and sits by the hour looking them over and getting a great kick out of her perusal of her dearest memories . . . and then back they go, to be safe from all harm, in the bank.

Marlene Dietrich has a couple of dozen pairs of shirt studs that the late John Gilbert wore. She also cherishes a few plain cotton sheets for which she paid a top price of \$200 when the Gilbert personal things were auctioned off recently. Jack slept between them and Marlene, his staunch friend during his last earthly days, prizes them above everything else.

Jack Oakie cherishes, above all things, a comic valentine sent him by Joan Crawford long, long ago.

“I recall at the time we’d both been playing in a Broadway show,” grinned Jack. “And I was getting pretty discouraged with my very small part and my equally very small salary. Joan must have read my mind—must have known I was thinking of quitting the big city cold—for a couple of days later, on February 14, she sent me the largest and funniest comic valentine I ever saw—with words printed on it, something like this:

‘Don’t be a quitter, little man, oh no, Just be a sticker an’ forward you’ll go!’

“Well, I stuck like LePage’s and did eventually go forward, if I do say so. But that cured me of having a long face. Henceforth, my face sported the broadest grin imaginable.

“Is it any wonder I’ve treasured that valentine and always will?”

Venus Under Contract

[Continued from page 25]

beautiful bodies to become distorted, simply because they do not stand and walk correctly. So many of them slouch their hips and let their chests droop! It really is sad.”

Here is an exercise she advises that they try:

Sit or stand straight and clasp your hands on the opposite arms just above the wrist, left hand on right arm and vice versa. Then hold your clasped arms in front of you, extended on a level with the shoulders. Pull on your arm muscles with both hands simultaneously and then push,

alternating the movements. Do this vigorously and rather fast. You will see that it has a definite pull on the chest and muscles.

To June taking exercises is as important as a daily bath, and she’d rather miss a dinner than that bath of hers. She likes showers but finds a tub more convenient. Her motto seems to be one of cleanliness, and she uses plenty of warm water and a good mild soap. Once a week she washes her own beautiful hair with a pure Castile soap and then gives it a vinegar rinse. She uses little make-up, but always removes it first before washing her face with warm

water and soap. Then she rinses with ice water. She does not use any night creams.

Out at the Twentieth-Century Fox Studio, where June is under contract to Darryl Zanuck, they have big plans ahead for her, for she has looks, and curves, and best of all, ability. Everything about her is as natural as a mountain spring. Everybody who knows her says that. She is generous, good hearted and sincere, with an unaffected manner and youth that will serve as a keynote for successful players of the future. There's no question but that, if she continues to keep her chin up and her waist down, she'll go far!

NOT THE SOAP POWDER

FOR the first time Greta Garbo is wearing gold dust in her hair for highlights in close-ups in "Camille." Gold dust is often used by the Glamour Girls to bring out those entrancing shades on the screen. Marlene Dietrich never faces a camera without her gold dust.

Hard Knocks Make Great Actors

[Continued from page 19]

have helped shape my character. And my job, as an actor, as I see it, is to interpret one set of human beings to another. Impressions and memories of the past, especially of one's early years, are bound to crop out in one's characterizations. Not that I make a conscious effort to copy from people I've known in real life. You can't really do much copying because you have to play the part the way it has been written, and screen rôles are usually highly colored. I've done a lot of things on the screen I wouldn't do in real life. And yet, if I act in a certain way, it is because I've lived a certain kind of life. No actor can get way from his past."

It has been said of Clark that he lives in Hollywood, but is not of it. Few top-ranking stars care to dine in the studio commissary, but he does, sitting next to office workers and extras. Among his close friends are five men whom he calls his "barometers" of public opinion. One is a cook in an all-night restaurant in Hollywood. Another, a young college graduate, who is a filling station attendant in Santa Monica. A third is a professional game hunter. The fourth is a studio electrician. And the fifth is a Mexican gardener, a veteran of Pancho Villa's armies. They are his cronies. "When I'm bothered with a knotty problem," he said, "I try to make the rounds of these fellows, and sit down and gab with them. They help me straighten out my mental kinks."

Clark was born with a yen for vagabondage. In school, his favorite subject was geography, and he won a globe, awarded to him for his excellence in this subject. That globe is battered, but still legible, despite the criss-crossing pencil lines indicating a million miles of imaginative travel. Mention to him the word "Samarkand," or the "Khyber Pass," and his eyes will gleam like those of a globetrotter in a reminiscent mood. Unlike other stars, he hasn't gone in for a home and property. He prefers to live in a hotel, because, as in his South American trip, when he did more for international amity between the two Amer-

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Bob Burns helps out the roller skating craze. Martha Raye takes to it like a duck to music.

icas than ten ambassadors, he is apt to pack up at any moment, and be gone, here, there and everywhere. He is a wanderer and outdoor man by nature, and a good car and hunting and fishing equipment mean more to him than a mansion with those fantastic electric gadgets in the palmy luxuriance of Beverly Hills. His greatest ambition is to take a few years off and travel all over the world.

Another two-fisted actor and Academy winner is Victor McLaglen. Vic has worked and scrapped his way around the world. This burly son of an English bishop was the toughest kid in school and the despair of his gentle parents. He ran away from home and school at the age of 14 to join the Life Guards, passing for 18. The herculean mould of his physique determined his long career as a bruiser and world adventurer.

You know Vic's story. He has roamed over the face of the globe. He has toured the rough towns of Canada, where he went from London to seek his fortune at 19, as a wrestler taking on all comers in one-night stands. He has toiled on farms and prospected for gold in the Canadian wilds. Has been a vaudeville actor in Australia. Hunted lions in Africa. Fished pearls in the South Seas. Taught calisthenics and boxing to a maharaja in India. Fought the Turks in the torrid wastes of "Mesopotamia" as a captain in the crack Cheshires, and when the Union Jack replaced the Ottoman crescent and star over the sacred domes of Bagdad, he ruled as assistant provost marshal in that legendary city.

"The last thing I ever expected was to be a movie star," he told me with that toothy grin of his as he took me around his magnificent estate, "Fairhaven," and had me pose with him for a picture. He is a little ashamed of being an actor. His he-mannish stuff on the screen is no studied art. There is nothing affected or theatrical about his acting. He is simply himself before the cameras, often living over experiences from his own life in the films that feature him. He has been cavorting before the cameras for 16 years, and his star, which rose to such brilliance in the memorable *What Price Glory*, shows no signs of dimming, and indeed, shines brighter than ever. He won the Academy award in 1936, and no doubt will win more acting laurels.

Or consider the case of Jack Holt. Here is another stalwart gent who has kept his fans for 22 years, truly an unparalleled achievement. He is not and has never been a sensational player. "I make bread and butter pictures," he told me, modestly. Jack Holt's characterizations always have

force and punch in them because he makes us feel that he is made of such stern stuff that he can duplicate in real life what he is performing on the screen.

Jack Holt's adventurous spirit took him to Alaska in his youth. He spent five years there as surveyor, prospector, freight-packer, contractor, government mail carrier, and what not. As you talk to him, you realize how great is the influence of nature over the character of man. The fierce years he spent in the sad and lonely North have left their marks. The fixed gaze and distant look of his eyes, his inflexible mouth, his reticence, his dislike of sleek crowds—these are heritages of his Alaskan life. Our last frontier moulded both his character and acting. It gave him that peculiar virile appeal which has been his fortune.

Jack Holt has one of the finest physiques I've ever seen. His quiet strength and dignity inspire respect. I can best describe him by saying that he looks like an army colonel in civilian clothes. He is courteous, and surprisingly urbane. And he has the saneness of those who have suffered want and privation and have toiled with their hands.

Among the new leading men of the screen Henry Fonda must be given a high place as a grand actor. His acting has a tremendous vitality and a certain stern, dynamic quality about it, combined with a rare poetic sensitivity. And he is so, in real life too. I found him on the set of Walter Wanger's "You Only Live Once." He staged a hold-up in his prison cell which had all the smooth, calculated, ferocious terror of a real hold-up. The scene was shot about twenty times, each take requiring the same outpouring of nervous energy from Fonda. He was exhausted and still shaky as I followed him to his dressing-room.

"It didn't occur to me to enter the theatre until I was out of college," he said. "I studied journalism in the University of Minnesota, wanted to be a writer. In Omaha, I had a swell home, and my father was able to finance my schooling without my having to work, but I preferred to earn my own expenses. I've done everything. My first job was at a filling station in Omaha. I wanted to buy a Liberty bond, and finally saved up 50 dollars to get my bond. I have worked as trouble-shooter for the telephone company, driven a truck, dressed windows in the Brandeis department store, worked as a mechanic in a garage and as a printer's devil, etc.

"It was in New York, while I made the rounds of theatrical agencies, having been bitten by the acting bug, that I had a tough time. Once, for three months, I

hardly had a meal. I know what hunger means. I know what it means to go without any food for three or four days in succession—have absolutely nothing to eat, not even a 5c bag of peanuts. One day, during this period of starvation, I went into the Grand Central Art Galleries, to see a new exhibition. I hadn't been there for about a month, and wanted to see the new paintings on display. I wandered to some back-rooms, and heard sounds of a large gathering. I saw a tremendous table loaded with food—the kind you see in the movies. Apparently a reception or a party was being given in honor of somebody. I could have very well helped myself to some of that wonderful food—say, a ham or caviar sandwich, but didn't dare touch anything. I was afraid a waiter might come up and ask me, 'I beg your pardon, suh, but what is your name?' I had to walk out with a drooling mouth and a sickening sensation in my stomach.

"Experiences like that help an actor, although very seldom I recall incidents from my past life to help me enact a rôle. At least, not consciously. Of course, in our subconscious mind, where hardly anything is ever forgotten, experiences and impressions of our past remain very active, and color our actions whether we are aware of it or not.

"I've knocked about the country quite a bit, too, and I just came from a trip to Europe. The only way to see Europe is to drive from town to town in your own car, and that's what I did. I got a terrific kick out of everything. It was my first visit abroad. In June, I'm going to Italy to make a picture. Mr. Wanger is taking his whole company there.

"Tough breaks, hunger and privations deepen our inner world. Travel broadens our mental horizon and sympathies. The two combined together help us strike a balance in our lives. A lot of people go overboard when success finally comes to them because they lack this balance."

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Projection—Carole Lombard

[Continued from page 23]

chose Lombard because it was the name of a friend of her mother's, a lovely gracious woman whom she had adored when a child. It was several years later that a numerologist suggested that she put an "e" on Carol to bring her good luck. She did, and it did.

The beautiful and glamorous Miss Lombard, who causes you to catch your breath now when she slithers across the screen dripping with white silver fox and diamond bracelets, was nothing more than a "bit" player in those days, and in Westerns too. When she reminisces, and try and stop her if she hears sacred music, she will tell you about those early days, and especially of a little number she did with Buck Jones called "Hearts and Spurs."

But even galloping across the California desert, choking with dust in a temperature of 110, Miss Bernhardt Barrymore Lombard had not reached the depths of her chosen profession. That came a few years later when she became one of the famous Mack Sennett bathing beauties, during which period she threw pies, was chased by cops, squirted hose, took falls, and splashed about in swimming pools. It was while she was at Sennett's that she met Madalynne Field, another pie-thrower, and there began a friendship that has lasted to this day.

When Sennett's closed, Carole had been there a year and a half. Pathe immediately signed her, and with her went Fieldsy as her secretary, manager, best friend, and severest critic. You may bluff Carole sometimes, if you catch her in a sentimental moment, but you can never bluff Fieldsy. Every time Carole meets a charming young salesman and says, "I think I'll buy"—Fieldsy says, "No, you can't afford it," and except in the case of star sapphires, Carole's one extravagance, Fieldsy always has her way. Thanks to her excellent management we will not be giving benefits for Carole Lombard in her old age.

In the fall of 1930 Paramount signed Carole on a long term contract (she's still there) and she was elevated to second leading lady, her first picture under the new

contract being "Ladies Man," in which she was to support Kay Francis, who in turn was to support William Powell, the big romantic star of the Paramount lot. The director thought it might be a good idea to have Carole meet her leading man, so he took her over to the dressing room one day and introduced her. Carole said hello and Bill said hello and the great Powell-Lombard romance was off to a good start. When Bill left the studio in favor of more money at Warner Brothers, Carole, the sentimentalist, moved in his dressing room, and there you'll find her today having her hair waved by Loretta while she waits for a call from the "Morning, Noon and Night" set. "It's my come-back picture," Carole will tell you. Every picture Carole makes is her "come-back" picture. She discusses her "return to the screen" as if she had been off it for years.

The suave Mr. Powell was enchanted by Carole's humor, her frankness, her gay laughter, and bubbling enthusiasm. The first date he had with her they sat talking seven hours straight. It took him eight months to persuade Carole to marry him. The mere sight of him made all the Hollywood ladies wish to throw their domestic security to the winds, but Carole had "ideas" about marriage and possessiveness and careers. However, they were married at the Peters' Beverly Hills home, June 27, 1931, and amid a shower of rice and champagne left for Honolulu on their honeymoon.

The first year was hardly over before Carole realized that she had been right about marriage and Bill wrong, so early in the summer of 1933 she took a plane for Reno, and on August 18, 1933, she became the ex-Mrs. William Powell. Carole and Bill, two such swell people, fortunately ceased being married just in time to become good friends. And today you can't find two better friends in Hollywood. When they worked together recently on the sensationally popular "My Man Godfrey" the entire set was kept in a riot of laughter from the moment they arrived in the

morning until they left that night, so there's little wonder that their own infectious humor was reflected on the screen.

But, alas for the fan writers, there was no renewing of the romance. When Director La Cava said, "Last take, go home," Carole found Clark Gable waiting to take her to dinner, and Bill found a series of phone calls from Jean Harlow informing him that he was two hours late already. Hollywood has many conjectures, but Hollywood doesn't really know why Carole and Bill split up. To the world they were ideally suited, they never fought except when Bill would trump Carole's trick or step on her feet in a tango (he isn't as crazy about bridge and dancing as Carole is), and whatever the reason was, Carole, like the wise, well bred person she is, has kept her mouth shut.

Carole, as her best friends will gladly tell you, has many faults. It seems that she simply will not close drawers. Dresser drawers, dressing table drawers, bathroom cabinet drawers, they are all hanging out at a rakish angle when Carole leaves for the studio. As far as Fieldsy has been able to figure it out this is caused by the fact that Mrs. Peters used to spank Carole for slamming drawers and doors when she was a child, and now the reaction has set in.

Another of Carole's bad habits is to bite off the edges of stationery while she is thinking what to write in a letter. (Probably a thumb-sucker when a baby.) She always writes with green ink, and her spelling is something to lift an eyebrow over. Her most annoying little trick, though, is to change her handwriting when she is signing checks, and the bank clerks used to go stark staring mad trying to figure out which was Carole's signature and which was a forgery. They finally hit upon the simple plan of forcing her to put a distinguishing mark on all of her checks.

If you ever want to torture Miss Lombard, though I don't see why you should, just stand near her when she is under a hair dryer and carry on a conversation with some one. As a matter of fact you don't have to talk, just move your lips, and laugh occasionally. Carole will stand it as long as she can and then, dying with curiosity, she will pop her head out from under the roaring dryer and demand, "What did you say?" She has just a little more than her normal share of curiosity. Don't try to keep any secrets from her—she'll get them out of you bit by bit.

The story Carole likes to tell most on herself concerns her last trip East which was in 1935. After leaving New York she took a train for Atlanta, where she was to board a plane for New Orleans. The Paramount publicity department wired her that the train would stop at a little town called Hapeville, which is near the airport, and that there would be a large delegation of fans to meet her. So Carole took extreme care with her toilette and with Fieldsy hopped off the train at Hapeville all set for cheers and autograph books.

It was early in the morning and there was only one person to be seen on the entire horizon—a little five-year-old girl. "My public," beamed Miss Lombard. "Little girl," she said to the child, "can you tell me where I can get a taxi or a car or a wagon or something to take us over to the airport?" The child took one look at Carole and started crying for her Mamma at the top of her lungs. "Well, Miss Lombard," said Fieldsy, "you've just got to tear yourself away from your adoring public now and walk across the cotton patch to the airport."



Nelson Eddy loves to ride over the California hills. There's your chance, girls.

Carole hates surprise parties, clubs of any sort, and people who say, "Have you heard the story about—" Before they can even say what it's about Carole has said, "Yes, I've heard that one." She can't bear jokes, dirty or clean, so if you want to make a hit with Lombard never try to tell her a joke. She practically murdered Walter Lang one day at a very smart party because the hostess said, "Carole, have you heard the funny joke about the man with the glass eye?" "Yes, yes," said Carole hastily. "It is funny, isn't it. Ha, Ha." "Oh, Carole," shouted Walter from across the room, "what was the point of that story. I've forgotten." If looks could have killed Mr. Lang, that eminent director would now be pushing up the daisies.

It is often a big surprise to a lot of people, who evidently think that movie stars sit around swathed in sables and paradise and never do anything more strenuous than eat caviar, to learn that Carole is one of the best, if not *the* best, tennis players in the Hollywood crowd. She moved last June from a very un-chic home on Hollywood Boulevard (Carole doesn't believe in paying big rents, or maybe it's Fieldsy who doesn't) to a small house in Bel Air—which hasn't a dining room, but *has* a tennis court. Almost every day, studio permitting, she nonchalantly slams away at the chalk line—and hits it too.

Carole was taught tennis by Eleanor Tennant, former champion who turned professional. Carole used to be the impulsive type who would run up on a ball, but Eleanor soon broke her of that habit by saying "Easy does it," and so it does, Carole discovered after a few lessons. "Easy does it" has now become her pet expression, and she will give it to you as an answer for practically anything you might



Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez arrive on the "Queen Mary." Ric made a picture in England.

ask her. Well, anyway, Easy-does-it Lombard can beat nearly all the male players in Hollywood, including Clark Gable.

Another of "Teacher" Tennant's famous pupils is Alice Marble, who, last September, beat Helen Jacobs at Forest Hills and became national champion. Alice, a quiet,

reserved sort of girl, but, mercy, what a dynamo on the court, is one of Carole's best friends, and has been ever since Carole wrote her a fan letter when she was sick several years ago.

Like all sentimental people she is susceptible to music. If Benny Goodman's swing band comes over the radio, Carole immediately begins to swing. If it's a symphony, she sits in the bay window with a far away look and has lofty thoughts. If it happens to be sacred or sad music she will start reminiscing, and, like it or not, you are in for the story of her life. Gounod's "Ave Maria" calls forth her philosophy of life. "Home, Sweet Home" and "Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgotten" brings on a good cry.

Carole is famous in Hollywood for her gags and her parties neither of which she has gone in for much this year.

One director who, Carole considered, was getting too slapstick in his comedy, received a van load of meringue pies from her. And of course everybody has heard about the Ford she salvaged from a junk yard and had painted white with little red hearts for Clark Gable's Valentine last February. Her famous Fun House party where she had Dietrich, Colbert, Baxter, Oberon and dozens of other dignified stars sliding down chutes and twirling madly around mixers, with no regards for bruises and scratches, was her party to end parties she announced. Since then she has entertained on a very moderate scale, her most recent parties being tennis parties. She has lights on the court and is likely to start playing at four in the morning.

At present Clark Gable is playing Romeo to her Juliet. Lucky girl. To be won by William Powell and wooed by Clark Gable all within one lifetime—it simply isn't fair.

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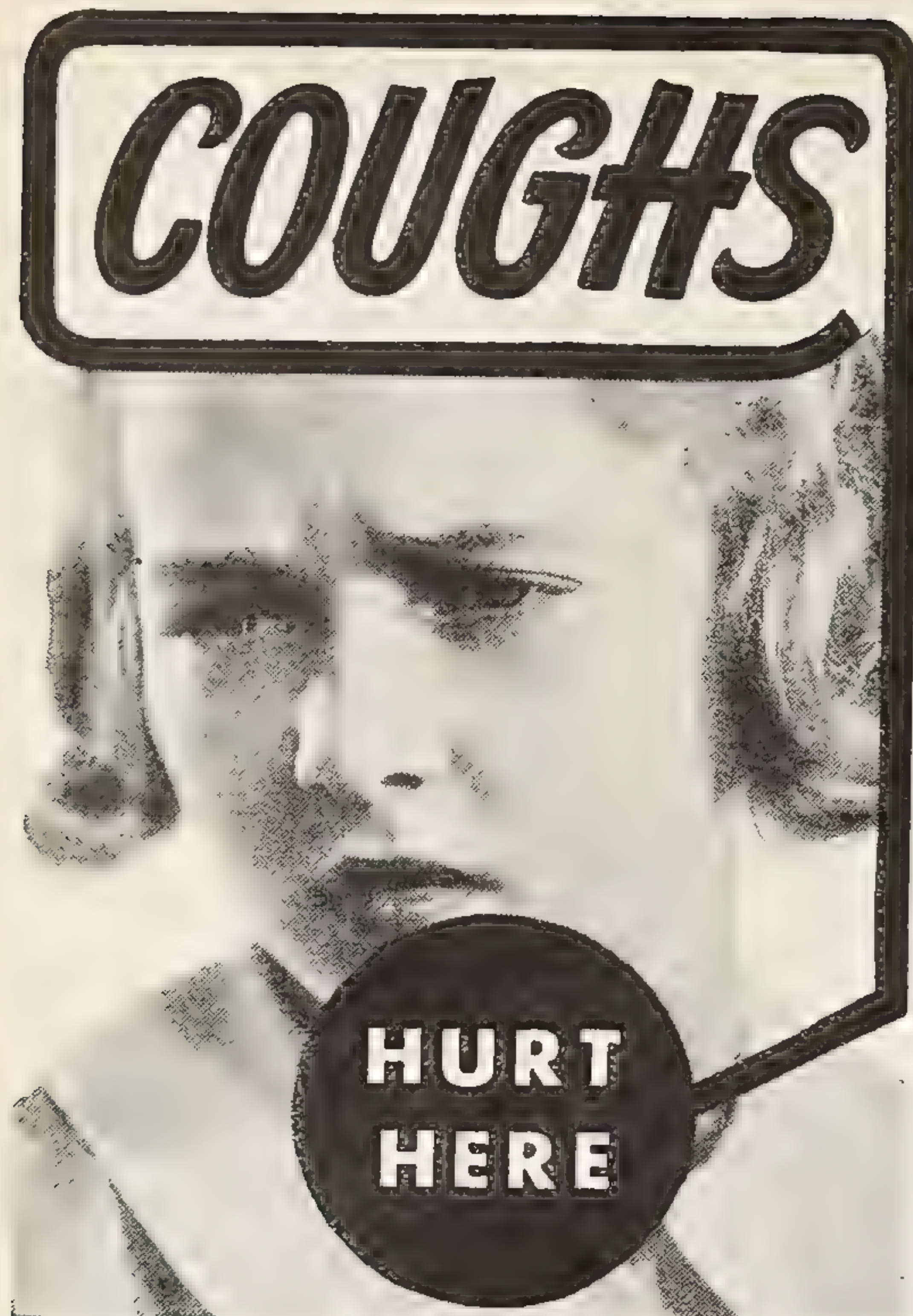
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Studio News

Continued from page 55]



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"This cured you the last time you had pigeons," Eddie remembers as he pours out a dose.

Kerrigan downs it and then it comes out: he'd had a few drinks with a man who had some inside dope on an oil company that was going to start drilling shortly. But after a twenty minute dialogue it turns out the man was only the night watchman.

Instead of having fun with the actors on this set, the fun is with Ray McCarey, the director. All the gals on the lot are gasping over him. He tells us how easy Horton is to get along with.

"Why can't you be agreeable like that?" Lois Wiss, who is with me, asks him.

"I'll try, dear," Ray smiles mockingly as he edges toward her.

"When will you start trying?" Lois, who has had promises before, demands.

"Would now be too soon?" Ray asks trying to slip his arm around her.

But Lois is a fraidy cat. She grabs me by the hand and gives me a yank that lands us both outside the stage.

"The nerve of him!" she pants indignantly as we hear Ray laughing.

"He was only trying to be agreeable—like you asked him," I remind her.

"Like I—!" she explodes. Suddenly she hauls off and bops me right on my sore wisdom tooth.

Hurt to the quick, I leave her standing right in her tracks and betake myself to—

R-K-O

FIRST pop out of the box over here I run into Mr. Oakie—Mr. Jack Oakie—on the Lily Pons set. The picture has been titled "That Girl From Paris."

"Are you and Herman Bing a comedy team now?" I ask.

"Yeah," says Jack. "We pull opera singers out of the hole. We just got through livening up Swarthout's 'Champagne Waltz' and now we're putting Pons across."

About this time the assistant director comes up. "Jack," he says, "they're getting ready to take close-ups of Miss Pons and she'd like you there to get your re-actions."

"Sure," Jack agrees. "I'll feed the little woman."

So he gets up on the orchestra platform where Gene Raymond, Frank Jenks (at the trumpet) and Mischa Auer (at the piano) are already assembled.

Lily is an opera singer who has left her manager and uncle at the altar when she discovers they're only interested in her career and not in herself. She meets Gene Raymond, leader of a jazz orchestra, falls in love with him only to discover he's leaving next day for America. She stows away on the ship, only to find on arriving in this country that he is already engaged to Lucille Ball. She hides in their apartment and then Herman Bing arrives and hires the orchestra to play at his roadhouse. Lily sings the *Blue Danube Waltz* but the audience doesn't care much for semi-classical music. As she sings the orchestra gradually works the number into jazz—pardon me, swing-time—rhythm. She's surprised, all right, but she follows them and makes a tremendous hit.

That's the number they're doing now and it's really a circus watching the boys' faces as they listen to her singing in the tempo in which the waltz was written. Oakie is particularly comic in his facial efforts to teach her jazz without speaking. And Mischa Auer (who made such a hit as the gigolo in "My Man Godfrey") is making another hit as the bored piano player in this opus.

It's fun on this set but I can't spend the day here so I get on to the next one. Guess what it is? Nothing but "Quality Street" starring Franchot Tone and Katharine Hepburn.

I saw Franchot yesterday at a cocktail party Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell had given. "Come on over on the set and see me," he invited me.

"Naw," I grinned. "You're working with Hepburn and she doesn't like me and Lord knows I don't like her. So I'd better keep my distance."

"Come on," he insisted. "I'll hide you in my dressing room." So here I am.

It's a swell set, too, and, luckily for me, Hepburn isn't working this morning so I can just walk about in broad daylight—or rather, broad arc light. I don't believe



Jack Oakie, Gene Raymond, Frank Jenks and Lily Pons in the prima donna's new picture, "That Girl From Paris."

there is any other studio that builds as impressive outdoor sets (inside of stages) as R-K-O. The sets for "The Informer," "The Plough and the Stars," "Winterset" and now this are all something to gasp over.

"Quality Street" is the principal residential section of a little English village. Here, in the early years of the nineteenth century live the two Throssel ladies—Phoebe (Hepburn) and her old maid sister, Susan (Fay Bainter), their tiny income barely sufficing for their needs. Across the street live the Misses Willoughby (Estelle Winwood, Helena Grant and Florence Lake). You'll remember Florence as the wife of Edgar Kennedy in the "Average Man" series of comedies.

On the advice of the dashing Valentine Brown (Franchot) who flutters all the hearts of the village ladies, the Throssels have invested half their funds in a London company that fails.

Franchot seems very interested in Phoebe, who has not allowed her sister to tell him the investment was a failure. When he calls she thinks he has come to propose but, alackaday! He has only come to say "Farewell" and to tell her he has enlisted in the army to fight Napoleon.

All at once my plans go amiss. They've finished the scene they were doing and Hepburn is called before I had expected her. My luck holds, though, and she doesn't see me so I just stay and watch the "take."

"I shall pray that you may be preserved in battle, Mr. Brown," she whispers through her disappointment.

"And you and Miss Susan will write me when occasion offers?" Franchot inquires.

"If you wish it," she murmurs.

"With all the stirring news of dear Quality Street?" he persists.

"It seems stirring to us," she defends it.

"It must have been laughable to you."

"But I made friends in it, Miss Phoebe—of two very sweet ladies."

"And did—did I amuse you also?" it is her turn to persist.

"Enormously, Miss Phoebe," he rejoins.

"Those other ladies, they were always scolding you. Your youthfulness shocked them. I believe they thought you *dashing*."

"I have sometimes feared I was perhaps *too dashing*," she replies nervously. But she is smiling gallantly through the pain of her disappointment when Fay Bainter enters.

"Have you—?" Fay begins expectantly.

"Is it—you seem so calm, Phoebe," she ends lamely.

Hepburn presses her sister's hand warningly and imploringly. "Susan, what Mr. Brown is so obliging as to inform us is not what we expected—not that at all. My dear, he is the gentleman who has enlisted and he came to tell us that and to say 'goodbye.'"

"Am I not the ideal recruit, ma'am?" Franchot jokes. "A man without a wife or a mother or a sweetheart."

"No sweetheart?" Fay echoes incredulously, thinking of Hepburn.

"Have you one for me, Miss Susan?" he banters.

"Susan, we shall have to tell him now," Katie interrupts hastily lest her sister's face betray the truth. "You dreadful man, you will laugh and say it is just like Quality Street. But, indeed, since I met you today and you told me you had something to communicate, we have been puzzling what it could be and we concluded you were going to be married."

"Ha, ha!" Franchot laughs. "Was *that* it?"

"So like women, you know," Katharine admits ruefully. "We thought perhaps we knew her." She glances at her mother's wedding dress which they had got out of an old trunk. "We were even discussing what we should wear at the wedding."

"Ha, ha!" he laughs once more. "I shall often think of this. I wonder who would have me, Miss Susan?"

Before Fay can answer there is a bugle call to which Franchot immediately re-acts. "I must be off," he finishes hastily. "God bless you both."

As he marches away, Hepburn waves to him from the window, the tears streaming down her face. But he is too far away to see them.

This was one of Sir James M. Barrie's most famous plays and one of Maude Adams' greatest hits. I do not mean to underrate Miss Hepburn's ability—much. There was no one who cheered louder and longer than I did for her in "Morning Glory" and "Alice Adams" but she would essay anything from *Juliet* to *Zaza*—from *Peter Pan* to the rôle she played in "The Warrior's Husband." And there is no one living who can play all those parts convincingly. If I had never seen Maude Adams in this part it would be different but it is hard to visualize the vital Hepburn as the mouselike *Phoebe* Miss Adams made her and which she still managed to imbue with so much charm.

Ah, well. Time has taken its toll of Miss Adams, the same as it has of all the rest of us and she has retired these many years. I suppose as long as she can't play *Phoebe* it might as well be Hepburn as anyone else. And Franchot is magnificent. How that boy has come along in the past year is something to marvel over.

The last picture on this lot is "Criminal Lawyer" with Lee Tracy and Margot Grahame. It's a gangster picture, I'm afraid.

Tracy and Eduardo Cianelli (a very suave gent of the Noel Madison type) are in the former's apartment, sitting on a divan. Tracy (you won't believe this but it's because he has to do it for the picture) has a drink in his hand. On the table are a flock of hors d'oeuvres—cheese, nuts, caviar, anchovies, what-not. Mr. Tracy is in a frock coat and gray-striped morning trousers. Hot diggety dog!

"It would seem" that up to now he has been a lawyer whose practice consisted largely in "springing criminals after they've been arrested." All of a suddint-like he becomes weary of the game. The town is crying for a clean-up. He says "Make me the district attorney and I'll clean 'em out." Nobody believes he'll do it but he insists he will so they put him up for election and that's the state of affairs when we pick up him and Mr. Cianelli.

"If I ever spill what I've got on you," Cianelli threatens, "the juries you've fixed with my dough—"

As he speaks Tracy puts down his drink (momentarily) and offers him the dish of nuts.

"What are those?"

"Nuts!" says Tracy succinctly.

Mr. Cianelli smiles—but angrily. "Smart guy, hey!"

Tracy puts down the nuts and picks up a plate of cheese, that he shoves right under Cianelli's nose.

"What's this?"

"Cheese," Lee smiles, "for a rat!"

"Remember this, Barry boy," Eduardo admonishes him as he rises and picks up his hat from a chair, "that springboard of yours is liable to be sawed right off in the middle—and you'll take a nose dive into a ditch." With this parting admonition he turns and goes out of the room, slamming the door after him.

Lee finishes his drink—but naturally—begins to remove his coat and starts for the rear of the apartment.

"How's it, toots?" I hear behind me. I glance around and there is none other than Jimmie Cagney grinning at me.

"Right in the pink," I come back snappily. And then my curiosity gets the better

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of me. "What're you doing here?"

"Oh, just visiting around," says Jimmie airily waving his hand. As I try to follow the direction of his hand I see Mr. Frank McHugh. Mr. McHugh is the comedy interest and after you see him in "Three Men On A Horse" you'll agree R-K-O couldn't have supplied better comedy interest.

There being nothing more to see at this studio, I head for—

United Artists

ONLY one picture going over here but that's a biggie—"You Only Live Once"—Walter Wanger's first production for this studio. Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney are the stars—only Sylvia isn't working today. But Henry is.

The set is a prison cell—in death row—where condemned men await their fate. Henry is the prisoner. I can tell by the gray shirt and gray trousers and felt slippers he wears.

"What are you in for?" I ask sympathetically.

"Nothing," he informs me in an agrieved tone. "Absolutely nothing."

"I know," I say soothingly. "But what are you supposed to have done?"

"I'm supposed to have robbed a bank," he informs me resignedly, "and killed a few people in the getaway. But be sure you emphasize that I'm only supposed to have done it and was really framed. You can easily see," he goes on, "that I couldn't get out of the death house and go through the rest of the picture if I was really guilty."

They rehearse the scene once. Henry is supposed to be pacing back and forth, nervously, across the cell. Suddenly he stops and turns to Fritz Lang, the director. "I have a brilliant idea," he announces. "Remember in 'Once in a Lifetime' how they kept cracking Indian nuts? Well, suppose as I pace back and forth I keep cracking my knuckles? It's a very nervous gesture and we can dub the sound in later."

"No," Mr. Lang jokes. "I think it would be better if you'd keep biting off your fingers and spitting them out."

But Henry doesn't like that idea so finally they shoot the scene without any nervous gestures. Back and forth Henry paces. Suddenly he goes to the bars and regards Big Boy Williams—a guard who is sitting outside reading a paper.

"I want to see my wife," he says.

"Too late," Big Boy snaps, looking up from his paper. "'Gainst the rules."

"Will you do me one favor?" Henry begs.

"If it ain't against the rules," Big Boy yawns.

"Will you tell my wife that I love her?" Henry implores him. "Say that I'm sorry I've acted like such an ass. You'll tell her that, Rogers, won't you? That's not against the rules."

I've seen Henry do scenes from three or four pictures and I never get over marveling how he kids right up to the time of the take and then goes into a dramatic scene like this and plays it as though it was really his own life he was living.

That finishing us up at United Artists, let's see what's doing at—

Warner Brothers

IF I'VE been lucky at other studios this month by finding things fairly quiet, I atone for it here. There are just too many pictures shooting. However, I think I'll solve the difficulty by telling you about "Another Dawn"—Kay Francis' latest—and "San Quentin"—with Humphrey Bogart—next month.

Of the others, the most gripping is "Justice After Dark." Ann Dvorak and John Littel have the leads in this. They're shooting almost the last scene in the picture. It is evidently a gangster film because the set

is a courtroom and there are a number of spectators who look like roughnecks. Ann is the court stenographer and Littel is the prosecuting attorney. Stanley Fields is in the witness chair.

"You just mentioned Bob Terrill, Jacobs," Littel observes to Fields. "In this state they hang men for murder. And you're not going to be a pretty sight on the end of that rope."

The corner of Fields' mouth twists contemptuously.

"You're a fat man, Jacobs," Littel continues. "Do you know what happens when they put the noose around a fat neck like yours and spring that trap?"

Littel turns to the script girl. "The word is 'dangle,' isn't it? When you dangle at the end of that rope?" She nods and Littel repeats his line to himself. "When you dangle—dingle-dangle." You'll have to see this picture to get any idea of the intensity with which this scene is played, but it is well worth seeing.

Next we have a piece called "Mountain Justice." Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent have the leads in this. Little Marcia Mae Jones who played the sweet little girl in "These Three" is also in it.

Josephine is a mountain girl who had gotten a taste of the outside world and wants to bring light to the closed-in mountaineers, among whom she has lived all her life. They look with distrust on anything "furrin." In the meantime her father (Robert Barrat) has become involved in a court case over his attempted shooting of a New York power company's representative. The company sends George Brent (a brilliant—but, of course—attorney) down to prosecute. The night before the trial George meets Josephine and her kid sister (Marcia Mae) at the carnival grounds. They are standing by the ferris wheel talking when Josephine's local suitor (Edward Pawley) comes up and starts berating her and threatening to tell her father about her for carrying on with George. George has left them momentarily to buy a chicken so he won't be a "furriner" any more.

"Oh, Tod," Marcia Mae pleads, "you wouldn't tell Pa!"

"And when Jeff (the father) finds out you been makin' up to a furriner," Pawley says savagely to Josephine, ignoring Marcia Mae, "he'll lash the hide offa ya!"

Unobserved by Pawley, George re-enters the scene, tickets for the ferris wheel in his hand. He stands a little away from them, listening.

"You're nothing but a—" Pawley froths.

"You say it!" Josephine snaps, "if you want your face slapped!"

"Why, you—" Pawley shouts, beside himself.

He moves forward as if to strike her but George steps in, swings Pawley smoothly around and lets go a terrific, effortless sock from his waist level. The force of the punch spins Tod and sends him sprawling a dozen yards away.

"Come on, children," George smiles to Josephine and Marcia Mae.

Another picture shooting out here is adapted from a book—an old favorite of mine—"Penrod and Sam" by Booth Tarkington.

Penrod (Billy Mauch, the young Anthony Adverse), leader of his neighborhood gang, beats up Jackie Morrow, the mean son of the banker who employs Billy's father (Frank Craven). In truth, Billy was defending Verman (Phillip Hurlick) a little colored boy whom Jackie was bullying. Billy's gang are juvenile G-men. Craven punishes Billy but condones his actions when he learns the truth. Gangsters, led by Craig Reynolds, rob the bank after a gun battle in which Verman's mother, Mildred Gover, is killed. She is lying there on the street, in

front of the school house, as we pick them up.

"Mommy! Mommy!!" Verman cries in an agonized voice as he sees his mother lying there.

A woman leans down and leads him away as men take charge of the body. Billy and his friend, Sam (Harry Watson) edge into the scene.

"Mommy!" Verman sobs broken heartedly. "I want my Mommy!"

"Don't cry, Verman," Billy begs as he kneels down and puts his arm sympathetically around Verman's shoulders. "You gotta grit your teeth." His voice breaks. "Remember you're a G-man."

Verman tries pathetically to grit his teeth and stop crying.

"That's right," Billy encourages him. "And smile—just a little."

Billy is a swell little actor but, somehow, I have a hunch when this picture is previewed it is going to be his friend Sam (Harry Watson) who runs away with it.

The last picture out here is "Ready, Willing and Able." This features Ruby Keeler and Ross Alexander. The plot is too complicated to go into but Carol Hughes is doing a sort of snake hips dance and, what I mean to say is, Gilda Gray in her palmiest days had nothing on Carol. That gal really turns loose and the wriggles fall where they may.

I stay on the set watching Carol as long as it's decent and then, to get my mind off things, I leave for—

Pathé

THERE'S one picture shooting out here (which I well knew when I came in). It's "Rainbow on the River"—a Principal



"Rainbow on the River," Bobby Breen's new picture—with Benita Hume, Marylyn Knowlden, Alan Mowbray, Bobby himself, and Charles Butterworth.

Pictures production starring Bobby Breen.

Bobby's parents have been killed in the Civil War. His father was a Yankee, son of a wealthy Northern woman (May Robson), but Bobby doesn't know that. Living with his grandmother are her niece (Benita Hume), Benita's husband, Alan Mowbray (wait'll you see him in "Ladies in Love") and their spoiled brat (Marilyn Knowlden). Bobby has been raised by an old colored mammy—the best and greatest of all colored actresses (Louise Beavers). Finally the village priest learns who Bobby really is and writes to his grandmother. She sends for Bobby to come live with her. Benita and her family are afraid that Bobby will inherit May's money so they make life miserable for him. One night he starts to run away—back to Louise—but just as he gets to the foot of the stairs he stumbles, drops some of his luggage and the commotion brings the whole family running into the hall.

"I—I'm leaving," Bobby announces, seeing he's caught.

"Where do you think you're going?" Benita queries.

"I'm going back to Toinette (Louise)," Bobby says.

"Oh, no, you're not," Benita snaps. "The only place you're going is back to your room." With that she grabs him by the arm and starts to drag him upstairs leaving Mowbray standing there, shaking his head.

Just at that moment the mousey Charles Butterworth (the butler) comes from the rear, carrying a candlestick.

"Mrs. Layton," Charlie stutters to Benita, "I beg your pardon, but I wouldn't do that."

"How dare you talk to me like that?" Benita fumes.

"I think you've done enough to this boy," Charlie informs her, standing his ground.

Well, May is roused by all the noise and comes in and for the first time in his picture career Charlie gets his wind up and tells all of them what he thinks of them. May sees the light, realizes how Benita and her family have been pulling the wool over her eyes ("Oh, you can't pull the wool o-ver my ey-es!"), kicks them out and takes Bobby back down South to Louise. When she finds Bobby is really her grandson, she takes him back north—and Louise along with them. Lucky day!

I want to say that my work this month seems to be never-ending. I still have three studios to cover. I suppose I might as well get it over with. Of the three, I'll start at—

Columbia

THERE are three pictures going over here.

I guess the most important (to Columbia, anyhow) is "Interlude," starring Grace Moore. Miss Moore (and this is another staggering blow under which I have to bear up) is not working today. She is an Australian opera singer who has overstayed her time limit in this country. She must either go home and come in again or go to Mexico and try to get an Australian quota number. When she gets to Mexico she finds she can't get another number for a year—which is all right with me, too. Some bright boy figures it out if she marries an American she can come in immediately and stay forever.

Cary Grant is a down-and-out artist in Mexico who can't meet his hotel bill. That's all right with me, too, and it doesn't worry Cary much because he seems to be drunk most of the time (in the picture). Grace and he meet and Cary draws a picture of her as she looks to him. When the picture is finished her face is a perfect blank.

But just now he has other troubles. He is lying on a divan in his room listening enraptured to a phonograph record when



Cary Grant relaxing in "Interlude." (Right) Enrico de Rosas.

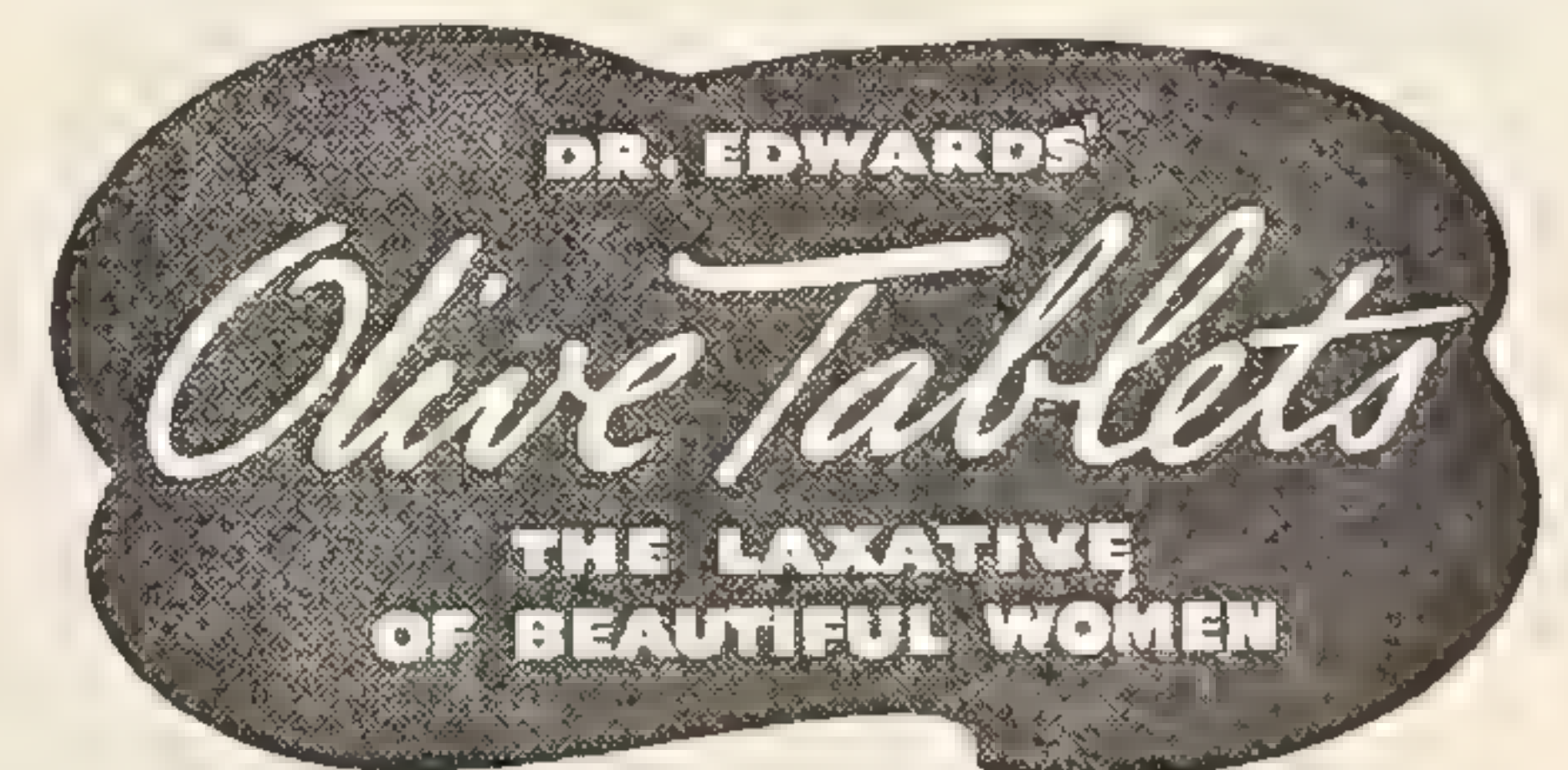
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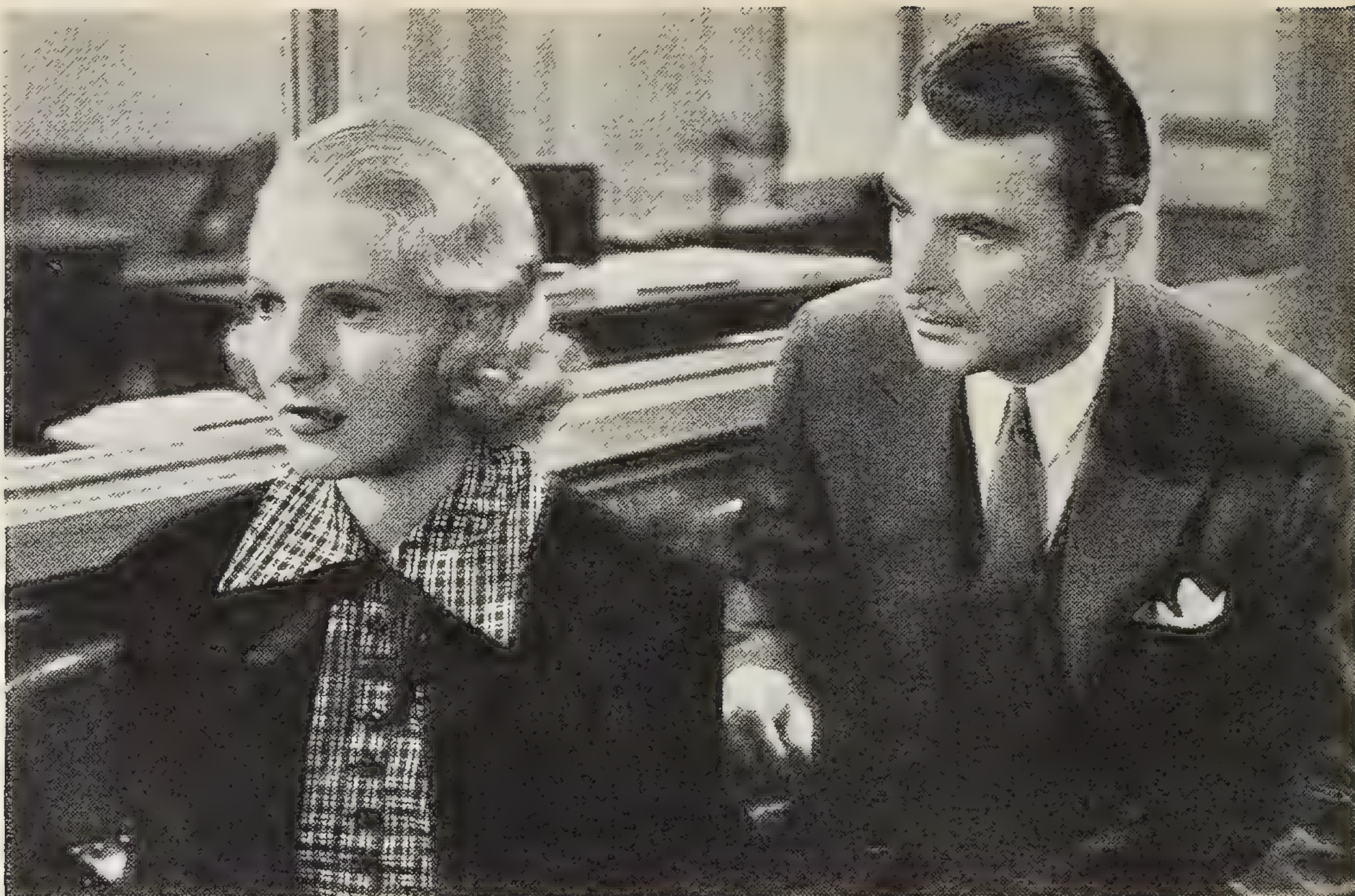


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Jean Arthur turns her back and George Brent is perplexed. The picture is "Help Wanted: Female."

the hotel manager (Enrico De Rosas) bursts in.

"Hello, innkeeper," Cary greets him. "Sit down and feast your soul!"

"I have come to see you about the bill, Senior," De Rosas notifies him loftily.

"Beautiful!" Cary murmurs, referring to the music.

"It will be beautiful when the bill is paid, Senior," Rico states.

"I'm surprised at you, Innkeeper," Cary chides him. "How can you think of bills at a time like this?"

"I must think of bills," De Rosas persists. "I am running a business here."

"And running it badly—if you don't mind my saying so," Cary tells him off.

"Oh," Enrico cuts in sarcastically, "you do not like the service?"

"A successful manager doesn't annoy his guests about trifles," Cary tips him off.

And then Senior De Rosas really explodes. "Oh! A trifle! He does not pay his bill," he announces to no one at all, "and it is a trifle!" He paces the room madly for a moment. "I will not permit you to stay another minute! Not—one—more—meenit!"

"Sssshh!" Cary cautions him. "Hold it! Hold it! He's going to hit high B-flat. Listen!" referring to the tenor on the phonograph!

"I do not care for your B-flat," De Rosas screams through the singing. "You are irresponsible, Senior. I will have you thrown out!"

"You have committed a sacrilege," Cary yells, leaping off the divan and grabbing him by the shirt front. "You've drowned out the B-flat of an artist. Just for that, I won't pay you at all!" And with that he shoves De Rosas out the door.

The second picture over here is "Help Wanted—Female" with Jean Arthur and—

believe it or not—George Brent. I stare goggle-eyed at George whom I had just left at Warners a short time before.

"I jump from one studio to the other," he explains.

"A Mexican jumping bean?" I suggest.

"No," says George, "an Irish jumping Brent."

"What's this all about?" I ask George.

So George takes up about half an hour of his time explaining the plot to me. I'm getting old, I'm getting blasé, jaded and God only knows what all else. The plot, somehow, just doesn't seem new to me.

Jean Arthur and Ruth Donnelly (spinster sisters) run a secretarial school. They expect Dorothea Kent because, although she's attractive, she's too careless.

George is the editor of a health magazine. When business drops off at the school Jean is forced to take a job as George's secretary. One day she flares up and tells him both he and his job are dead—that instead of a health diet he needs a steak—and humanizing. They have one scrap after another until (after Jean has been made associate editor) George takes the expelled Dorothea as his secretary and not only that, he starts playing around with her—in a nice way, of course. That's too much. Jean resigns and goes back to the secretarial school.

George follows her there, disrupts a class and finally gets her outside the classroom where he can talk and urge her to come back.

"You asked for this," Jean squelches him, "so try to get it through your head. Come back and work for you! I should say not! Not in a thousand years! You're stubborn—and conceited—and selfish—and incompetent! And you're such a fool! I never want to see you again!"

That's the end of *that* scene. "Boy, did you give out in that one," I jeer at George, knowing he's only had one line to speak.

"Tasty, eh?" George grins imperturbably.

Shucks! You can't kid a guy who won't be kidded so Fanmag Fanya and I move on to the next set. At least, it should have been the next set. "Women of Glamor" with Melvyn Douglas, Reginald Denny (tee hee!) and Virginia Bruce have been working here all day but suddenly they've gone on location. So that's one I get out of covering, although I like them personally.

There being nothing else at Columbia, I transfer my activities to—

M-G-M

THIS studio is still in a turmoil since Irving Thalberg's untimely death. "Maytime" is just about to go back into production. "Captains Courageous" with Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew is on location and so is "After the Thin Man" with Myrna Loy and William Powell, so I'll have to tell you about those two next month.

There's nothing else here so I jog out to the last studio—

Universal

THE first picture here is "Three Smart Girls." Alice Brady, Ray Milland, Charles Winninger and Binnie Barnes head the cast but they have all long since finished their parts. So today they're shooting almost the opening scene of the picture. It isn't an important scene, and it's been a long day; I'm tired, I'm thirsty, I'm hungry and I'm dirty. So I don't stop to chat and there's no sense giving you all the dialogue because, although it's well-written, it isn't particularly brilliant (it couldn't be in this

particular scene) and, as I told you, the scene isn't very important.

"Top of the Town" is the next. This is about a beautiful, slightly balmy heiress, the possessor of \$50,000,000. The time is twenty-five years hence, when there is a hundred story skyscraper in New York. There's an orchestra in the Coral Cove in the basement (led by George Murphy) and there's another one in The Moonbeam Roof on the roof. George wants to lead the latter orchestra because that's the swank one. The heiress (Doris Nolan) is the niece of the men who own the building. She wants to get into show business so George engages her to sing with his orchestra, figuring she or the uncles will immediately put him in the Moonbeam Room because they won't want her singing in the basement and breathing all that bad air.

The next morning the papers carry the announcement and George is rudely awakened from his slumbers by his manager, the one and only Gregory Ratoff, pounding on his door.

"Come on, hurry up, get out of that bed," Gregory sputters as he enters with the newspapers.

"I thought it was an earthquake," George mumbles sleepily. "What's the matter?"

"There's an earthquake, all right," Gregory shrieks, "and you started it. Look at these," shoving the papers at him.

As George sits on the edge of the bed, Ratoff thrusts the papers at him. Gregory blinks as he reads.

"How do you like that?" Gregory moans. "Every morning paper in town."

George's eyes begin to widen (and they aren't very big eyes, either) as he reads. "Say!" he shouts, "the Coral Cove is all over the front pages!"

"Do you know what that's going to do to you?" Gregory yells angrily.

"Put me right into the Moonbeam Room," George chuckles.

"When the Bordens see this you'll be lucky to even be in the Coral Cove," Gregory hisses.

"Why? What's the matter?" George wonders innocently.

"I told you to leave everything to me!" Greg explodes. "The Bordens threaten to hang me if I don't keep her out of the show business—and you come along—"

"Well, how was I to know?" George interrupts defensively. "I thought it would help me get the job."

"We've got to do something—and do it quick," Gregory wails.

"That's easy," Murphy comforts him. "I hired her. I can fire her."

"Uh-huh," Mr. Ratoff nods sarcastically. "And then she'll fix it so you'll never get into the Moonbeam Room."

A pretty kettle of fish, as you can easily see. But whether he stays in the Coral Cove or rises to the heights of the Moonbeam Room—or whether he even works—it's all one and the same to me, the way I feel. You know the old saying, "Chicken one day, feathers the next."

Me? There's chicken in the ice-box at home and I'm on my way to it. See you next month.

FAME IN HOLLYWOOD

THE new butler did not suit his mistress. She didn't like the way he served, managed or marketed.

"You don't seem to understand," she admonished, "this is a very formal home. I must have dignity."

"All right, madame, I'm leaving," exclaimed the butler, "what you want is Arthur Treacher."

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The Final Thing



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SO THIS is a new year! We hope it brings an invention or two into daily use. Inventions, nothing else, just inventions, have changed our way of living since the days when our forefathers and foremamas lived in caves. Take motion pictures, for instance, and that is what we were leading up to.

One day Deacon Hannibal Goodwin of Newark discovered how to make celluloid in tape form. His mixture changed to celluloid as it ran out so that he could make as long a ribbon as he wished. That was the birth of our movies. No Deacon, no movies.

Thomas A. Edison worked out the sprocket holes so that the pictures would not jump and soon the public could pay ten cents and see photographs that moved.

There were theatres to be built, studios to be started and actors to be hired, and so Mr. Zukor came along.

Adolph Zukor arranged to get the pictures made and distributed all over the world. That was twenty-five years ago and this is his jubilee month.

Short films of Western characters on horses, with chases, led to long films and famous performers.

The Famous Players organization began its forward march toward longer and better pictures in better theatres, and the movie show in an empty store with two flaming arcs outside slowly disappeared.

With what imagination the picture business was developed! What bravery and what valiant showmanship went into this growing art!

The newspapers began to print reviews of the movies and to recognize the public's interest in them. Motion picture advertising became increasingly important and the tremendous business of making and selling movies began to take its place—the fifth industry in America.

The Sarah Bernhardt picture was the first one Mr. Zukor distributed and now his company, to celebrate the occasion, is releasing "Champagne Waltz." Gladys Swarthout, grand opera singer, stars in this picture. And thus he passes another milestone.

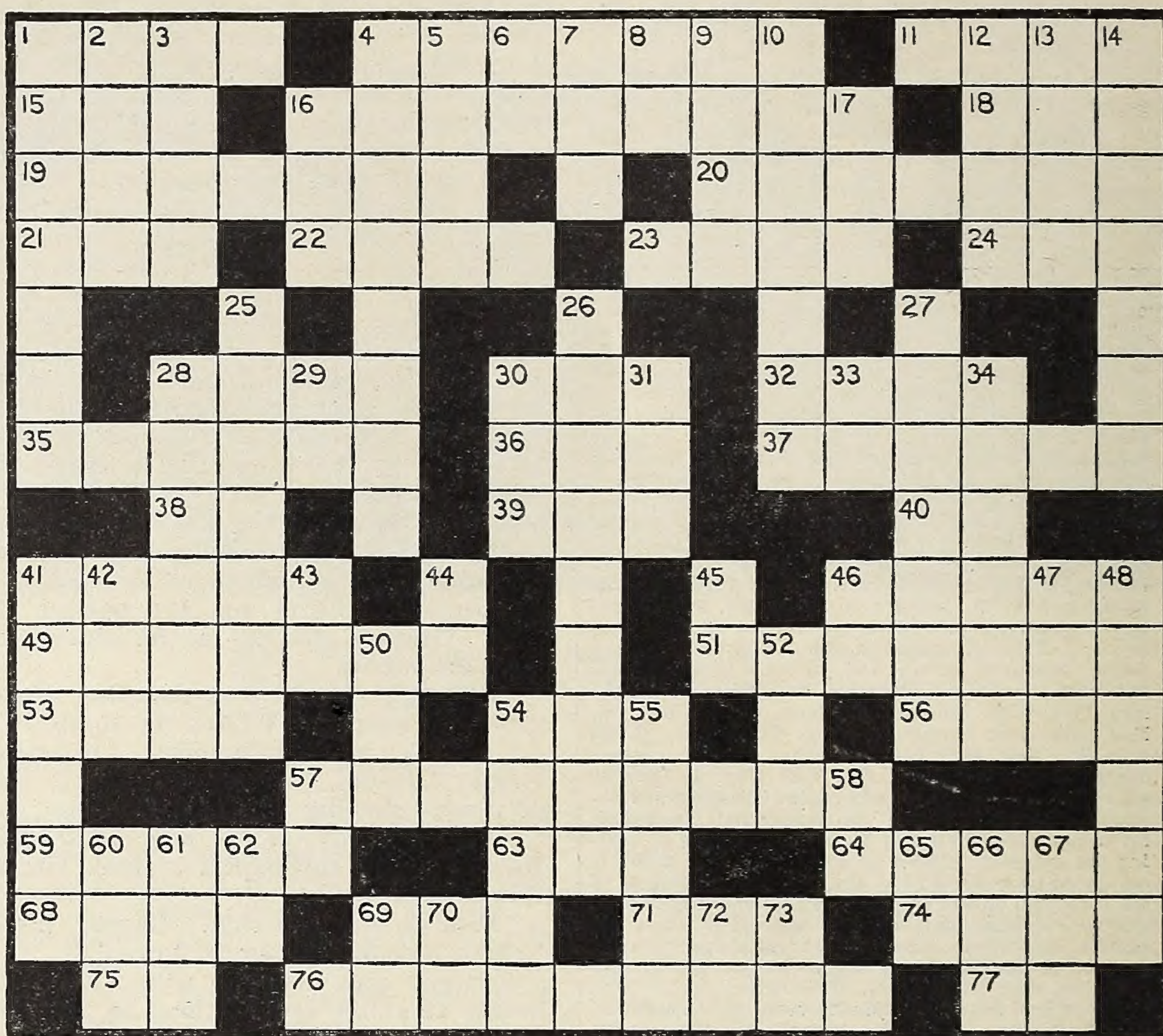
Let us give him a long and lusty cheer as he goes down the road, for life has been much pleasanter because of Mr. Zukor.

Happy Jubilee to you all!

Edw. Keen

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

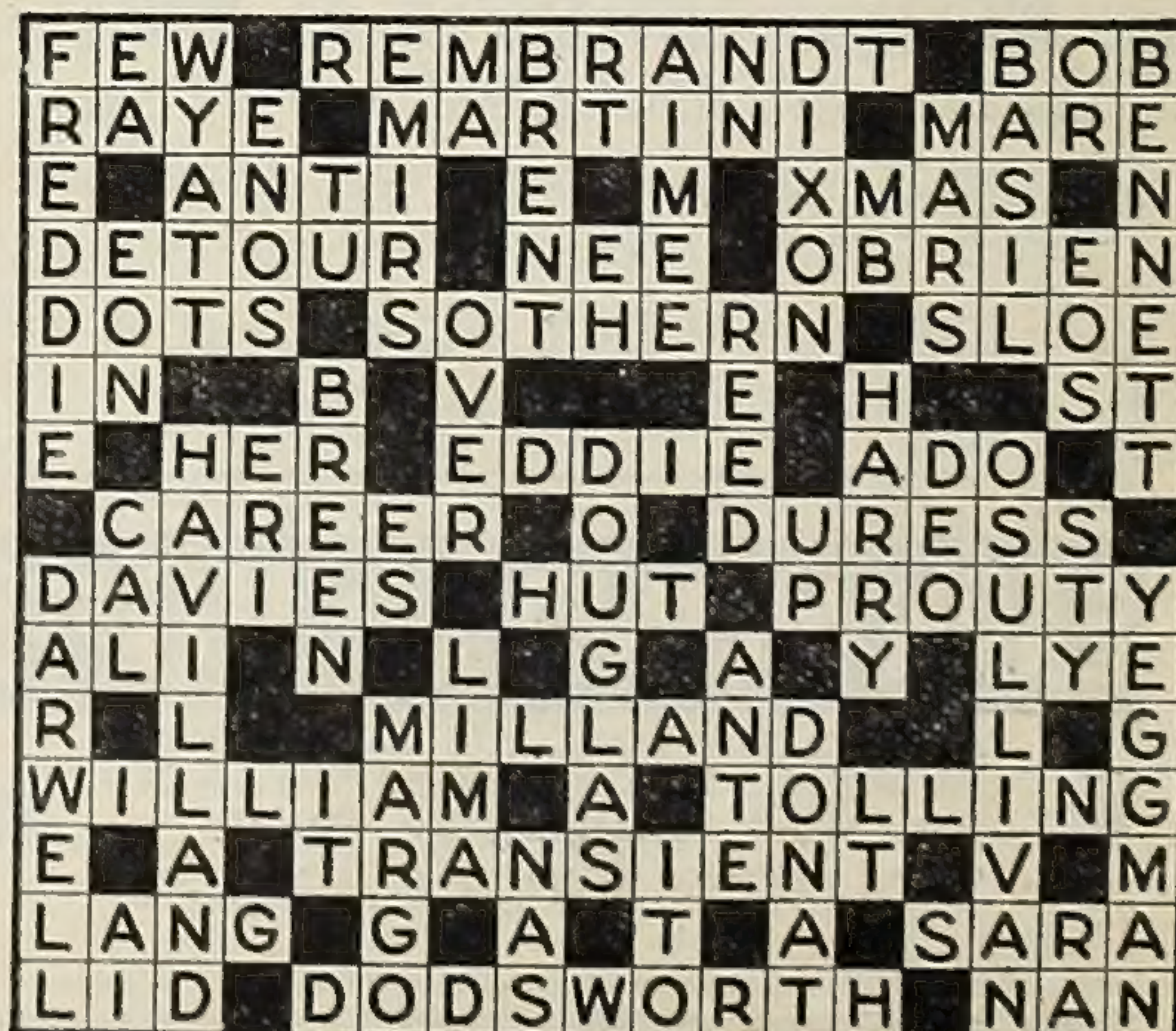
- 1 Johnny in "Yours for the Asking"
- 4 Her latest picture is "The Garden of Allah"
- 11 Valet to "Piccadilly Jim"
- 15 A suffix
- 16 Her next picture will be "Maytime"
- 18 The ingenue in "The Gay Desperado"
- 19 Rowdy Dow in "The Gorgeous Hussy"
- 20 Pertaining to medicine
- 21 Turf
- 22 Certain brand of gasoline
- 23 Large bodies of water
- 24 Elongated fish
- 28 The tallow tree
- 30 Fear
- 32 Scent
- 35 Andrew Jackson in "The Gorgeous Hussy"
- 36 Prohibit
- 37 Loretta Young and Don Ameche played in this
- 38 Slang expression of approval (abbr.)
- 39 To be
- 40 Upon
- 41 A savory jelly in which meats are served
- 46 South American animal
- 49 One of the four stars in "Libeled Lady"
- 51 Rose in "The Devil Is a Sissy"
- 53 Sailors
- 54 Army Ordinance Dept. (abbr.)
- 56 Sums up
- 57 Jim Hawkins in "The Texas Rangers"
- 59 She works at the Warner studio
- 63 Letter in the Greek alphabet
- 64 The king of birds
- 68 Soft sheepskin leather
- 69 A human being
- 71 A box for packing
- 74 Barton MacLane's sweetheart in "Draegerman Courage"
- 75 From a lower to a higher point
- 76 Sandow in "The Great Ziegfeld"
- 77 A point of the compass (abbr.)

DOWN

- 1 "Craig's Wife"
- 2 Low female voice
- 3 Nourish
- 4 With Katharine Hepburn in "A Woman Rebels"
- 5 Principal divisions of a drama
- 6 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 7 Now working in "After the Thin Man"
- 8 Printer's measure
- 9 Nominate
- 10 The talented dancer in "Born to Dance"
- 12 Lewis Stone's daughter in "Sworn Enemy"
- 13 A suffix
- 14 "Fish-eye" in "His Brother's Wife"
- 16 Her latest picture is "Go West Young Man"
- 17 Doctor of Dental Surgery (abbr.)
- 25 Comedian in "Come Up Smiling"
- 26 The songbird in "Champagne Waltz"

- 27 An English actor appearing in "Everything is Thunder"
- 28 O'Hara in "The General Died at Dawn"
- 29 Regarding (abbr.)
- 30 A garment worn in Arabia
- 31 Before
- 33 Period of time (abbr.)
- 34 Star of "Lost Horizon"
- 41 The sultan in "Abdul, the Damned"
- 42 Mineral spring
- 43 Her next picture will be "Maid of Salem" (initials)
- 44 Either
- 45 Before Christ (abbr.)
- 46 One of the outlaws in "The Texas Rangers" (initials)
- 47 Middle (abbr.)
- 48 Respond
- 50 Period of time
- 52 A weight used in Turkey
- 54 Correct
- 55 Mary Reayburn in "I'd Give My Life"
- 57 Manuscript (abbr.)
- 58 Biblical pronoun
- 60 Shortened form of feminine name
- 61 To wrap around
- 62 Within
- 65 Morning (abbr.)
- 66 An instrument for discharging shot
- 67 An untruth
- 69 Myself
- 70 Indefinite article
- 72 Neuter pronoun
- 73 Toward

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





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